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THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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The
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SWITZERLAND IN WAR-TIME.

CANADIANS who are familiar with the Continent and the many facilities afforded for touring cannot fully imagine the changes which war-conditions have imposed upon the traveller. The situation in London, Paris and the front, has been graphically described by able journalists, but very little has been said regarding Switzerland. As the writer had an opportunity of spending a few weeks on the Franco-Swiss border this summer it seemed to him that readers of THE MONTHLY might be interested in hearing something of life in the only neutral country of Central Europe.

Not many months before the outbreak of the war, Emperor William of Germany made a visit to the Swiss Republic to view the annual manœuvres of the citizen-army of that valiant little state. He was much impressed by what he saw, and many in Switzerland consider that it was then that the haughty war-lord decided to invade France through Belgium rather than try to hack his way through the Swiss passes. The Swiss Government was evidently far from secure as to German intentions, for the army was at once placed on a war-footing and stationed upon the frontiers. Later on in the war a certain proportion of the troops was allowed home on furlough, but a formidable force still keeps watch and ward to guard against any violation of Helvetian soil.

In addition to military expenses, the Government, fearing a shortage of food, was forced to import a large quantity of grain; this has been stored under military guard at all important

distributing points in case of the complete closing of the frontiers on the part of the belligerents. Together with this increase in expenditure, Switzerland had to face a diminution of revenues. The exports of jewelry and clock-movements, which are specialties of Swiss manufacture, suddenly ceased and importation became more and more difficult owing to the use of rolling-stock by France and Germany, which required the railways for military purposes.

It was, however, the loss of the tourist trade which crippled the economic life of Switzerland. The Swiss are a nation of innkeepers, and before the war tourists left in the country one hundred million dollars annually. Vast sums have been expended on the building of huge hotels and mountain railways and almost every town and village had numerous boarding houses and apartments which catered to the more or less permanent foreign population. To Switzerland flocked the lovers of Alpine scenery and the devotees of winter sports; political refugees and those in search of health made their permanent homes in that hospitable little land.

The tourist trade is dead, and the despairing shareholders are trying to mortgage their holdings to the Government, but refugees still pour into the impoverished country of William Tell. There you will find Germans who have fled to escape military service, Germanized Russians from the Baltic Provinces, and a horde of cosmopolites of every nation—flotsam and jetsam cast upon the neutral shore by the waves of war.

There are pitiable cases to be met with on every hand, but the greatest sufferers are those which Germany sent in by the train-load from the districts in France which she has occupied. The civil population in certain regions was warned by the *Kommandatur* to report at a given hour at the railway station. Each person was allowed fifty-five pounds of baggage, but all their other personal effects had to be left to the tender mercies of the looting Huns. The unfortunates were then herded into the cars and forwarded to Switzerland for repatriation. The suffering endured during the painful three days' journey may be better imagined than described. Insufficient food, anxiety, overcrowding

and the ever-present vermin were some of the afflictions which characterized this exodus. When the families had been moved out of their homes, the Germans with their usual thoroughness loaded all that was valuable upon motor-trucks and forwarded the loot to the land of Kultur. Some of the plunder was sold to contractors who advertised their stocks in the Swiss papers. I saw several such advertisements offering various articles of French manufacture at one-half to one-third the market price. It was pointed out that such exceptional bargains were only to be obtained owing to war-conditions!

The excuse offered by the Germans for their expatriation of these people, was found in the English blockade of Germany and the failure of the French Government to provide food for the people in the parts of France occupied by German armies. The writer has seen some of the proclamations printed in French and German calling for the civilians to evacuate their dwellings and giving the above reasons for the cruel and barbarous order. The deportation of thousands of the inhabitants was carried on for several months, notably in the spring, but extended, on a smaller scale, into the summer. Volunteer workers of various philanthropic societies, the Red Cross and army reservists were kept busy succoring these victims of Teuton oppression and in transporting them to France. Quite a number found homes in Switzerland, especially children who had either lost their parents or had become separated from their families in the confusion of the deportation. Several of the writer's friends were interested in this work among the refugees and suggested that a trip to the villages along the frontier would be interesting and at the same time instructive.

Up to this period, my time in London had been spent teaching French to a very clever surgeon who was badly needed at the front, but who could not take the position offered him unless he was bilingual. Many hours each day were spent on Hugo's Method and vocabulary drill. In London I also had many opportunities to translate for convalescent Belgian soldiers; this was more interesting than the prosaic work of teaching, though the

latter, by enabling an expert surgeon to handle the wounded of both armies, was perhaps nearer the ideal expressed by the phrase, "doing one's bit."

To travel on the Continent two passports are requisite; one of these important documents must be the one issued by the authorities of the traveller's native country; the other must be procured from the French Consulate. Each day a small army of people may be seen at the office in Bedford Square and each person on entering is handed a numbered ticket similar to those issued for boarding a Paris omnibus. Every few minutes a retired "nom-com." calls out a series of numbers, and the holders thereof march upstairs to secure the coveted passport. The applicant is put through a sort of "Third Degree" of cross-questions, and his identity thoroughly established. Many are refused—especially Americans, since the discovery of the traffic in forged or stolen American passports. It is very difficult to discover whether the applicant is a bona-fide neutral of the U.S.A. or one of the army of spies. Even the English are very particular regarding travellers from Uncle Sam's domain. One Scotchman who was provided with his naturalization papers but minus a passport, was held for five weeks until he could secure the necessary documents from the U.S.A. This careful supervision of passports continued en route; nearly two hours were spent at Folkestone while the five or six officials of the French and British Governments examined and stamped the documents. In some cases they looked at the signatures and seals with a magnifying glass or felt the texture of the paper. If they were at all suspicious, the applicant was detained for further examination. It is becoming harder and harder for spies to pass into France, as clothes, letters and baggage are frequently searched by the military police. The whole performance has to be repeated at Boulogne or Dieppe and when the traveller reaches his journey's end he must register and secure a *permis de sejour*. If in the *zone des armees* he must show his passport so frequently that it would soon wear out unless provided with a special cover. From

the above remarks it will be seen that travel is not encouraged in war-time.

Having secured one of the few surviving Paris taxis I was enabled to catch the night train to Switzerland. There were few civilians on board and we did not apparently follow any schedule nor did we have an opportunity to find out the names of the darkened towns through which we passed. At one station a lot of soldiers climbed off the train and picked their way through several hundred of their comrades who were sleeping peacefully upon the hard concrete platforms of the *gare*. I counted twenty different permutations and combinations of uniform, the most remarkable being a light blue tunic, green velvet trousers and a peaked cap of tweed. The war caught France at the very time the change from the old uniform to the new was being effected. At the last station on the French side of the frontier we were all escorted to a shed where a final examination of passports was made. The half dozen soldiers on guard were dignified old fellows wearing the garb of the War of '70; they appeared to take themselves very seriously.

Among the passengers was a Swiss from London; he was unfortunately the possessor of a name which was hopelessly Teutonic—say Adolf Max Winterthur—and was slated for detention. Finally he produced a letter from the Swiss Consulate at London, which stated that the bearer was known personally by the Consular staff, had been ten years in London and was in favor of the Allies. This settled the matter and he was permitted to depart. Several consumptives bound for the sanatarium of Leysin and a few Belgians were all who continued the journey toward the Swiss border station.

During my stay in Switzerland I saw plenty of civilian Germans, but the only uniformed Huns that were to be seen was a party of seventy-five crippled prisoners who were being exchanged and forwarded to the Fatherland. Among these were many of the bullet-head or "Hindenburg type," but many others—except for the uniform—did not differ in features from our own Canadians. Though some of them were crippled with rheumatism,

others blinded and many had lost one or more limbs, they were apparently not downhearted. Those able to wave caps did so with enthusiasm, and were grateful for cigarettes, chocolates and flowers, which are handed to all prisoners of war in transit. Their air of gayety may have been assumed, or perhaps it was the prospect of a speedy return to Germany which raised their spirits. They certainly looked to me as if they had not much to be thankful for.

This lack of depression in the case of the wounded is one of the peculiar features of war-time psychology. Even in the case of the blind one seldom notices pessimism and despair. Though I visited hospitals both at London and Paris, where over one hundred of these pathetic cases were being cared for, I remember only one who seemed to be utterly crushed under the weight of his afflictions; he was a young Frenchman who seemed tired of life in a darkened world. *"La vie est dure!"* was the key-note of his plaint. Both Governments are doing a great deal to alleviate the lot of these most unhappy victims of the struggle. They are well cared for and are being taught various trades which will enable them to earn a living and preserve their self-respect. Children of the next generation will not see blind veterans begging out on the streets or vending laces and pencils on a busy corner.

Exiles and refugees are found in practically every Swiss village along the frontier and one discovers among the exiles some whose cases present many peculiar features; to illustrate, let us consider the position of women who have married alien enemies. Madame X—— is a French lady who is now living in a hamlet in the Canton of Vaud, about six kilometres from the French frontier. One day when I was in the village she asked me how long I thought the war would last, and when I replied to the effect that three years was Kitchener's estimate, she turned abruptly and burst into tears. As I appeared very much surprised, a villager informed me that the lady was the wife of a wealthy German who owned a large laundry in Paris. At the outbreak of hostilities he returned to Germany and joined his regiment, but was captured by the French and sent to Morocco

as a prisoner of war. His wife was to be sent to Germany or placed in a detention settlement on the ground that she having married a German was regarded by law as having acquired his nationality. She managed to get into Switzerland and took up her abode in a village on a hill where she could at least gaze out over the fields of her beloved France.

Going in and out of the various villages, one is amazed at the extent to which the lives of the people are dominated by the war. They live and move and have their being to one end, the carrying out of the plans to crush the nation which has menaced France for forty-four years. Men too old to serve in the ranks stand on guard duty at frontier stations and at bridges and tunnels. These old veterans of '70, clad in the long blue coats and brick-red trousers, remind one of the sketches of Detaille, whose brush and pen immortalized the soldiers of the last unhappy struggle—the war which France never could forget. I remember seeing two of these old soldiers standing at dusk in a heavy rain at a bridge-head; they were martial yet pathetic figures, symbolic of the spirit of abnegation and devotion which will win the war.

In France one does not hear of strikes among munition workers nor do labor unions object to non-union labor employed for the good of the state. In various villages along the border, people expressed great admiration of the British army and navy, but were openly contemptuous with regard to the selfishness of the British workmen whose conduct they regarded as traitorous.

People in Canada often wonder why the papers speak of so many villages; as a matter of fact few farmers in Europe live on the holdings, but reside in hamlets which are spread along the highways and byways at intervals of about a mile. Some of these villages are placed right on the border line; the French inhabitants have had to face bereavement and the return of badly wounded, while the Swiss end of the hamlet has had a proportion of the men mobilized but has escaped the other horrors of war. The French are a marvellous people and were sound at heart though Germans despised them as decadent, and the English were inclined

to patronize them; they still labored under the delusion that France was frivolous and theatrical. Even in the most remote hamlets in Savoy, Ain, the Doubs, etc., the women and children have carried on the work and toiled at bandages and clothing for the soldiers. To them is due the harvesting of the crops this summer. One picture, worthy of a Millet to do it justice, lingers in my mind; it is a big field of oats where three women and eight children were laboriously bringing in the sheaves and loading an old two-wheeled cart drawn by two ancient and decrepit horses unfit for military service. They were all doing their bit most effectively, and it seemed to me a scene well suited to the brush which limned the "Angelus" and the "Reapers." Such sights as this might be seen all the way from Bellegarde to Basle. All honor to the heroic women of France!

Though there is great diversity of opinion as to the sympathies of Switzerland with respect to the war, it is in general a matter of race and language. The Swiss are neutral as a government—probably more so than any of the nations who are looking on at the great struggle, but practically all the German Swiss, if not actively in favor of Germany, were ready to offer all manner of excuses for her conduct. They laid special stress on England's alleged jealousy of German commercial expansion and on the sinister motives of Russia. It was German Swiss influence that suppressed the sale of *"J'Accuse"*—"I Accuse," the work of an anonymous German who bitterly yet lucidly laid the blame for the outbreak of hostilities at the door of Prussia. It was German Swiss sympathy which led to the discussion in the French Chamber regarding the shipment of contraband from France across Switzerland and into Germany.

The Swiss of Latin stock are, as might be expected, enthusiastic supporters of the policy of the Allies and welcome any favorable news. I talked freely with business men, professional men and reservist officers and in every case listened to a more scathing denunciation of German aims and German methods than I ever heard in France or England. To illustrate this feeling the case of the baker in the village of B——, will serve as a practical

example. This man lives about nine kilometres from the French border and about ninety from the German frontier. One evening he was asking about Canada and the war and became quite excited as he talked of German perfidy. Finally he invited me up to his private arsenal, where he proudly displayed his medals, cups, shields and other trophies won as a marksman. He showed me four beautifully kept, repeating rifles and one thousand rounds of ammunition, and then remarked: "*Monsieur*, if the *Boches* take it into their heads to pass this way they are sure to burn the village, claiming as an excuse that they were fired upon. As I am the best shot in the district, and know the exact distance from this room to all points around, there will be some firing in earnest and also a few less *Boches* when they finally get me."

There were many magnificent subjects for photography from the time I left England till my return, but cameras were strictly taboo everywhere and sketching was out of the question. I believe if some simple but misguided soul should be caught drawing a water-tank or a tree he would be rounded up and have a bad time before he cleared himself. The captors would see in the two objects so sketched, a code drawing which would aid the enemy or reveal the emplacement of guns and fortifications.

There are many more things which might be said were I not afraid of trespassing upon the patience of readers of The Monthly, but enough has been written to show that the summer did not pass without some interesting experiences—at least in the opinion of the writer.

G. H. C.

THE FOREST.

GENTLE breeze softly breathes upon the forest, revealing only a faint line of silver beneath the dark green of the poplar leaves. Through every momentary crevice glancing sunbeams dart, forming fantastic figures and golden disks that dance irregularly on the soft brown earth below. Far above the topmost twig of the elms bends a sky of brightest blue, where a few cloudlets sport about in the path of the glowing sun. Reflecting the gold above her, a monarch butterfly flutters aimlessly hither and thither, or pauses for a moment on the chalice of a flower. Flashes of color together with carols of rippling music reveal the presence of the bird-folk among the branches overhead. This is the forest in summer.

But all too soon the rays of the sun lose their heat and the vault of blue becomes an impenetrable curtain of grey. When the hoar-frost has been dusted over every tree and shrub, then swiftly and silently the forest is transformed into a cathedral of gold adorned with intricate frescoes and stencils of crimson, green and brown, and a sacred stillness pervades the long dim aisles between the gloomy evergreens. Yet the cold merciless rains have no respect for such stately splendor. Bleak boisterous winds boldly enter the temple, and in their ruthless grasp, the delicate fabrics draping the walls are torn down and ruined forever. A few flurries of snow sift down between the gaunt branches, and an icy sheet of increasing thickness silences the murmur of the discontented brook. Lo! Winter has come.

With an invisible shuttle, nature weaves the tiny snowflakes into a wonderful blanket. Wildly the north wind rushes up and down, in and out the winding avenues, lashing the tree-tops back and forth, clutching maliciously at the corners of the counterpane; till mother nature herself quiets her restless son and again tucks the winter clothes around her sleeping children. Occasionally

the sun smiles benignly down upon the peaceful scene, scattering abroad innumerable tiny jewels which vie with each other in brilliancy.

But hark! from the maple a robin has begun to sing, and a flock of noisy crows reply in unison. In a sheltered corner a little crocus ventures to glance about, nodding gaily to a nearby violet. All dismayed, the north wind has scuttled off, and his southern rival, with sunshine and showers, proceeds to change every old brush-pile and prostrate log into a charming flower-basket. A veil of green, at first almost imperceptible, drapes the trees and trails over the ground beneath. The bubbling brook is "deftly turned to moving melody" as it hastens to carry away the last shred of winter's soiled and threadbare cloak.

Thus day by day the seasons pass away, but in the roar of the tempest or the rocking of a zephyr, the sentinels of the forest ever stand on duty, the symbols of eternity.

> "The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms."

They were monitors and guides to the wandering Redmen, their leaves vibrated with the deafening war-whoop, their bark was stained with the carnage. But the Redmen have passed away. They watched the beavers gnaw down the saplings and skilfully dam the neighboring stream. But the beavers also have passed away. They rejoice in the transient loveliness of the flowers that dot the glades below them. A puff of wind! The delicate petals float away, and soon the little plant itself droops to rest on its mother's bosom. But the trees remain, ever pointing upward to our eternal home.

Moreover, the forest is a symbol of real beauty, for it is the handiwork of the Creator himself. There's not a flower, a leaf, a twig, but shows the touch of His unerring brush. Amid the riot of color every tint and shade is in perfect harmony with its environment. The pure white trillium, like a radiant angel, illuminates the rough underbrush where it thrives. Gay paintings

deck the sylvan landscape, and winter brings his collection of graceful silhouettes. To the true æsthetic taste, the forest appeals with its wealth of colour, delicate shading, faultless monochromes, and elaborate sculpture.

To some the forest may symbolize solitude and death, but should it not rather be synonymous with life? Even when the weaker vegetation succumbs to its inevitable fate, is not nature in that very death most truly living? Amid scenes of greatest destruction rise the choicest flowers, and with the reviving spring comes a glorious unfolding of the universal life that circulates within all veins unseen. How every nook teems with its restless tenants! "Free guests of the air" and their leafy apartments, the birds flit about or pounce down upon an unsuspecting angle-worm. Here is a rabbit's burrow, there a mole is scooping out a house. Insects whose minute organisms baffle man's unaided vision plod along the ground or rise on wings of thinnest gauze. Must there not be some Creator, some Source of all Being, by whom the forest, sky, air, earth and water are peopled? What unseen influence stimulates the blue-jay to make his annual pilgrimages? Who polishes the leaves of the oak, and lines with silver those of the poplar? Who designed the leaves of the maple and pointed the needles of the pine? "What but God pervades, adjusts and agitates the whole?"

With music also the forest overflows, while thrush and wren, oriole and warbler join in a sublime chorus which begins with the dawn of day and ends in full diapason "As the shadows lengthen out beyond the cedars." Throughout the dreary watches of the night, the whip-poor-will utters its plaintive song and a lonesome owl calls for its mate. Day and night the ripples of the brook with unfailing technique daintily finger the smooth keys over which they wander. In the lazy days of summer, the wind moves indolently through the many pipes of the sylvan organ, and only occasionally breathes forth an audible strain. But when the storm bursts in fury (over the forest) then in a minor key he commences a mournful funeral march which gradually rises in deafening crescendo till, under its magic influence, even the

stolid woodland giants, now veiled in ghostly shrouds, moan and sob, sway and writhe in unrestrained passion. In the forest you may hear the joyous matin-song, anthems of thanksgiving for the sun and rain, requiems for long-forgotten braves, chords as sweet as ever resounded through sacred chancels, subdued vespers, soothing lullabies, tender night-songs,—all these melodies and more echo through verdant corridors and shall be prolonged from season to season till that time when all music shall flow into one grand harmony of praise.

The forest calls with a myriad voices. Here the artist may revel in a studio where every view is a masterpiece. Here the poet may mould his thoughts into verses of even cadence and noble sentiment. In the ears of the writer and student the summons reëchoes, and they seek that realm where there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Clearly sounds the call above the ceaseless roar of the busy metropolis, and the business magnate lays aside his pen, the clerk closes his bulky ledger. Here there is relief for the troubled mind, rest for the weary body.

"Come with me, O heart outworn,
Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,
Come, where the bells of the forest are ringing,
Come, where the oriole's nest is swinging,
Where the brooks are foaming in amber pools,
The mornings are still and the noonday cools.
Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
When into the glad deep woods I go.

A. E. Gregory, '16.

OUR NEXT RHODES SCHOLAR.

McMASTER University is to choose in December a Rhodes Scholar. Prospective candidates should send their applications to the Chancellor *at once*. Those who do not wish to apply themselves may send in the name of any whom they deem possible candidates. The regulations relating to the selection of a Rhodes Scholar are perhaps fairly well known, nevertheless the following symposium of instructions from the Memorandum of the Trustees of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Will may be helpful or interesting.

Candidates shall be British subjects with at least five years domicile in Canada, and unmarried. They must have passed their nineteenth, but not have passed their twenty-fifth birthday, on October 1st of the year for which they are elected. (*I.e.*, October 1st, 1916.)

In accordance with the wish of Mr. Rhodes the Trustees desire that " in the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to (1) his literary and scholastic attainments, (2) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports—such as cricket, football, and the like—(3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and (4) his exhibition during schooldays of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his fellows."

Each applicant is required to furnish to the Chairman of the Committee of Selection:

(1) A certificate of age.

(2) A full statement of his educational career at school and college; his record in athletics, and such testimonials from his masters at school and his professors at college, in reference to the qualities indicated by Mr. Rhodes, as will assist the judgment of the Committee of Selection.

Upon receipt of applicant's name information sheets will be forwarded for the filling out of the required detail.

ELEVENTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

TO tempt the muse with pecuniary rewards may appear to literary dilettanti no less strange—and no less futile—than to tempt a good "theologue" in like manner; nevertheless THE MONTHLY Board have decided *to try it*. Some of us, we fear, are mercenary. Not all of us "sing because we must." Not all of us feel compelled to enshrine the effluence of the soul's intensity in happy literary form. To encourage the hesitating to some literary activity THE MONTHLY Board offers for stories submitted the following prizes: (1) A prize of $10.00 to be awarded for the best story submitted by either a graduate or an undergraduate of McMaster University. (2) Two prizes of five dollars each to be awarded one to a graduate, the other to an undergraduate. (3) A prize of four dollars to be awarded to an undergraduate. (Graduates in Arts now registered in Theology are not considered as undergraduates.)

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 4, 1916.

2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed, with full address, in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to use.

3. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

4. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. The exact number of words should be stated on the first page of the manuscript.

5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

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EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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G. VANSLYKE, '18 MISS E. WILKINS, '17 MISS J. MIMMS, '18

E. CHRISTIE, Subscription Department

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Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY again offers prizes for stories. Evidently, then, students are not achieving the utmost and are not realizing fully the purpose of their magazine. What that purpose is a little research among the archival records of THE MONTHLY will show: not so much to have a college chronicle or a news medium (our news is occasionally late) or a comic paper; but, "to encourage and promote literary activity among the students." The eagerness with which our undergraduates seek to apprehend this purpose is indicated by volume twenty-four (last year). In the seven issues there appeared one prose contribution by a student written primarily with a view to publication. Other articles, excellent though they were, and well worthy of publication, were for the most part written with a view to settling a little personal matter between professor and student. One article by one student in one year! What an era of productiveness! How literary

activity was encouraged and promoted in that year and how it flourished! Why this dearth of writing? We will not believe it is due to a lack of ability, or that we are so much busier now than formerly, or that time spent in writing is profitless. Of all the foolish fancies with which undergraduates deceive themselves, nothing is more foolish than this one—"persistent plugging is the prime prerequisite of life-success, and the number of firsts attained is the measure of the man." Not at all! Knowledge shall vanish away; adaptability and versatility make the successful and enduring man. So, wise and loyal undergrad., quit your books at fitting times—play, orate, debate, write—it matters not what, only write. We cannot have, as some colleges have, a department of English devoted exclusively to story and essay writing, but the probability is that if we had, the head of that department would simply elaborate the adage, "Practice makes perfect"—nothing else. Practice then. It may help THE MONTHLY; it will help you.

What is home without its youngest member? What is our Alma Mater without its youngest class? Such a home, obviously, is doomed to extinction; our college no less. Accordingly, we are glad to welcome a large first-year class—the Freshmen—our successors. May you all live long and be happy; may your year leave a new record in college history. It is yours to show us what achievements you are capable of in the realm of scholarship, of athletics, of debate. The sympathetic co-operation of older classes is yours. Help them; be willing to be helped by them. Here's to the success of Year '19!

"Switzerland in War-time," which appears on another page of this issue, will doubtless be read with keen interest. We are indebted to Professor G. H. Campbell for this interesting sidelight on the war. Professor Campbell spent the summer in Europe as an Anglo-French interpreter, and this fact, with his previous intimate knowledge of France and Switzerland, makes

him pre-eminently fitted to write authoritatively. We consider ourselves fortunate indeed to be able to chronicle in THE MONTHLY this description of that little neutral land begirt with warring foes—the cyclone-centre of Europe's giant strife.

Quite a number of McMaster boys have enlisted. THE MONTHLY desires to keep in touch with them and to keep its readers cognizant of their whereabouts and their doings. Accordingly, we shall appreciate any pertinent news. If you are one who has enlisted, or if you know something about one who has, please send the information desired. Moreover, we will be thankful for photographs or cuts of any of our soldier-boys. It is surely fitting that our heroes who have offered their lives in a crisis when heroic sacrifice is more imperative than scholarship should not be forgotten in our college annals.

Trafalgar Day closed in Toronto with over half a million dollars for the British Red Cross Fund, or more than twice the sum fixed upon. McMaster University gave three hundred and twenty-six dollars, while the students in team work collected one thousand three hundred dollars. On the part of many—citizens as well as students—some sacrifice and self-abnegation was doubtless necessary, but looked at in the light of the sacrifices made by our brothers in the trenches, what have any of us yet given?

Subscribers to THE MONTHLY who do not receive their copies will oblige us by notifying the subscription manager.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. MCGREGOR, '16.

"Poor wee cow'rin' timrous beastie,
What a panic's in thy breastie."

IF our eyes, accustomed to the soft light of privacy, become dazzled by the footlights of publicity, and if our speech, accustomed to individual conversation, stammers as it tries to make itself heard in a wider circle, those who sit in judgment will perhaps forgive the blankness of our vision and the disconnected manner of our talking, remembering that time may work great changes, and that he who to-day appears halting in his speech, may to-morrow sound out with the tongue of a Demosthenes.

Having commenced with a combined apology and boast, the editor is now ready to assume the full dignity of his chair, and to receive criticisms, threats, frowns and—manuscripts. The editorial bow is made. The curtain is about to rise—may everyone enjoy the play.

The couplet that heads this column is not intended in the present case to refer to Burns' "Mousie," but is merely an exclamation of hopeful compassion directed towards the always recurring and very essential Freshman class.

Any member of Year '19 who wishes to know if he is welcome to the halls of McMaster should be referred to previous October numbers of THE MONTHLY, where he may read numerous eulogies of his forerunners which he may take for himself, sage advice from seniors of the long ago, and may even follow the mutterings and grumblings of the storm of the years as he peruses the pages of copies issued later in the term.

And yet we must add our voice to the general acclaim and state that in our opinion there really never was a class like them before—for in truth, there can be but one Year '19 We hope that they will be able to hold at bay the fierce sophomores, that they will respect the juniors, and reverence the seniors. Given these few qualities and a quiet confidence in the largeness of their

own destiny as a year, we can discern through the misty veil of the future the foreshadowings of great accomplishments.

Before winding our pedal extremities around the legs of our editorial chair preparatory to wetting our pencils for the task of tabulating the events of the past month, we would wish to offer a suggestion: There is no one around the halls of McMaster so humble that he cannot find some news of interest. When the news is found he should write it up and turn it in to the editor of this department. Our staff will undertake to correct all punctuation, spelling and bad grammar—if the case is hopeless we have recourse to our ample waste paper basket. The moral of the foregoing is—Write! Then, when you have steeled your courage up to that point, remember also—write brightly. Bless our editorial heart, we don't want to read all our own witticisms! Don't be afraid to let the lateral muscles of your physiognomy exercise their true function. The golden thread of humor running through a prosy narrative will often hold the attention where a plain statement, however honest, would be a modern Lethe, and the head of the reader would nod—nod—nod—yet not necessarily assenting to the truth of the sentiment expressed. Write for the love of expressing your feelings! Would that the spirit of writing were your Old Man of the Sea:

> "O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!
> He's come back like the Wandering Jew,
> He has his cold claw upon me, upon me,
> And be sure that he'll have it on you!"

Opening Chapel Service.—The large attendance at the opening Chapel Service augurs well for the success of the year. The chapel was well filled and the chairs on the platform were completely occupied by the faculty and prominent friends of the University.

Rev. Donald McIntyre, of Calvary Baptist Church, assisted in the service, the major part of the time, however, being occupied by the Chancellor's remarks. The Chancellor cautioned anybody who might wish to deprecate the efforts put forth at McMaster that although the University was a small one it must not be thought that the results attained were small. Greatness can be measured by many standards; measured by the standard of true manhood and womanhood which is cultivated, McMaster University has a high place in the list of educational institutions. That the war should have a depressing effect upon attendance was anticipated, but prospects were good for a high enrollment. The

war had broadened our horizon, had given vision; our outlook must be wide as the continent; we must consider countries instead of provinces, and empires instead of states. The aim of all should be that we may make ourselves fit to be the worthy successors of those stirring men of the olden days who laid their lives on the altar of sacrifice that the ocean which God had made should be to all men as free as the breezes that blow.

Year '15 has left a legacy to the Biology Lab. in the shape of the posterior appendages of two of last year's feline inhabitants of Hazelton Ave. district. The remark that these decorations are "trophies of the chase" has more truth than poetry in it.

Election of Flat-Masters.—The grave responsibility of electing flat-masters has been faced by the Student Body in their usual serious manner. Mr. P. P. Ziemann has been requested to assume responsibility for any "hoodooism" on the first flat, while Mr. R. R. McGregor has been given the oversight of the conduct of such students as live immediately below the roof. Mr. J. Edgar Bates has offered his services as supervisor of the main floor. Mr. Bates' duties will not extend to the Registrar's office, the Faculty Room, nor the Chapel. Under the circumstances it would appear that the Ladies' Room should have his very best attention.

Autumn Convocation, Oct. 8.—We are officially started on another year's grind. Autumn convocation has come and gone and it is now quite in order to plug to any extent compatible with personal requirements or ambition. The distribution of prizes had an added interest this year, due to the awarding of the matriculation scholarships which were open for competition for the first time last summer. After the awarding of the prizes and scholarships the Chancellor drew attention to the fact that on account of the war the financial condition of the University was not all that could be desired Sacrifices must be made at a time like this, and McMaster was measuring up to her duty. The result of course is financial stringency—something which could be relieved if all would do their part. The investment of money in education brings large dividends.

Dr. Tingle gave the address of the evening on "Some Difficulties in Chemistry." To attempt to reproduce in writing the effect of Dr. Tingle's speech is beyond our limited capabilities, and we can merely offer our sympathy to the reader if he was not present. The speaker pointed out the responsible part played by chemistry in practically all industries, citing the case of the

development of the automobile largely through the discovery of vanadium steel. Previous to the time of vanadium steel, the automobile was a monstrosity which bumped along the public highway preceded by a pedestrian with a red flag, and followed by volumes of steam and crowds of small boys. The telegraph, telephone, railways and steamships all owe a large debt to chemistry for solving problems which seemed hidden mysteries. In conclusion it was pointed out that the seemingly simple reactions in chemistry were on further study found to be most horribly complex. This latter fact is a star test for detecting the presence of Freshmen in an unknown group. Those who can explain the reaction are Freshmen; those who confess their ignorance are probably seniors or post-graduate students.

Daddy James wishes to deny absolutely the rumor that he is looking for a D.D. Dad is modest. He says he is quite satisfied with his B.B.

Officers' Training Corps.—The McMaster Platoon is again taking its place in the C. O. T. C. of the U. of T. This corps was formed a year ago to train men for commissions, non-commissions in both the home and overseas departments of Canadian militia. There are two things which speak favorably of the O. T. C. Firstly—to borrow the terminology of the "Sky Pilots" —all the old soldiers are enthusiastic. Secondly, the O. T. C. men, who have passed the proficiency exam., are in demand for overseas companies. Recruiting is not as good as it should be. The Freshmen—as is usual with Freshmen—view everything through the green spectacles of suspicion. Some even look askance at any person who suggests that they should do their part toward the maintenance of our empire in her present struggle. Every man should be, in a time like this, a trained man. JOIN NOW.

"Scotty" Linton has went and done it! Yes, he got married last summer, but we trust that he will not find himself fulfilling Dr. Tingle's propheey that whatever you do in this respect you will wish that you hadn't. "Scotty's" friends wish him all joy in his new state.

The Proposed Debating Union Constitution.—Heretofore debating has been considered as a side issue, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing. It had not reached University life. Far from being considered a *sine qua non* of success in any career, it was looked upon as somewhat superfluous. This lamentable

condition of affairs must be laid at the door of the old constitution, not to previous executives hampered by it.

The new constitution seeks to remedy this defect, and though it may not be a palliative for all evils, it at least honestly endeavors to establish a basis upon which a more perfect system may be worked out. Under it a government will endeavor to stimulate debating and encourage a livelier interest in the University affairs, as well as to endeavor to promote a better knowledge of business matters and of parliamentary procedure. Its failures will be paraded before the students by a vigorous opposition.

The cabinet consists of six members who are chosen after a general election by the leader of the government. The opposition has an organization of three members. Some of the duties of the cabinet consist in outlining the policy of the government, endeavoring to make all students members of the union, seeing that important affairs are brought to the notice of the daily press and in other ways promoting the welfare of debating.

Dr. Pierce's Visit.—Dr. R. F. Y. Pierce, of New York, was a welcome visitor and speaker at our chapel service on October 5th. His remarks were in reminiscent mood and helpful to those who heard. A second opportunity was given at one o'clock to the students to hear him in the chapel, when he gave an hour out of a busy day to deliver one of his celebrated chalk-talks. His theme was "Methods in Teaching." His own method of crayon illustration he demonstrated effectually, making clear the value of the aid of chalk and board in teaching and preaching, both directly by the explanation of the method, and indirectly by the force of the appeal to the audience of his words and sketches.

We are pleased to report that up to the present moment there has been no appearance of a recrudescence of the versifying so prominently displayed on the Hall notice boards in the closing days of last term. Not that we despise poetry, but we must confess to a feeling of relief at the delivery from the unerring regularity with which rhyme beat upon rhyme until the very sound of our footsteps seemed ready to beat a "poem" out of the stony pavement. However, the evil spirit has passed.—*Requiescat in purgatorio.*

Freshman Elections.—A new tribe of savages has been discovered around our halls. For some days these beings roamed about incoherently, but when they came to themselves they resolved

that history should hear of them as Year '19. The main business was to do away with some of the superfluous chaos. With that object in view elections were carried on in a more or less disorderly manner. The full returns have not as yet reached the press, but we are told that Prof. Wm. Findlay is installed in the president's office. We do know of a certainty that Mr. Hinman is President, and will be valiantly assisted by Miss Brooks. The handling of the ducats has been left to Mr. Sinclair. The archives of the year, which are kept sacred from the world at large, are to be compiled from time to time by Miss Ramage. As rep. to the student body the year has been very fortunate in securing the services of the wide experience of M. A. Smith, who has always since coming to Mac. taken a parental interest in Freshmen. Mr. C. Vining was not at the meeting. Accordingly he was made the rep. to the Athletic Society.

The rest of the telegram was lost in transit.

Echoes from the Summer Excitements.—Persevering Student (vainly endeavoring to sell books to a horny-handed farmer): If you don't want the book for yourself, why not buy it for your daughter? Farmer: Well, you see, she's got a book.

That the war is having a depressing effect upon the registration is shown by the fact that to date one hundred and eighty-one students have signed the roll. This is somewhat less than last year, but there are always some tardy students who feel it their duty to come in a few weeks late. However, there's no doubting the quality, so there's plenty of room for optimism.

Dreams.—According to unofficial reports which have leaked past the vigilance of a strict censorship, it has been ascertained that the Freshmen held their annual nightmare during the wee hours of the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 13th. Their somnambulistic delirium led them into previously unexplored regions of McMaster and environs, and acquainted them with various new routes of travel. During the Kadish Barnea period of their wanderings they committed sundry vocal atrocities which were certainly a flagrant violation of the neutrality of all peace-loving citizens. However, quite the reverse of receiving the due reward of their iniquities, they were allowed to partake of various applications of cosmetics and perform fitting ablutions before retiring to the seculsion of their slumbers. Further particulars concerning the events are not at hand. The Freshmen themselves are very secretive regarding the matter—and, of course, no one else was there.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: E. WILKINS, '17.

"'Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;'"

"And I answered,—'Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.'"—LONGFELLOW.

HAT word of welcome or warning shall we offer the girls of '19? Year eighteen have anticipated us, we fear. Yet we would add, "Come and be one of us. We need you." Whatever you may encounter in college life, meet it smilingly, freshettes. McMaster needs the vigor of your joy. A throng of bidders is soliciting your time. Sell it well, always remembering Father Time has a packet of examination papers for you at the end of the sale.

W. S. B. election results are as follows: Pres., Alice Gregory; Vice-Pres., Ruth McEown; Sec., Margaret Edgar; Treas., Lillian Dexter.

Y. W. C. A.—The members of the Y. W. have elected the following officers; Pres., Clara Hellyer; Vice-Pres., Aletha Hooker; Sec., Hazel McCallum.

The Bible Study Classes are being organized for the autumn term with Misses Clark, Edgar, Grindell and Mulholland for leaders. Mrs. R. E. Angus and Mrs. Franklin Johnson, Jr., are acting as Normal leaders.

W. L. S.—The officers for 1915-16 are as follows: Pres., Louise MacLaurin, '16; Vice-Pres., Elsie Wilkins, '17; Sec., Vera Latimer, '18; Treas., Lois McLaurin, '19.

The opening meeting of the W. L. S. was held Wednesday, Oct. 6th. After a piano solo by Jean Mimms the president gave a word of welcome to the new girls. Miss Haviland then took charge of the programme. When the new members had sworn allegiance and loyalty, Miss Smith favored them with a learned

discourse on humility. After their agility had been put to the test, a circus proved very diverting. The lion was the chief attraction. The teddy bear and giraffe were, we believe, the only ones of their kind in captivity. The afternoon's performance included a ride across a balustrade, two vocal solos and an informal game of hop scotch. The hour closed with three cheers for the new girls.

The W. L. S. Picnic.—Thursday, Oct. 7, proved to be a radiant autumn day. The women students forsook McMaster's halls for the more alluring prospect of a picnic. The girls of '19 displayed amazing alacrity in securing seats for their more aged sisters. This kind forethought, and the loving way in which they handled bundles, baskets and bottles (only pickles and milk, of course) surely pointed to "recent events."

Having appropriated all the available jitneys, the party was gaily trundled to Lambton. They then wandered hither and thither searching for a place to rest. They found one on the heights of Lambton Park. Pork and beans replaced the venerable weiner on the menu, or rather on the plates, for we couldn't afford a menu. We do not think this a suitable place to record the name of the winner of the sandwich-eating competition, but we acknowledge her talent. When our vocal organs threatened to fail us, we left the bon-fire, and crowding into cars, we forsook the scenes of our festivity.

The Women's Athletic Association is now a McMaster reality. With Helen Marshall as president and Winnifred Grindell as vice-president, the prospects for basket-ball and hockey are bright. All we need now is a gymnasium, natatorium, and two or three tennis courts. Thanks!

ADVICE TO NEW GIRLS.

New girls should never talk at Lit,
Nor fuss their locks, nor squirm a bit
When called upon to take their part
In entertainment's gentle art,
But always answer when they're called,
And not get angry when they're mawled.

To talk to men they must not dare,
Because, you know, it is not fair
To block the halls, and keep the men,
For lectures call them now and then.
The other things that they must learn
We hope that they may soon discern.

—Contributed by a Well-wisher.

Miss Ruth McEown has been appointed Head Girl pro tem. Miss Alice Gregory, President of the W. S. B., and editor of the Women's Department of McMaster Monthly, is expected to return from the West early in December. (Would that she had left her pen behind!)

An Experienced Walker offers tuition to freshettes—and even to fresh-sophettes—on the following important branches of education: 1. How to walk. 2. Where to walk. 3. When to stop walking. Special rates arranged for Monthly subscribers.

We want to know why one freshette said to another: "I wouldn't have missed initiation for dollars, and dollars," and the other answered: "Neither would I. Wasn't it great?" Surely a new era is dawning.

Athletics.

Editor: J. A. Long, B.A.

THLETICS play a large part in the life of any university, and no academic institution, in taking an inventory of the year's achievements, can afford to ignore the records which her men have made on track and campus. At this, the beginning of another college year, as we look ahead, we find that matters have not yet assumed an appearance sufficiently settled to allow us to philosophize to any extent as to the prospects. To prophesy concerning anything athletic in a year which war conditions have made almost unique in this respect, is as vain a task as endeavoring to trace the pattern on a crazy-quilt. However, our hope is strengthened by our knowledge of the fact that external conditions can hardly effect our inter-year events, at least, to any large extent. These contests should be even keener than usual, for not in recent years has the prospective disposal of the Matthews Cup been the subject of so much conjecture. And, although in some departments of senior athletics the outlook is not so bright as it has been in former years, yet our success will be largely what we make it. It is the duty of each one of us who has a chance for a position on any

of the teams to get out and work to make it. It is the duty of all "minor lights," for the sake of physical development, and to aid the teams in their practice, to turn out regularly and do their part as well.

A word to the freshmen. Each year, one of the problems before the university is to disillusion the minds of the new men who come to us with the idea that mental attainment is the goal of all education, and that constant plugging is the pathway which leads one there. Of course, if you're open to conviction, you'll lose this idea sometime—why not now? Many a man has gone through McMaster regretting the scholarships he won—not that they were unwelcome in themselves, but that they were obtained at too costly a sacrifice in the realms of social and other interests. True education develops a man, symmetrical in all the varied activities which enter into his being. He who carries through life with him the ideal of the truly educated man as merely a storehouse of useful facts, may, by incessant application, reach that ideal himself, and attain to a value in the world hardly inferior to that of a second-class encyclopædia, worth about three dollars and forty-nine cents at any down-town junk shop. But he who truly desires to succeed must realize that education embodies much more than book learning—that it must fit one to take his place as a man in the world of men; he must meet men on a common plane, able to adjust himself to the environment which his fellows constitute—and this is beyond the power of a mere bookworm. You will probably never again be placed in a society so suitable to your all-round development; so it behooves you to take advantage of the opportunities, both social and physical,which your university course has to offer.

Field Day Cup.—Last spring, year Fifteen, to stimulate interest in field day sports, and to wipe off a bothersome asset from their financial statement, set aside a substantial sum for the purchase of a cup to be presented to the Athletic Association for inter-year field competition. A nice cup has been procured, and as it is now on exhibition, it is hoped it will heighten the healthy year rivalry which is so essential to a successful field day. This class of athletics was one of Fifteen's fortes, and her members will follow the future history of this trophy with interest.

Soccer.—The senior soccer team has been fortunate, indeed, in securing the services of Mr. M. R. Ballard as honorary coach of the aggregation.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.

IT does not take the average McMaster graduate long to find something to do after he or she has been handed the parchment and had the sheepskin placed on the shoulders. Class 1915 is no exception to the rule. Already they are hard at work in many spheres of activity.

Messrs. M. R. Ballard, A. Burridge, G. E. Ramage, P. K. Hambly, J. A. M. Hay, and Misses Alma Mae Matthews, Ruth Margaret Walker, and Dorothy Jean Grant are preparing themselves for the teaching profession at the Faculty of Education.

The following are at McMaster taking theological work: G. A. Clark, A. J. Coles, L. M. Houlding, W. A. Kenyon, J. A. Long, J. H. Moore, A. O. Parry, I. S. Reeds, and A. C. Riley.

A. H. Richardson is taking M. A. work and Miss Countess L. Twiss is taking special work in Greek, both at McMaster.

The young ladies named are at their respective homes for the present: Miss Margaret Cross Benner, North Forks, Dakota; Miss Ada M. Turner, Milton Centre, Ontario, and Miss Mary A. Udy, French River, Ontario.

Miss Mable M. Cline is teaching French and English in New Westminster, B.C. Another young lady, in the person of Miss Isabel C. Fairbairn, has gone to B. C., and is located at Glenmore, where she is teaching. Miss Evelyn P. Davis is school mistress at Nut Lake, Saskatchewan, and Miss Annie B. Millar at Thessalon, Ontario.

Miss Mayme C. G. Gill is on the staff of the Orange Sentinel, Toronto.

Carl V. Farmer and C. P. Hope have been doing Y.M.C.A. work all summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake training camp, and have returned to Toronto with the soldiers and will be located at Exhibition Camp.

George E. Grattan is working on the geological survey on Mantoulin Island.

A. J. Lester and A. Minor Froom are law students at Osgoode Hall.

C. S. V. Hawkings is mathematical master at Woodstock College.

Roy L. Kellock is in the employ of W. L. McKinnon (B.A.,'06) & Co., bond brokers, with headquarters at Ottawa.

Ayrest Lee Stillwell is principal of the Continuation School at Tavistock, Ontario.

Bernard K. Trotter is pursuing graduate work in English at Toronto University.

Gordon M. Philpott has joined his friend "Dug" Price in the ranks of those who are fighting the Empire's battles. He was for a while on the reporting staff of the Toronto Daily Star. He asks that his classmates and other college friends write to him. His address is Bombardier G. M. P., 26th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, 7th Brigade, Canadian Expeditionary Force, Atterpool Camp, Shorncliffe, England.

Gordon Davies has also enlisted and is a pay sergeant in the 77th Battalion, C.E.F., at present in camp at Rockliffe, Ottawa.

Miss M. L. Draper is acting associate secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in London, Ontario, her home city.

John H. C. Graham is corresponding secretary of the Canadian Life Underwriters' Association, Toronto.

Murdo McLeod is studying theology at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Douglas G. Clendennan is a Toronto University medical student.

Howard F. Deller is preaching in Hamilton. Address 305 Beach Road.

Gordon C. Rudd is at work in the civil service at Ottawa.

Particulars as to the present whereabouts and occupation of M. J. Bradley, J. L. Shannon and Charles Waddell will be welcomed.

Of the Theological graduates W. A. Ashmore, B.A., B.TH. and R. M. Fraser, B.A., B.TH., are taking B.D. work at McMaster. The former is preaching at Eastern Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, as well. M. R. Hartley, B.A., B.TH., is pastor of the

Mission Church at Galt. Alexander Haddow, B.A., B.TH., has gone with his bride as a missionary to Bolivia. Harvey Merritt, B.A., BTH., is pastor of Thornbury Baptist Church. Arthur Hall, B.A., B.TH., is preaching in Saskatchewan (further details will be thankfully received).

Of the English course men C. J. Loney is pastor of the Stanley Avenue Baptist Church, Hamilton; Ernest Stephens is preaching somewhere in the Maritime Provinces (further particulars will be gratefully received); and Walter Tapscott Steven is taking arts work at McMaster.

Fred A. McGregor, B.A., '13, has gone into the "movies." His face is being shown on the screen in motion picture palaces all over America. Some day, perhaps, he may rival Francis X. Bushman or Earl Williams or some other film hero in popularity with the fair sex. It came about in this way. Fred is private secretary to Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who is endeavoring to solve the problem of better relations between capital and labor under the Rockefeller Foundation. Recently John D. Rockefeller, Jr., paid an epoch-making visit to the Colorado mines, accompanied by Mr. King. They went into the miners' homes, ate with them, danced with their wives to the tune of Tipperary, etc. Fred was on the job, too, and when the "movie" camera men, who always follow celebrities around, began taking pictures, they got Fred as well as J. D., Jr., and Mr. King.

Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., D.D., '11, for twenty years pastor of Rye-lane Church, Peckham, London, England, is the new secretary of the London Baptist Association, a position that necessitates his leaving the pastorate. Dr. Ewing received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at McMaster's special convocation in June, 1911.

Rev. John Clifford, D.D., '11, has completed his pastorate at Westbourne Park Church, London, England. At 22 years of age, he began his pastorate in 1858, and continued for 57 years, respected and beloved beyond measure. In the British Weekly, Sir W. Robertson Nicol speaks of Dr. Clifford as follows: "The main strength of Dr. Clifford has been his unsullied and noble character. That character is the possession and the pride of the whole nation. Dr. Clifford has been a man of war, but there is no stain upon his sword, and even those who have differed from him most deeply acknowledge with reverence the fact that he has lived his sermons and preached his life. He has done this in

such a fashion that his preaching has been a kind of ideal autobiography. He is the same man at seventy-eight as he was at eighteen, the same in fame as he was in obscurity, always simple, always brave, always true, always unselfish, always Christian."

Prof. Ernest W. Parsons, M.A., Ph.D., of Class '99, has published his doctor's thesis, "Non-Markan Characteristics of Luke," in book form from the University of Chicago Press.

R. V. Howard, B.A., '12, took lectures in sociology and education at Chicago University this summer. He is now back at Didsbury, Alberta, where he is principal of the public school.

Robert H. Roberts, M.A., of Class '07, principal of Calgary Normal College, took lectures in education at Chicago University this summer.

J. B. McKendry, B.A., '10, B.TH., '12, is taking postgraduate work in systematic theology in Chicago University.

Miss Enid A. McGregor, B.A., '12, is teaching classics this year in Tillsonburg, Ont., Collegiate Institute.

Miss Margaret M. McDonald, B.A., '13, is secretary of the Student Department of the National Y.W.C.A., and is located at Toronto.

Among the McMaster students enjoying fellowships at Chicago University this year are: Ralph Freeman, B.A., '14, political economy; W. A. Tilley, B.A., '10, B.TH., '12, history; T. R. Wilkins, B.A., '12, physics; and Ernest Sayles, B.A., '10, B.TH., '12, systematic theology. Mr. Sayles is also head of the Divinity School, a position corresponding somewhat to that of High Kakiak at McMaster, though not quite so responsible.

At the recent examinations of the Faculty of Education, the following graduates of McMaster University obtained specialist certificates: Edna C. Batchelor, B.A., '11 (French and German); Mabel Miriam Cline, B.A., '15 Moderns and History); Norman Davies, B.A., '14 (Science); Bessie S. Farmer, B.A., '14 (Moderns and History); J. C. G. Henderson, B.A. '14 (Mathematics and Physics); A. Hisey, B.A., '14 (Science). The following obtained assistants' certificates: Ada C. Found, B.A. '14; H. H. Graham, B.A., '14; Kathleen A. Johnson, B.A., '14; C. D. Jones, B.A., '06, B.TH., '08; W. G. Spencer, B.A., '14; Dorothy R. Fowler, B.A., '14, obtained a first-class certificate.

Rev. Thos. Dadson, M.A., B.D., of Class '06, who has been pursuing a post-graduate course in history at the University of Chicago, had entire charge, supplying on Sundays and visiting during the week, at Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, for the summer months. This is one of America's greatest Baptist churches, the one made famous by Rev. Dr. R. S. McArthur, LL.D., '11, and Mr. Dadson is to be congratulated upon his appointment. Several times has this church made overtures to Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '05, of Bloor St. Church, Toronto, to become its pastor. McMasterites will be relieved to learn that a pastor, a Scotchman, has now been called and installed, so that for the present our friend Cameron will not be subjected to temptation to leave Canada, from that quarter at any rate.

Rev. Alex. Torrie, B.A., '02, is making an international name for himself as an evangelist. He conducted union services in Vermont recently. His permanent address is Box 428, Midland, Ontario.

W. J. A. Donald, M.A., Ph.D., of Class '10, lecturer in political economy and sociology at McMaster University, has had his first book published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is entitled "The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry" and is a study in the economic history of a protected industry. The book is an important contribution to the general economic history of Canada. It is illustrated with maps and sells at $2.00 net. Dr. Donald had an article on "Canadian Financial Problems" in the October number of the Journal of Political Economy.

Jenkin H. Davies, B.A., '14, is assistant master at Swaffham Grammar School, Norfolk, England. He expects to begin theological studies next autumn, when he will enter Rawdon College, Leeds, to take up work for the B.D. examinations of the University of London. In a recent letter he speaks of having seen his classmate, T. F. McWilliams, '14, off to France with the Canadian division.

Irvine E. Stewart, B.A., '14, M.A., '15, who has been for a year with the Geological Survey of the Dominion Government, has been granted leave of absence in order to take graduate work at Chicago and elsewhere.

Andrew H. Hutchinson, B.A., '09, M.A., '11, obtained his doctor's degree at Chicago during the past summer, and is now

professor of botany in the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, a department of the University of Texas. His Ph.D. thesis was on "Fertilization in Abies Balsamea." This is the balsam fir of North America, from which comes Canada balsam, a transparent liquid resin or turpentine, much valued for mounting objects for the microscope, as it remains permanently transparent. It is also used in making varnish. The principal supply is from Canada.

Karl Clark, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, has a position with the Geological Survey of the Dominion Government.

Rev. Harry R. Nobles, B.A., '06, B.D., who has for several years been the diligent and successful general secretary of the Ontario and Quebec B.Y.P.U., has retired from the position, to the great regret of all who have been interested in young people's work, and will devote himself altogether to the duties of his pastorate. The efficiency and prosperity of the Young People's work in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are largely due to the faithful and persistent efforts of Mr. Nobles, who has been made president for the ensuing year, says the Canadian Baptist. Rev. A. C. Bingham, B.TH.; Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., '09, B.TH.; and Rev. E. R. Fitch, B.A., '05, B.D., were elected vice-presidents; Rev. S. E. Grigg, B.A., '00, was chosen secretary-treasurer; A. J. Madill, B.A., '02, is superintendent of Bible reading, and Rev. Caleb Harris, B.A., '09, B.TH., is superintendent of sacred literature.

Rev. H. A. Porter, B.A., '94, D.D., '15, Gaston Avenue Church, Dallas, Texas, is having a remarkable time in his new pastorate. During the first seven months he was with this church there were 468 additions, 124 of whom were received at the close of special meetings. The attendance at the Sunday School is over 1,100; seven months before the attendance was 500. Dr. Porter preached the baccalaureate sermon of McMaster University in May, and won golden opinions from those who heard him for the first time.

Robert A. F. McDonald, B.A., '04, Ph.D., of New York, has been appointed professor of education at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, and has assumed his new duties. "Dr. McDonald," says the Boston Sunday Post, "is of Scottish lineage and was born in Winnipeg in 1878. He is a graduate of McMaster University in Toronto, and has taught in Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ontario. In 1908 he received the degree of master of arts from

McMaster University. From 1912 to 1915 he pursued graduate work at Columbia University and was awarded the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1915, the title of his dissertation being "The Adjustment of School Organization to Various Population Groups."

Among the successful candidates at the annual spring examinations of the Law Society were five McMaster University graduates, B. V. McCrimmon, '13, A. R. Quirk, B.A., '13, and E. G. Black, B.A., '13, in the second year, and W. K. Anderson, B.A., '14, and S. H. Brocklebank, B. A., '14, in the first. Messrs. McCrimmon and Brocklebank were among the 52 out of 184 who won honors.

Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D.D., LL.D., '08, recently secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and previously president of Denison University, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Newton Centre, Mass.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., '11, recently pastor of Regent's Park Baptist Church, London, England, has accepted the unanimous and hearty invitation to become pastor of Christ Church (Congregational), whose pulpit became vacant by the return of Dr. Len Broughton to America. Dr. Meyer, before going to Regent's Park, served Christ Church for ten years, and is therefore no stranger to the calling church.

The death of Rev. Thomas Drayton Pink, Th., '13, occurred in Galt, Ontario, where he was pastor for the Mission Church, on March 25th. He had won for himself a warm place in the old Scotch town.

Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., D.D., '14, and Mrs. Freeman, of Leicester, England, formerly of Bloor St. Church, Toronto, will have the deep sympathy of many old McMasterites who knew and loved them in the death of their youngest son, William Dakin, aged eighteen years and six months. "Billie," as he was familiarly known, was killed in action in Belgium on Saturday, May 15th, 1915, while serving with the British Expeditionary Force in the First 4th Leicester Regiment.

Joseph Wearing, M.A., of Class '10, is making himself generally useful in Peterboro', where he is a practising lawyer. During the interim between two pastorates in the Park Street Baptist Church, "Joe" occupied the pulpit. He is also president of the B.Y.P.U. and superintendent of the Sunday School.

Former Chancellor Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., LL.D., had a very successful year as pastor of the Westmount, Quebec, Baptist Church. The membership in the 19 months he has been there increased 191, of which 102 came by baptism. His was an uphill task and the students who were under him at McMaster will rejoice to know that the church is making splendid progress in every way.

Rev. Herbert W. Piercy, of Hamilton, has spent the summer months giving dramatic recitals all through the Canadian western provinces.

Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., '96, of Walmer Road Church, Toronto, preached the baccalaureate sermon of Rochester Theological Seminary on Sunday, May 9th, in Rochester, N.Y.

Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon in May conducted the Convocation exercises in connection with Brandon College, which is in affiliation with McMaster University.

The editor needs your assistance in editing this column. Please forward any information you have concerning any graduate to J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

Alexander Wilson, B.A., '11, is now practising law in Vegreville, Alta.

E. E. Hyde, B.A., '13, has charge of the commercial department in Victoria High School, Edmonton.

A. V. Mitchener, B.A., '14, has had charge for the past year of the science department in the Agricultural College at Olds, Alta. The Alberta Government is working on a different line from the other provinces, and instead of building one central Agricultural College, is developing local centres. Three of these are in operation now, and others will be started from time to time. Mr. Mitchener entered Ontario Agricultural College this fall to take the regular agricultural course.

F. D. Weir, B.A., '13, is becoming principal of the Demonstration School in connection with the Normal School at Camrose, Alta.

Rev. Robt. Routledge, B.A., '95, B.TH., '98, Mrs. Routledge, and their two daughters, came from Cristo, Cuba, to spend the months of July and August in Ontario. Mr. Routledge is superintendent of the Northern Baptist Educational Work in Cuba,

and in addition to being principal of the large school at Cristo, superintends a number of primary schools in the district.

Rev. J. N. McLean, B.A. '03, for several years superintendent of Western Missions, has been appointed secretary of the Social Service Council of Manitoba, and has entered upon his new duties. He recently passed through a serious illness. The Social Service Council is leading in a provincial prohibition referendum campaign.

Rev. C. T. Holman, M.A. of class '10, who received the degree B.D. at the September Convocation of the University of Chicago, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Bloomington, Indiana, and will enter upon his work there about the middle of November. Before going to the United States Mr. Holman was pastor at Bracebridge, Ont., and at Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., '98, B.TH., '01, had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him, honoris causa, at the spring convocation of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Dr. Cohoe is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, and has no superior among the Baptist preachers of the east, nor in all Canada, for that matter. He has a decidedly original way of putting things, and his sermons stimulate to hard thinking by their profundity rather than dazzle by their brilliancy of phrasing and delivery. The stock phrases of Theology find no place in his preaching, which continually gives the hearer new angles and perspectives of the subject treated.

The following from the Vegreville *Observer* is of interest. "The results of the recent law examinations held in connection with the Provincial Law Society were made known last week, and among others who were successful in passing the finals is Miss Lillian Ruby Clements, B.A., of Vegreville. Miss Clements is a 1912 graduate of McMaster University, Toronto, and has studied law in local offices, first with F. A. Morrison and more recently with A. C. McLaren. There is no royal road to success in legal examinations, and in order to attain her desire Miss Clements worked long and faithfully, burning many a gallon of midnight oil in poring over the somewhat dreary and involved legal tomes, which, like England's constitution, have 'broadened out from precedent to precedent.' An additional distinction is given the matter in that Miss Clements is the first lady in Alberta to pass these law examinations and qualify for admission to the

Bar. Her formal admission to the Bar as a practising barrister will take place in September next. At the same time she will receive the degree of LL.B. from the University of Alberta, having taken the extra course entitling her to that honor." Miss Clements has since been called to the Bar.

Three McMaster men from Brandon were in attendance at lectures in Chicago University this summer: Professors Chester A. New, B.D. '07, Ph.D., and Everton A. Miller, B.A., '06, of Brandon College, and Rev. W. E. Matthews, B.A. '05, B.TH. '07, pastor of the Brandon Baptist Church.

Rev. A. C. Watson, B.A. '01, received from the University of Chicago on Sept. 3rd, 1915, the degree of Ph.D., *magna cum laude*. His major was in Systematic Theology and his minor in Philosophy. He is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Mendota, Ill., and is also filling the Chair of Philosophy at Rockford, Ill.

A Ph.D. *magna cum laude* in the department of Economics, was won at Chicago University this summer by Professor D. A. McGibbon, M.A. of Class '08, Professor of Political Economy and Advanced English at Brandon College. His thesis was on "Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission."

Harold Hossack McGregor, B.A. '10, died at his home in Ottawa on Sept. 13th. Mr. McGregor was a distinguished student in Chemistry, and since his graduation held positions in the University of Kentucky, the University of Illinois, and Western Reserve University, Cleveland. He was Assistant Professor of Biological Chemistry in the last named university at the time of his death. In 1914 he obtained the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Illinois. His untimely death was the result of typhoid fever contracted while on a holiday trip in Algonquin Park. A letter from Cyrus S. Eaton, B. A. '05, now a prominent figure in Cleveland's financial world, says that "Harold had created the Department of Biological Chemistry in Western Reserve University, and was fast coming into a position of influence and power. I regard him as one of the best and truest of the many good men turned out by old McMaster. His death is a great personal loss to me, and is a misfortune to the College enterprises in Cleveland." A fuller appreciation of Harold's life and work will appear in a subsequent issue of THE MONTHLY.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

"I cannot say one thing and mean another,
If I cannot pray I will not make believe."

IT is with some diffidence that we assume our new duties as editor of this department whose height and depth and everlasting breadth are limited only by the title "Here and There." Of course we owe our first duties to our contemporary college publications, but we shall not hesitate to turn elsewhere for choice bits of literature if we feel so inclined, believing that only by bringing our academic efforts into relation and comparing them with the more professional productions can we judge the true merit of the former and thereby increase their inherent worth.

We found some difficulty in obtaining material for this issue owing to the fact that none of the exchanges of this college year have come to hand, but we rescued one or two of last year's from the void of oblivion just behind the editor's chair and we quote from them.

We are indebted to the March number of the *Argosy* for the following sonnet:

BEAUSEJOUR AT SUNSET.

I stood at sunset in old Beausejour
And dreamt again the days its ramparts kept
The western world for France; when, fire-swept,
Its deep-mouthed cannon, baying thundrous war,
Replied the iron challenge, and the shore
Awoke along the woods where echo slept;
And all day long the flaming battle leapt
From heights that flame and thunder now, no more.

I stood and pondered. O'er a distant hill
The day's great heart of fire burned slowly down,
And all the vault of sky began to fill
With shadows of the night.—These things alone
Remained as then.—The world was very still
And one by one the stars awoke, and shone.

R. V. S., '16.

It is necessary for a writer of poetry to conform to some fixed and accepted rules of form and style, but he must not allow

these rules to cramp his efforts and dominate his work. "Beausejour at Sunset" is, in our humble opinion, a real sonnet. Within the narrow limit of eight lines and six lies some true art.

Hard Times.—Sandy, a thrifty Scot, about to go away for a few weeks: "And, Marget, dinna forget to hae wee Donald tak' off his glasses when he's nae lookin' at anything."—*Vox Lycei.*

This, from the *Sodalian* of May, of course is intended to show the evolution of the college species:

Freshman: "Please, ma'am, I did not understand the question?" Sophomore: "I don't understand what you mean?" Junior: "What did you say?" Senior: "Huh?"

In our recent reading we came across a poem by the late Rupert Brooke, the promising young English poet who gave his life for freedom in the struggle for the Dardanelles. We quote only the fifth part, entitled "The Soldier." It seems prophetic of his own glorious passing and breathes the English love for freedom and England in a matchless manner:

V.—THE SOLDIER.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

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TWO SONNETS.

I.

O Esther, Esther, the contemptuous years,
That trample underfoot the lives of men,
Whose thunderous hoof-beats cloud with dust again
The rose-strewn reach of laughter and of tears,
The happy hills of youth—and now appears
The naked ridge, the desert, the black fen—
Have not prevailed against thee; in her den
The dark-robed Fury wails her broken shears.

Thou livest! Thou, whose mortal dust is hidden,
A thousand leagues, on that green sea-blown hill,
Art present with me: now, and now, the breath
Of thy eternal gladness, a keen thrill,
Sunders the dust-cloud: the sad gloom is chidden,
A living rapture mocks the desert's death.

II.

When I have reckoned all thy passing meant—
The loss to earth of music and of dream,
Of smiles and laughter, that out-welling stream
Of thought and fancy, so divinely blent
With a sweet sympathy and pure intent
Of goodness, yea, those frailties ev'n which seem
Like virtues—Rare Musician, then, I deem
Thyself wert earth's most perfect instrument.

Thou hadst a tone for every touch of Life,
His varying moods a variant music woke:
Now the bold treble of the marching fife,
The ethereal flute, the banjo's merry din,
Now through the organ's troubled brooding spoke
The deep soul-passion of the violin.

—B. F. Trotter, '15.

JOHN HARGRAVE, JUNIOR.

JOHN HARGRAVE was a father! This fact had been most emphatically announced by himself about half an hour after the birth of his son. His friend, Bob Nelson, had dared to enter the newly blessed home with his hat on, when he was sternly rebuked for his lack of respect by the enthusiastic parent—

"Off with your hat, young man, there's a pa in this house!"

This was the first official announcement, but soon the news spread down the street from neighbor to neighbor; matrons gossiped and old maids whispered knowingly, but all conceded that John Hargrave ought to be a proud man. Bob Nelson suggested that the infant showed a noticeable lack of hair, but the father laughed scornfully—

"Time will tell, Bob. He's got ten toes, a couple of fine little arms, and as lusty a pair of lungs as you'll hear in a twelvemonth, so I don't see why he shouldn't have success with his hair—just give him time, Bob.

Bob *did* give him time, and in six months John Hargrave Junior was the owner of a very creditable head of hair. The ten toes had now become of sufficient size to excite in their small owner considerable curiosity; the little arms had become more pudgy, and his lungs had developed wonderfully. How that little throat could emit such ear-splitting sounds was something that caused the father secret wonder, but he finally decided that it must be a mark of a child of unnatural abilities. Truly, the child was more than usually clever—in the parents' eyes. To the neighbors the development of the lungs and vocal chords was the most apparent.

Months passed and the child still continued to grow. A thirst for knowledge had become one of his most prominent characteristics. Everything that the pudgy hands fell upon was closely examined, remarked about in his own intelligible fashion, and

finally pushed into the little round mouth for a final analysis. Did a hair-brush have a sticky feeling, the probability was that John Hargrave Jr. had been examining it. Could the shoe blacking not be found in its accustomed place, there was good reason for confidence that the baby would be found with a rim of black marking the outlines of the mouth. Still he had managed to survive the acquisition of his knowledge, and the indulgent parents, never wishing to be the cause of starting that little throat into its full powers of vociferation, fondly yet fearfully held back their hands from removing any of the means of his self-education. John Hargrave could not understand his son's propensity for directing all objects towards his oral orifice. Could he but get a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon he felt that at least one of the obscure points of his philosophy of life would be explained. Still his motto was "Peace at any price," and as sure as that child showed signs of exercising those lungs either in demand or protest, just so sure did John Hargrave put forth every effort to satisfy his young son's wishes.

But the time came when peace could not be had at any price. The baby was sick! All night long John had taken turns with his diminutive wife in pacing the floor, carrying the child up and down, sleepily singing hymns and coon songs in a vain attempt to sooth the fretful child, but the grey dawn broke, bringing no relief. Husband and wife held a consultation with the result that the doctor was summoned. Both watched anxiously, fearing the worst, as the doctor bent over the child. In another moment the physician was buttoning up his coat again saying: "Give him a dose of castor oil and he'll be all right in the evening"—and the doctor was gone.

John Hargrave scratched his head meditatively. His mind went back to the first spoonful of castor oil he had ever taken. He remembered the inducements held out to him, the coaxing, and the final struggle before he could be induced to swallow that hateful stuff. And then he thought of the task of inducing his son and heir to partake of this same abomination. Oh, those howls! He could hear them now; already his head had begun

to ache. If the thought brought such fierce pains, what would the reality be?

But his duty lay before him and he screwed his courage to the sticking place. Just then Bob Nelson came in:

"Just in time to give us a hand, Bob," said the nervous John, as he held the baby on his lap. "Jennie's just gone to the kitchen to get some castor oil for the baby. You might be of use if you wouldn't mind waiting a minute."

Mrs. Hargrave, all excitement, came bustling back bringing in her wake little Mary Stuthers.

"I thought Mary might be of some use, you know, John," she explained, in a somewhat shaky voice, as she went to the cupboard for a spoon. "Mary has two little brothers, and they both had to take castor oil, so I thought her experience might be useful."

The oily liquid was poured out slowly into the spoon.

"Say," said Bob thoughtfully, "don't you think some one had better hold his nose, so he wont smell it?"

The suggestion was accepted as being very timely and as John had all he could do to hold the child still, Bob was appointed to hold his nose. Mary was to hold the bottle and be ready to render any other assistance necessary, while Mrs. Hargrave was entrusted with the delicate task of introducing the medicine into the baby's mouth. This disposition of the forces had just been satisfactorily arranged when the baby gave a quick stretch, one of the pudgy fingers striking John in the eye and rendering him temporarily blind. Mary took the child while John wiped his eyes, and after a few minutes everything was again in readiness for the attempt.

"You'd better hold him, Mary," said John, with a sigh of relief. "I'll hold the bottle."

An approach was once more made, Mary tightly holding the child, Bob ready at a moment's notice to grasp his nose, Mrs. Hargrave, all a-tremble, slowly bringing the medicine nearer and nearer to the little mouth, and John, mouth and eyes wide open, ready for the piercing shriek that he knew must come. Closer

and closer came the spoon. John was ready to push his fingers into his ears the moment the first sound should be heard, when suddenly, with a convulsive grasp, the baby seized the spoon, and with a grunt of satisfaction drained the last drop and sucked the spoon.

* * * * *

John Hargrave gasped. Bob Nelson whistled. Mrs. Hargrave held up her hands in astonishment. Mary Struthers smiled sheepishly. John Hargrave Junior sucked the spoon contentedly.

"Say," said Bob, "he likes it."

John was thoughtful for some moments. Then his face cleared. "Bob," he remarked proudly, "I believe I've solved the problem! While I admit the fact of the act, I deny the principle. He didn't take that because he liked it, but because he didn't know any better. That's the answer to all this eating of foreign substances."

Bob was fairly astounded at the depth of the philosophy. He opened his mouth a few times to reply, but each time he closed it again with a gasping motion. With his hands thrust into his trousers pockets he gazed at the young prodigy—then moodily:

"You're certainly your father's son, but perhaps some day you may get wisdom in spite of it."

R. R. McGregor, '16.

SOME WAR-SCENES.*

FOR several days back a big concentration of large, medium and small guns has been going on within a radius of 2,000 yards, with this house (or rather what is left of it), being almost in the centre of the direct circle, fairly bristling with them. It surely has been a lively place for several days. It is the biggest concentration of any one attack that the British forces have ever had. Our abode seems to be the meeting place for all. French officers are sleeping all over the place, in the barn, dugouts and trenches, anywhere and everywhere. The interpreter for the French, by the way, is a Newfoundlander, though for several years he has lived in Edmonton. Now for the main thing. No one went to bed last night, but that is not unusual, for our intervals of rest are usually very short and very uncertain. Sharply at 2.45 this morning the bombardment or *Tir à barage* commenced. The sky was yet dark. The sight, though awful in the extreme, was yet grand. The noise was greater than anything I have heard in my life and to try and describe it is quite beyond me. As the shells went over me high above on their way to the Huns it was like thousands of sharp thunder claps together making a roll like thunder. The flashes from the guns and the bursting of shells, etc., had every appearance of sheet lightning—happening quicker than you could count. The sky was lighted up most brilliantly. Add to this the German guns in the distance. Their shells were bursting all around us trying to locate our guns and to prevent reinforcements. The air was soon one pall of smoke. This first phase continued for thirty minutes and dawn was beginning to appear. Thousands of shells had been poured into the enemy's trenches and behind them. Then exactly at 3.15 our guns lengthened their

*Extract from a letter received from Capt. S. M. McLay, R.A.M.C. (Class of 1903).

ranges and precisely at the same moment our infantry sprang from the trenches and rushed down the valley and were upon the German trenches. Rifles cracked fire in an incessant roll and in a short time the whole front line, over a front of 800 yards and to a depth of some 500 or more, was in our hands. The infantry began digging themselves in, as the trenches were literally pulverized by the heavy gun fire. Our guns then began to slow down and for many hours the shooting continued at longer but steady intervals until the infantry consolidated the position. The Huns will doubtless counter-attack before very long. At daybreak the sky seemed filled with aeroplanes of all descriptions, and as a result of air attacks a German and French machine were brought down. The casualties were fairly heavy on our side, but there were not many left at all of the Huns, only about fifty being taken prisoner, as the rest had all been killed. Even the prisoners were nearly all wounded. The French doctor and myself were busy fellows.

I have become so accustomed to the buzzing of aeroplanes, both French, British and German, that I rarely notice them, and very seldom look up when I hear the air-craft guns shooting at them, though a couple of days ago my attention was attracted by some guns firing at a German plane, some 10,000 feet high. With my glasses I could distinguish him quite plainly. The guns kept banging away at him, but all of a sudden a British airman, still higher up, made a sudden swoop, passed through our own shell-fire, and when within a few yards fired on the German. He hit the oil tank, for immediately the plane was a mass of flames. Then we saw the Hun tumble out the side, the machine turn upside down, and both came down to earth within our lines. It was really a dreadful sight to witness; still when his plane was struck cheer after cheer went up from the whole countryside. This particular German had been quite a menace to us all. He was bold and very brave, and did not seem to mind our big-gun fire for days and days. It is not the first I have seen brought down by any means, but it certainly was the most tragic.

A few days ago the Germans made a terrific attack on our

lines here, and a very violent bombardment kept up for 48 hours, starting at 3 a.m. and continuing through the day until the next morning. They started their attack by throwing bottles of vitriol and boiling tar and followed it up with hand grenades, then a heavy shell fire. Our boys replied sharply and the guns kept up a persistent fire. The noise was deafening, though the sight at night was beautiful. In the darkness, when a shell leaves the gun, it makes a large flash of light. When it bursts it again makes a flash. So when a great many guns are going from both sides the sight is unique. Besides these flashes both the Germans and British project big rockets high in the air over the trenches. Some are white, others red or green. They light up the whole country-side during their descent. Talk about the pyrotechnic displays at home. They are not in it for a minute. It has been stated by German deserters that their machine gun men in the trenches are sometimes chained to their guns. This seems incredible, but nevertheles quite true, as verified by many. Surely such methods are worse than barbarous.

"I KNOW."

I know a little hill-locked shore
Where every wave is dear to me:
One little bay and nothing more
Of all the endless miles of sea.

I have a sense of truth and right;
A little sense of perfect good:
One little star of all the light
Of God's undreamed infinitude!

R. J. Lang, '16.

INFLUENCE OF NATURE ON WORDSWORTH.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."—*Tintern Abbey.*

N considering the development of Wordsworth's mind, and in endeavoring to arrive at some estimate of his debt to various influences, it is unlikely that we shall stress too strongly the influence exerted upon him by the forces of nature.

At the very outset of our investigations, it is forced home upon us that we are dealing with no common type of mind, but rather with one sensitive to the impressions of Nature in a manner and degree rarely found among men. He claims to have been subject to the influence of Nature upon him at an age so tender that we can scarcely conceive it.

"Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed among my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms,
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves."

That this foretaste began to receive its fulfilment almost immediately is made evident by the poet's reminiscences of his early childhood. At five years his chief delight, and the one above all others which is still fresh in his mind as he now relates it, was found in spending all the summer day swimming, or playing in the fields. And this contact with nature silently and

steadily was leaving its impress upon him. To him Nature was a wise and skilful teacher, and he grew up "Fostered alike by beauty and by fear."

The sensations engendered by this contact in his earliest years were those of joy and happiness, but before he was ten years old he became conscious of another great fact which Nature was impressing on his youthful mind. This was a sense of guilt and punishment, as he wandered among the hills at night after having yielded to temptation and taken "The captive of another's toil." At such times Nature became to him almost human, and in his guilt he heard

> "Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
> Of indistinguishable motion."

One incident, which he relates of an evening row upon the lake and the strangeness of the days that followed, brought him to perceive Nature not as a thing but as a living mighty Personality. Having stolen a boat and slipped out into the darkness with it, a great mountain peak,

> "black and huge
> As if with voluntary power instinct
> Upreared its head,"

and

> "with purpose of its own
> And measured motion like a living thing,
> Strode after me."

Trembling he returned the boat and passed many days under a sense of guilt, with none of the familiar, pleasant images of sky or field or tree to cheer his loneliness. From that day Nature was to him not "it" but "she." Summer and winter, sunrise and sunset, Nature bent her influence upon him and found in him a responsive echoing soul. She called him apart from the tumult of the noisy games of youth to hold communion with him in some quiet retreat.

The incidents above related illustrate, as Wordsworth puts it, how Nature—

> "Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair
> And made me love them."

But, aside from these, he claimed that many a time the misty landscape and the solitary moonlit sea had contributed to his sense of awe and pleasure as he wandered alone in the evenings on the sands of Westmoreland or on Cumbria's rocky limits.

In the second book of the Prelude Wordsworth tells us of his school-days, and notes in particular one evening spent on a quiet lake listening to the distant melody of a flute—

> "Oh, then, the calm
> And dead still water lay upon my mind
> Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart, and held me like a dream!"

But our chief interest in this book centres in the fact that sometime during the period which it covers there occurred a marked change in his attitude towards Nature. Hitherto his appreciation of her had been incidental to—

> "The vulgar joy and giddy bliss,
> The prompt attendants on a child's pursuits."

Now he has grown to an appreciation of "the common range of visible things." Nature he sought now for her own sake and he illustrates this by a reference to the sun, which he loved—

> "for this cause, that I had seen him lay
> His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
> The western mountain touch his setting orb,
> In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess,
> Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow,
> For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy."

As to the exact time when this new attitude towards Nature developed he cannot tell—

> "For who," says he, "shall parcel out
> His intellect by geometric rules?" . . . .
> "Who shall point as with a wand and say
> 'This portion of the river of my mind
> Came from you fountain?'"

But after all, it is not so much the time of the change as it is the fact of the change which is of importance. Nature,

sought now for her own sake, supplies a joy that was not and could not have been his before he had received the new vision. Now—

> "All that I beheld
> Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
> The mind lay open, to a more exact
> And close communion."

In this rapid survey of his life, from the time when, a mere babe, he lay in his nurse's arms and listened to the murmurs of the Derwent, until as a young man at school he grew to an appreciation of nature for her own sake, we have been able to trace in some slight measure the development of the poet's mind under the influence of his natural surroundings; it is hardly likely that we have stressed too strongly this "influence of natural objects," for to it Wordsworth himself attributes the tranquillity and steadfastness of his later life amidst almost universal unrest and chaos.

> "If, in my youth I have been pure in heart,
> If, mingling with the world I am content
> With my own modest pleasures and have lived
> With God and Nature communing, removed
> From little enmities and low desires,
> The gift is yours; if in these times of fear
> This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
> If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
> And wicked exultation when good men
> On every side fall off, ...
> . . . . I yet
> Despair not of our Nature, but retain
> A more than Roman confidence, a faith
> That fails not, in all sorrows my support,
> The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
> Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'Tis yours,
> Ye mountains! Thine, O, Nature! Thou hast fed
> My lofty speculations; and in thee,
> For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
> A never-failing principle of joy
> And purest passion."

P. K. Hambly, '15.

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Editorial Notes.

In the University Magazine for October appears a very scholarly and interesting article from the pen of Professor Maurice Hutton—"The British and the German Mind." from which we take the following paragraph:

"German education produces ancient Roman savants and modern German professors. True education, *i.e.,* thought, produces Greek thinkers and French thinkers. If you tell a German about a man he will say, 'What does he know?' or 'What has he done?' If you tell a Frenchman, he will say, 'What are his ideas?' If you tell an Englishman, he will say, 'What sort of a fellow is he?' Knowledge—thought—character—are the products of the three kinds of universities—the German, the French, the British."

A *man* should be the product of the university. At the risk of appearing tedious we repeat it that no one for a mess of scholastic pottage may lose his collegiate birthright—a widely developing man, possessing culture—the finest grain of Christian gentleness towards men; intellectual vigor—the employment of God-given faculties for men; and high character—the manifestation of a God-moulded personality among men. Look ye to your heritage and ideals, fellow-students.

The New Constitution of the Debating Union provides that in the usual inter-year oratorical contest judgment shall be made on a basis of fifty per cent. for matter and fifty per cent. for style. By "style" is evidently meant delivery, or possibly, delivery and style, for style is one thing and delivery quite another. Assuredly in formal oratory the latter is by no means secondary. Demosthenes, when asked what was the chief factor in eloquence, replied "First, delivery; second, delivery; third, delivery." The term "style" refers to the composition of a theme, whether to be read or spoken. Good style aims to create, at the outset, a sympathetic and agreeable atmosphere between composer and readers, or auditors, as the case may be. Moreover, good style must exhibit perspicuity, elegance and vigor. Perspicuity is attained by that preciseness and lucidity of thought and expression which enable even the simplest minded to grasp the meaning: elegance is the exhibition of variety which comes from the kaleidoscopic arrangement of color, light and shade; of appositeness, or the fitness of words to thoughts according as they are simple or sublime; and of simple but pleasing ornamentation. Vigor includes vigor of language which is effected by the use of the most direct words briefly, concisely and effectively arranged, vigor of illustration by the use of metaphor, hyperbole, etc., and vigor of thought, which is *the indispensable thing.*

The word "delivery" applies to material eloquence, that is, to the part played by the body and mind, the mood, manner

and tone of the orator. Delivery is of the highest importance; excellence therein will cover a multitude of sins of style, whereas mediocrity will vitiate the finest style. As in eloquence the first factor is delivery, so in delivery the essential thing is "soul." Oratory is the earnest expression of true and deep feelings, therefore the best use of memory is not so much to recall words as the thoughts and feelings underlying them. The speaking itself should, by the use of emphasis, by the play of light and shade, be made free from monotony, isotony, exaggeration, etc. Of the importance of the carriage of the body, the gestures of head and hand, the expression of the eye, there is no need to say anything.

"An oration, to win at McMaster, must be a sermon," has become proverbial with us. But is it the "sermon" that wins, or the best oration? Let us remember that "soul" is the first requirement. "The Power of Purpose," "Greatness," "Manhood" and such "sermons" manifestly call for more "soul" than descriptive and historic subjects.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. McGREGOR, '16.

"The Lord gi'e us a guid conceit o' oorsel's."

THE above petition might well be placed in the list of "answered prayers." Of course the individual has such a unique opportunity of observing himself that it is not to be wondered at if he may see many good points in himself which others stupidly overlook. Yet the life around the Hall forces each man to be continually sizing up his neighbors, trying to estimate other people at their true worth, and mentally cataloguing them as good, bad or indifferent. Those who have not deliberately watched this process going on have still before them an avenue of interesting study—not only interesting but in many cases highly amusing. The interest comes in observing how each man draws up his list, whom he places at the top, and who is placed far below in the vale of the unworthy. The amusement comes in observing where the cataloguer places himself. Very seldom will he place himself at the head of the list, yet it is not very far below that the large "I" is found. This fact will scarcely be acknowledged in public but when he is "at home" to himself, a man's inner knowledge of his own worth *will* impress itself and quietly, unobtrusively, the ego will be moved ahead. Those who refuse to accept this as true need only to listen to a live discussion of some person who is not present to be struck with the continually recurring idea that such a person has faults, few or many, but as for ourselves—why we're all right. A little calm thought about such tendencies on the part of the average student might lead him to the conclusion that perhaps he is not quite as far advanced as he might be and that it is quite possible that even his penetrating eye cannot discern fine qualities which actually do belong to those whom he fails to appreciate.

McMaster vs. Victoria.—There is real cause for self-congratulation in the fact that McMaster came out victorious in the first debate of the year. Graduation and the war had riddled the

ranks of our veteran debaters to such an extent that the choosing of representatives for McMaster began to assume a very serious aspect. But the old saying that the time will bring forth the men certainly fulfilled itself in the present case, for Kemp and Fraser certainly measured up to their responsibility. Much credit is due to them when the fact is considered that the former had the experience of but one intercollege debate, while the latter had nothing but a Scotch determination to see the thing through.

McMaster upheld the negative of the resolution that "Imperial Federation would be in the best interests of the British Empire." Victoria outlined a scheme of federation which they claimed would be much more satisfactory than the present system, and attempted to show that such a scheme is the logical outcome of the development of the Empire. McMaster claimed that the history of the Empire did not point in this direction, and that too many difficulties would be encountered in such a scheme. Proportionate representation would be well-night impossible, but should this be arranged, the Federal Parliament would prove to be a parliament of the Empire by India and for India.

Before the debate Miss Ruth Fowler rendered Sharwenka's "Polish Dance." While the judges were planning to award the debate to McMaster, Miss Foster, of the Toronto School of Expression, relieved the tension with a couple of pleasant readings. Altogether, from McMaster's side of the case, the evening was most enjoyable. As for Victoria, we can scarcely offer our sympathy, for, to tell the truth, we're not a bit sorry.

The McMaster Band Quartette were out at the Exhibition Grounds singing to the soldiers. Being invited to sing in the guard room they rendered the singularly appropriate hymn of "Steal Away."

Philosophy Professor: "We will now discuss the distinction between the rational and irrational man." (Freshman inserts his head into the room, looks around and withdraws hastily.)

Professor (continuing after a pause): "We have had an illustration of the irrational man."

McMaster nobly responded to the call that came across the sea for aid to the British Red Cross Fund. The Student Body was enthusiastic in moving that we help as each one felt able. The total amount of $331.50 was raised in the whirlwind campaign of three days; this sum being $60.00 in excess of last year's fund. The amounts collected were as follows: The Faculty, $100.00;

the Ladies, $32.30; Year '16, $52.75; Year '17, $42.70; Year '18, $22.00; Year '19, $43.50; Theology, $35.00; Daddy James and staff, $3.25.

PICNICS.

These very necessary social functions have now been indulged in by everybody. The accounts are tabulated below. If the accounts be true we should hesitate in attempting to give a satisfactory answer to the latter part of the quesion: "What is home without a mother, or a picnic without a lunch basket?"

The Gathering of the Remnant.—On Oct. 16th the remnant of Year '15 still to be found in McMaster and environs gathered at Long Branch to rescue from the ashes of oblivion, for another year, the annual picnic. As far as numbers are concerned, the festival was but an echo of former greatness. Of the ten and four ladies who were wont in other days to grace such occasions with their presence, this year the ten "were not," and as for the men, their number was but a fraction of that represented in the olden conclaves. However, the function wasn't a truly post-mortem affair by any means—far from it. The afternoon and evening were spent in much wholesome hilarity, and even if there was a lack in the quantity of individuals, the old Year '15 quality was there as strong as ever, and those present carried away with them the remembrance of a pleasant little reunion.

Theology Picnic, Oct. 22nd.—Now, it came to pass that there went out a goodly company from the temple in Jerusalem, where they were daily teaching and expounding—many good and wise teachers and preachers, and of the daughters of Jerusalem, fairest and youngest, not a few. And they came and drew near to a place called Long Branch, by the sea, because there was much water there. This they did, not because they sought the indolent diversions of many but because great crowds thronged them in the temple asking many questions—more than these wise men might answer—and seeking enlightenment, so that they were utterly exhausted. And all the golden afternoon they whiled away in divers recreations, lofty and ennobling, and they did so run as to obtain. But when even was come they sat down upon the green grass by companies of twos and threes, and did eat and were filled and there was enough for all, and many fragments did remain, albeit some of the multitude, having sought them out, resorted thither and did eat. And when the sun had set and darkness crept across the sea from the East there was heard

the sound of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs across the quiet waters, until darkness covered the land and thick darkness the waters thereof. And when the evening was spent, they returned and came again to the temple—wise men and fair maidens all—and sought the multitude to expound to them the ways of life and to teach them.

Fourth Year Picnic.—The Senior Year had a picnic! Either or both meanings of the word picnic may be accepted by the reader, but the fact remains that they had a picnic. Long Branch was the spot of meeting and the usual frivolities were indulged in, after which the more earnest business of refreshments was discussed. A marshmallow roast had been planned, but it is not fair to call the subsequent proceedings by that name. The marshmallows were scorched, burned and incinerated, but the more conventional picnicers declared them to be delightful. The wiser ones smiled and surreptitiously had theirs "raw." But the fire died away, the partly dwindled, and at last everybody had gone, although no two had followed the same road home.

Year '17 *Picnic.*—"Nunc demum redit animus." The juniors are still beaming at the remembrance of their picnic on Oct. 16. Old Sol smiled gleefully upon them, likewise the fellow passengers on the cars when they beheld their buckets and bulging baskets. Arriving at Long Branch two ball games were speedily organized. One was professional, the other was—interesting. The scores were becoming exciting when the social committee announced that supper was ready. Messrs. Baker and Fawthrop served the ammunition from a bucket "while they went marching on." After supper the more aggressive '17ers toasted marshmallows for the others until all protested satiety. Then they piled wood upon the fire and circled story and song up to the hour of departure.

"And still, reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire."

Year 18 *Picnic.*—At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 19th, 1915, year '18 gathered at the end of the Dundas car line. From here some took the suburban car, others the jitneys, but by some means or other all reached the grove at Lambton Mills. The afternoon was spent in playing dignified games suitable to a sophomore year. Supper was served on one of the benches provided for that purpose. As darkness was approaching Mr. Kent threw some light on the question (the supper table)

from the headlights of his automobile. Toasting marshmallows came next. All gathered around the fire, but what was the general dismay when the marshmallows turned up missing. A search was started and the missing articles found. All who had been previously blamed for the loss were immediately forgiven. They were soon toasted and used up. After carefully putting out the fire and startling the neighborhood with the year yell the party broke up

On Wednesday, October 13th, the members of year '19 held their first picnic at Long Branch. A jolly crowd met at Sunnyside station where they boarded a car with all the necessary bundles. On arriving upon the scene of action an exciting game of French tag was participated in by all. The ball game that followed was so keenly contested that its place in the afternoon's events was second only to the disposing of the refreshments. When the last remnants of the edibles had disappeared all continued to enjoy themselves by a few songs and camp fire stories.

Open Lit. was not Open Lit., it was Opening Lit. It wasn't Open Lit. because outsiders were not present in abundance, and it was Opening Lit. because it was the first of its kind perpetrated by Fred. Kemp and his gang. However the meeting was held on the third Friday in October. The president thought we should show our patriotism by singing "God Save the King." When we sat down the Misses Mimms and Latimer (both of year '18) played a duet. It was good, so we encored them. Then Mr. Kemp gave a speech from the throne—he was not encored. Miss Robertson ('19) sang a few solos, then Mr. Brownlee ('17) attempted to make as much music as had been rendered in the duet. When all this had happened the ladies filled their promenade cards, and soon the halls became a line of seething humanity. This seething continued intermittently until six times the surgings had flooded the halls, and until each freshette knew six McMaster men. Refreshments ended the bill, and with full hearts and more we sang "Thy Praises, McMaster."

In the Reading Room below the Kerr Shield is the sign "Requiescat in Pace." We are informed that a knowing Freshman took pains to enlighten a friend that this referred to one of the conditions of the use of the room—"Peace is required." Will the Latin professor please make enquiries?

The Choral Society organized late in October is one of the really worth-while organizations around the Hall. Mr. Pickard,

organist of Walmer Road Church, has taken charge of the class, which meets every Tuesday noon. The first few lessons are being spent on the theory of music, after which instruction in singing will be given. It is a really good thing, and we predict a marked improvement in the musical abilities of many of the students of McMaster.

Home at last! We have just returned from a tour of the Hall in search of the official wording of the Freshman yell. It has been resounding through the halls more or less frequently of late, and being totally at a loss to understand how anyone but an Austrian or a Bulgarian could hope to make any meaning out of such a mixture of consonants and vowels, we suggested that it be written down. The result follows:

Bimeranga Boomeranga
Bim Boom Bah,
Zimmalaka, Zommalaka,
Fee Fi Fah,
Berlim Berloom,
Berlim Boom Bah,
19—— 19——,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

Yell that quick if you dare!

Hallowe'en parties appear to have claimed quite a large share of the time of many of the students this year. What with masquerading and fortune-telling, the wonder is that they have been able to resume work, but the midnight oil is once again being burned and by dint of a few weeks' hard grinding the revellers hope to make up for a few nights' dissipation.

The mellow light of the Hallowe'en mystery worker streamed over the faces of Year '16 as seated around the enchanted table they watched the weird sisters dance hand in hand, drawing their magic circle. The majority with a little less self-consciousness, the minority with a trifle more hauteur, entered into the spirit of the night with as much zest as they did three years ago, when, as members of a freshmen class, they met for the first time.

During the evening the curious had their fortunes told. Graymalkin, enshrouded in a sable hood, told one student a heavy disappointment awaited him. Her imperfect speech prevented a more definite understanding of her meaning. Pictures, each of which was intended to represent a student, were hung about the walls. Some were difficult to decipher, such as Daddy James on the front lawn and two black cats growling and spitting at one

another. The first, of course, is our famous Rah Stewart: the second is still a mystery.

All thoroughly enjoyed the evening which Miss Stillwell had decided should be set apart for freedom from care, and 105 Ellsworth Avenue will long be remembered as a place where hilarity filled a large part of the evening curriculum.

Nip and Tuck at Lit.—The Nip and Tuck Society, in their usual helpful spirit, agreed to put on the programme at Lit. for October 29th. The only number of real and true merit was a violin solo by Miss Latimer. This was indeed a musical treat. We hope to hear from her again.

Following this "a magnificent panorama of the past presidents of the Nip and Tuck" was given by the president, who described himself as the equal of any of his predecessors. Quartette selections were followed by the treasurer's report, which showed a negative balance of some few dollars. The meeting rose to the occasion and contributed sufficient funds to tide the society over the crisis. A weird orchestral selection was then forced upon the unwilling ears of the audience, after which light refreshments, in the shape of a glass of water, were served. The singing of "God Save the King" marked the close of the evening of levity.

Cedarvale has fallen!—Little and all as the good people of Toronto might imagine it, Cedarvale, at the north end of the city, was captured by about 300 members of the C.O.T.C. on Saturday, November 6. To take the place it was first necessary to get within striking distance, and with this object in view the warriors proceeded to the outskirts of the city. After dinner had been served the attack began and all the long afternoon the tide of battle rolled. Long lines of the attacking force rushed forward, fell flat, or as nearly flat as their physical make-up would allow, only to rise again and once more charge desperately, Cedarvale was finally taken. After the locality had been stormed two or three times more it was decided that Cedarvale was officially and finally invested, occupied, surrounded, cut off and annihilated. The work having been thus satisfactorily completed the noble company returned to the city, only to find that nobody was very much excited about the capture. Still, military science is not understood by the common herd, and it should be sufficient that those who took part in the daring exploit realized that "it was a glorious victory."

We were just about to close the department for this month when a panting messenger arrived at the office with the news that Theology elections had been held about a month ago. Reproached for having held such important news from the public for such a long period, said messenger remarked that he thought the lapse of time was not really great—for Theology. We will relieve the strain on the reader's nerves and submit to the public eye the momentous news: Honorary President, Dr. Gilmour; President, E. C. Gosnell; Vice-President, S. Reeds, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Wardell.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MELBA I. CAMPBELL, '16.

"Men can be great when great occasions call.
In little duties women find their spheres."

HAT McMaster University has exercised a very remarkable drawing power upon the feminine world at large is clearly proven by the largely increased attendance during the present academic year. Members of the Century Class will proudly tell you of the somewhat timid entry of twelve courageous "co-eds" within the sacred walls of their Alma Mater; to-day nearly fifty young women have been enrolled in the various years in Arts.

This attendance is indeed a real tribute to the excellence of our courses and the advantages offered in scholastic circles, when we consider how little effort is made to appeal to women in the way of residences, gymnasia, tennis courts and numerous other attractions.

Such a state of affairs is especially noteworthy when the present financial stringency is taken into consideration.

Since it furnishes positive proof that the women of McMaster have determined to do all in their power to compensate their University, in point of numbers at any rate, for any loss it may sustain at the hands of the recruiting officer, we cannot but feel assured that in the future their rights may be tangibly recognized and their demands for a suitable equipment satisfied.

Their efforts are by no means confined to the narrow limits of their own little college world; on the contrary the larger interests of society as a whole are rapidly laying claim to their sympa-

thetic and co-operative assistance. "College as usual" is not alone their slogan, but "Work for the Red Cross" has already become a corresponding battle-cry.

Though unable to attempt anything on so comprehensive a scale as their more numerous Methodist sisters, McMaster women are nevertheless firmly resolved to do their "bit" as efficiently as possible, and at the same time would like to take this opportunity to express their hearty admiration for the excellent work of the Victoria College Red Cross Tea Rooms. For the benefit of those interested be it known that ice-cream and cake, or tea and cake, may be obtained there for the magnificent sum of 10 cents any Monday, Wednesday or Friday afternoon, from 3 to 5.30 p.m.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

The merry-makers from 273 Bloor St. West gayly took advantage of the necessity of shifting the date of Hallowe'en festivities this year to prolong the season of gayety to the utmost limit. Our mischievous and care-free Freshies most appropriately and hilariously ushered in celebrations, while the staid and dignified (?) Seniors decorously put the finishing touches to the final depredations of the sons and daughters of McMaster.

Despite the deceptive appearance of the darkened doors and windows, the home of Miss Elsie and Miss Hettie Wilkins was successively the scene of the Third and Fourth Years' revelry and masquerade. At the appointed hour shadowy forms glided silently to their common meeting-place, peered suspiciously at the mysterious directions confronting their ghostly gaze, and stealthily crept supposedly to the second mode of entrance into the great unknown. Once more disappointment awaited them, though after a third and final test the fates relented and admitted their faithful and obedient followers to the realms of mirth within.

To meddle with the occult is never true wisdom on the part of the uninitiated; therefore, we shall reluctantly conceal our very natural curiosity and make no vain attempt to pierce the curtain or tear aside the veil of mystery surrounding the doings of our friends, the ghosts and witches, on the night when spirits brood o'er the festal scenes of man. One tale alone is told which we dare pass on—the story of two alien beings, belonging, shall we whisper it? to the respective spheres of Theology and Senior Arts, who somehow journeyed from their usual haunts, deceived the keepers of the gate, and passed all unobserved into the abode of wraiths and shades. From the cleverness of their disguise

their identity still remained known only to themselves, until the fateful hour of midnight, when much was added to the general merriment, and much subtracted from the nectar and ambrosia of their ghostly hosts. Dare we say that the very human character of their appetites assisted in their discovery?

The Fourth Year celebration at the home of Miss Muriel Stillwell, however, could not be correctly designated as a masquerade, though several present did their "bit," in the cause of general amusement, by an attempt to grow a disguise, more or less complete in proportion to its visibility. That the efforts were not wholly successful in some cases was by no means the fault of the would-be performers, who, perhaps, would like to have reminded us that this particular variety of incognito does not, mushroom-like, spring up over night but requires much time and tender care. One clever and resourceful youth, dissatisfied with the result of his endeavors, supplemented his own natural attainments with a liberal and artistic application of shoe polish. Despite this truly *martial* air displayed by the majority of the gentlemen present, the festivities of the evening were by no means warlike in character. Wits were sharpened in keen guessing contests, one of which was peculiarly interesting owing to its extremely personal nature, and various means of glimpsing the dim and distant future were provided The curiosity of the more daring youths and maidens refused to be satisfied with anything less than a visit to the witch's shrine. Here they listened in breathless silence to the voice of fate, each endeavoring in the solemn secrecy of the moment to piece together the fragments of the past with the portents of the future to form a perfect and pleasing whole. That facts did not invariably coincide with fancies only added zest to the tales that were told. The announcement that refreshments were served, strangely enough, moved no one to murmur "from the sublime to the ridiculous," furnishing positive proof that no appetites had been destroyed at the hands of the mystic oracle above.

Literary Society.—The regular meeting of the W. L. S. was held in the chapel on Friday, October 22nd. The programme was opened by the reading of the minutes, after which the audience listened to a well-rendered piano solo by Miss Elsie Mulholland, '17, who responded to a hearty encore. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied in a very unusual way—the relating of summer experiences by various members of Year '17. It is a fact to be noted that in all these recitations sentimentality

appeared to be the keynote. Miss Christine Farmer enjoyed her summer teaching school, mainly on account of the genial presence of the janitor. Miss Marion Grimshaw found an outlet for superfluous energy by endeavoring to make herself as attractive as possible in the adoring eyes of a certain young musician. Miss Elsie Wilkins then decided to break the monotony or relieve the tension caused by the reception of so many confidences by announcing an impromptu song practice for the coming debate. Miss Winnifred Grindell then gave a very vivid description of her delightful summer in the West, and Miss Evelyn Smith brought to a close these interesting tales by an account of the circumstances surrounding her acceptance of a gentleman's signet ring. Dare we remind ourselves at this point that "coming events cast their shadows before?"

Since the acquisition of a tennis court in that portion of the country overlooked by S. 11 one professor at least has felt himself obliged to transfer his class to the more prosaic and less distracting region known as M8. By so doing he fondly hopes to relieve his students from temptation in one direction at any rate.

One of the annual features of the W. L. S. has come to be the "Year Programmes." Two meetings each term are set aside for this purpose, and the method of entertainment is left entirely in the hands of the members of one or other of the Years. The first of these performances took place on November 5th, when the Sophettes held undisputed sway over their entire audience. Music, elocution and merriment characterized their programme. The instrumental duet by Miss Jean Mimms and Miss Vera Latimer, "Current Events" by Miss Edna Carson, and the reading by Miss Margaret Eaton all added much to the pleasure of the afternoon. On this occasion we were given a most informal and comprehensive introduction to the Sniggles family, by none other than the competent Mrs. Sniggles herself. She it was who coaxingly urged forward the shy and bashful, or tactfully restrained the more boisterous members of her flock.

In rapid review the proud mother displayed to our astonished gaze the many pleasing talents and characteristics of her "darling girls," showing praiseworthy solicitude for the sick and afflicted victim of hay fever or of disappointed love alike. That each "just suited her part" was the universal opinion, and may be taken as a sincere compliment by the clever young actresses. The society has once more been fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. G. H. Campbell as critic and judge of the various plays

put on during the college year. This time she assumed her rôle as dictator by confining her criticisms mainly to the audience. Her suggestions were of real value and are always gladly received, for do we not "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things?"

That Field-Day this year reached, if not advanced beyond, the standard set on any former similar occasion, is acknowledged by all, though it is particularly the opinion of the Senior Year. Should the casual observer admit his lamentable ignorance by enquiring the reason for the above statement let him approach any member of Year '16 for a satisfactory answer. With eyebrows uplifted in consternation, shoulders shrugged in despair, and glance softened in pity the questioned one will make reply in righteous indignation, "Didn't we win the cup? Didn't we make 54 points? Didn't we win the tug-o'-war?" and countless other similar demands. Yes, all this and more is true, and the proud company of year 'Sixteen, contestant and rooter alike, are more than glad that they profited by this their last opportunity to gain the laurel wreath of victory, and leave behind them not only a good impression, but a permanent record of their skill in the athletic records of their university.

The attendance at the Y. W. C. A. has by no means reached the desired number thus far this year. However, the President still fondly hopes that such a disappointing state of affairs may be entirely remedied, and that right early. The size of the audience at the first meeting was most encouraging to all having the interests of the organization at heart, but unfortunately the pace set on that occasion has by no means been continued. Let no cynic search his memory at this point, and triumphantly recall that the sign "Refreshments later," may have proved an added attraction. Such a remark, if true, would indeed transform the society into what might well be termed a sugar-coated pill; surely bribery is unnecessary in this connection. At this opening meeting two most interesting and helpful addresses were delivered by Miss Wrong and Miss Ruth Macklem, '16. The former gave much valuable advice concerning "Women's Duty in the Present War Situation," with special reference to the obligation of college women here and elsewhere.

Miss Macklem then clearly and concisely set forth the aims and purposes of the association under discussion Her experience as president of the B.Y.P.U. of James Street Church, Hamilton, assisted her greatly in dealing with her subject. Hereafter let no one say, "Well, tell me what it's all about, anyway."

At the second session, held on October 28th, reports of the experiences of the McMaster delegates at the Muskoka Conference were most ably given by Miss Evelyn Smith and Miss Clara Hellyer. Their tales filled their hearers with intense interest and a firm resolve to seize the opportunity and join the happy pilgrims on their journey to "The Elgin House" next June.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. enthusiastically gathered in the Ladies' Room, November 11th, to listen to Mrs. MacMarin's information regarding social work. That the speaker knew whereof she spoke was most evident, nor was it a matter for wonder, since, for some time, she herself had served as president of the well-known Evangelia Settlement.

To Whom It May Concern.

A word of sympathy.—The temporary illness of a certain ex-president of the Senior Year was sorrowfully noticed by one of his fair classmates, who penitently wondered if the strenuous measures adopted by the Seniorettes at the annual picnic was in any way a contributory cause.

Advice to business men.—A certain shoe-shine parlor in the neighborhood of Eaton's is advised to increase the length of their foot-rail, if desirous of obtaining the continued patronage of certain young Seniorettes, who are unfortunately somewhat short of stature. The imminent danger of pride having a slide would thus be appreciably decreased.

1st Freshette (to a tall member of same year).—"What's your favorite article of diet?"

2nd Freshette.—"Cereals."

1st Freshette (the light of perfect understanding o'erspreading her fair countenance).—"Oh! that's why you're so long drawn-out!"

REVENGE IS SWEET.

He timidly climbed the brown-stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell,
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door, the winter wind
Swirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say:
"John, tell him I am out."

As the door was opened with stately mien
He said to the butler tall:
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my compliments
And tell her I didn't call."

Athletics.

Editor: J. A. Long.

CONDITIONS arising out of the war situation have influenced the University's athletics to a large extent. With drill coming three afternoons a week, our available times for practice are so few that it has been decided to drop out of senior rugby altogether for this fall, and devote what time we can spare wholly to soccer. In this branch, too, we face a rather unique situation. As the senior intercollegiate soccer series has been temporarily dropped, there is no Varsity First team this year, and what old senior men are still left around the University will be free to play in the second league. Thus, to all intents, we will be competing against the best team which Varsity can line up. Of course, many of her old senior men are not back this fall; but the mere fact that they have over 2,000 men as against our 200 or less from which to choose places us under a handicap which will not be easy to overcome. As for hockey, the league in which we formerly played has been disbanded for the meantime, and it can not be prophesied what the season will bring forth.

Truly the Kaiser's influence passes into corners far beyond his ken, and it would almost serve him right if the Athletic Association were to forward him a note of censure. The United States does it. Why not we?

Inter-Year Soccer—'19 vs. '16.—It required two games to show that the Seniors were victors. A tie game (1—1) on Oct. 16th necessitated a second meeting of the old men and the juveniles on October 23rd, with the result that the former scored, while refusing to allow the younger generation to molest their goal-keeper. The play was very even. In fact, there was little to choose between either team, but a scramble in front of Year '19's goal resulted in the ball rolling between the posts, and Year '16 had won ('16—1: '19—0).

'17 *vs. Theol.*—The first game, played on Oct. 19th, resulted in a tie—no score being tallied. In the second game, two weeks later, the score at full time stood 0—0. It was decided to play it out, and Theol. scored in the first five minutes overtime. In

these games the play was very even, and the result might easily have gone the other way (Theol.—1 : '17—0).

'18 *vs. Theol.*—The Sophomores tried their strength against the "preachers" on Nov. 11th—in vain. The play was rather uneven, Theology winning to the score 4—0. 'Eighteen is rather weak in athletics this year, and when viewed in the proper light, she can justly glory in this fact, and in the realization of what, in part, has caused it. Out of her ranks more men have volunteered for active service than out of all the other undergraduate years taken together. If such a situation must needs spell weakness from the standpoint of the athletic prowess of those who remain, it assuredly speaks eloquently of strength in things of greater moment. In her diminished ranks, 'Eighteen finds cause for pride.

The line-ups of the various year teams are as follows:

'19.—Hansuld, Thomas, Dodds, Shearer, Nelles, Smith, Groom, O. McDonald, D. G. McDonald, Duncombe, Hinman.

'18.—Hartley, Van Slyke, Hicks, Ebersole, Montgomery, Farmer, Stevens, Eberle, Racicot.

'17.—Field, Way, Twiss, Rosewarne, Robb, McIntyre, Demaray, Lepofsky, Masse, Minister, Fawthrop, Wilson, Robertson, Elder.

'16.—Veals, Ziemann, Parker, Cole, Bates, Fox, Mallory, McGregor, Gill, Lang, Tyndall, McLarty.

Theol.—Davis, Smith, Long, Richardson, Rosser, Houlding, Metcalfe, Kenyon, Campbell, Hisey, Reeds, Riley, Ashmore.

Field Day.—The Nineteenth Annual Field Day was held on Friday, Oct. 29th, in the Varsity Stadium. Although the weather was somewhat threatening, the attendance was large, with the Years out in full force, and Moulton College well represented. The Freshmen were there with the toy trumpets, and resorted to the usual alternative to make their presence noticeable.

As for the contests themselves, they were all close enough to be exciting; and the two new events—the hop, step and jump and the half-mile walk—attracted an interest amply sufficient to establish their right to a permanent place on the programme. The entry list this year was unusually large—embracing forty-eight names—and the management is to be congratulated on running everything off successfully. Dr. Barton filled his usual important place among the list of officials.

In two events, the shot-put and discus, new records were made by R. D. Campbell, Theol., the previous record-holder in

both cases. In the shot-put the mark was raised from 34 ft. 6 in. to 35 ft. 4 in., and in the discus from 101 ft. 9 in. to 101 ft. 10½ in. P. P. Ziemann, '16, also with 34 ft. 10 in., excelled the old record in the shot-put. With 21 points to his credit, A. H. Richardson, Theol., won the Chancellor's Medal and McNaught Cup. J. E. Bates, '16, with 15 points, won the First Association Medal, while W. E. McKissock, '16, and G. W. Robb, '17, tied for the Second Association Medal with 14 points each.

In the inter-year competition Year 'Sixteen secured 49 points, thereby winning first place and the honor of being the first to have their name engraved on the 'Fifteen Inter-Year Field Day Cup. The other teams ranged as follows: Theol., 37; 'Seventeen, 25; 'Eighteen, 20; 'Nineteen, 3. The above scores do not take into consideration the tug-of-war which was won by Sixteen, but in which the second and third positions were not decided.

The results in detail follow: Pole Vault—1, Robertson; 2, Ellis; 3, Thomas. Height, 8 ft. Half-Mile—1, Richardson; 2, Kent; 3, Quirk. Time, 2.14½. Hammer Throw—1, Ziemann; 2, Veals; 3, Long. 100 Yards—1, McKissock; 2, Bates; 3, Christie. Time, 11 sec. High Jump—1, Robb; 2, Bates. Height, 5 ft. 3 in. Half-Mile Walk—1, Richardson; 2, Cole; 3, Bates. Time, 4.10⅘. 16-lb. Shot—1, Campbell; 2, Ziemann; 3, Purdy. 35 ft. 4 in. Broad Jump—1, Robb; 2, Ellis; 3, McKissock. Distance, 19 ft. One Mile—1, Cook; 2, Coles; 3, Parker. Time, 5.08⅗. 220 Yards—1, McKissock; 2, Bates; 3, Richardson. Time, 24 sec. Discus Throw—1, Campbell; 2, Ziemann; 3, Long. 101 ft. 10½ in. 440 Yards—1, Richardson; 2, Twiss; 3, McGregor. Time, 58⅘ sec. Hop, Step and Jump—1, Bates; 2, Robb; 3, Long. Distance, 33 ft. 8 in. Hurdle Race, 120 yds.—1, Richardson; 2, McKissock; 3, Robb. Time, 19⅕. Relay Race—'Eighteen, 'Seventeen, 'Sixteen. Time, 4.30. Tug-of-War—Won by 'Sixteen.

The only thing which militated against the complete success of the day was the absence of the Sophomore-Freshman scrap, as formerly conducted. An innovation was instituted this time in placing the conduct of this feature in the hands of the lady members of the two Years. Of course, the melée was an excellent one of its kind—the participants displayed loads of "pep," and gave free vent to their usual destructive propensities—but somehow it fails to satisfy. Although the Freshies' banner looked somewhat dilapidated, the questions as to who were victors remains one for dispute. An observer would have some difficulty in rendering a decision, and, obviously, it would hardly be judicious to accept the verdict of any of the involved warrior-ettes.

Perhaps about spring-election-time the gentlemen may step into the breach and relieve the ladies of their responsibilities.

Practice Soccer.—The senior soccer team has played practice games with the following aggregations: Wycliffe, Oct. 14th; Victoria, Oct. 19; Faculty, Oct. 28 and Nov. 5. While in some games the play was close enough to be interesting, we managed to escape defeat—the narrowest margin being a no-score contest with Faculty. In the back division this year, the line-up is practically the same as that of last year's team, while in the forward line, only two of the old men are back. However, we have found some good new material from which to draw, and the strength of the team should be fully up to that of last year.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.

WEDDING bells have rung for quite a number of McMaster graduates during the past few months. Probably the most interesting marriage of all was foreshadowed by an announcement in the Canadian Baptist that Rev. John McNeill, B.A., '96, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, would not accept the invitation of the City Temple, London, England, to supply the pulpit for the third summer, but would "find his recreation somewhere in America." On July 1st, in New York, Mr. McNeill forsook bachelorhood and became the husband of Mrs. Olive Culham Harris, of Toronto, a member of his church, Rev. Dr. C. A. Eaton performing the ceremony. After a honeymoon spent on the Pacific coast Mr. and Mrs. McNeill were warmly welcomed home by the Walmer Road Church, where his bride enjoys great popularity. Mr. McNeill recently completed nine years of service in his Toronto charge.

Three more McMaster weddings have taken place. On July 21st Miss Grace L. Stone, B.A., '06, of Fonthill, Ont., became the wife of John Curry Doherty, B.A., '09, who is a teacher in the Fonthill High School. On September 9th, Miss Carrie Lillian Murray, B.A., '08, of Toronto, was married to Dr. William F. A. Scott, B.A., '09, of the Toronto General Hospital Staff. Their address is 14 Admiral Road, Toronto. The third was that of

Dr. W. J. A. Donald, B.A., '10, Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology at McMaster, to Miss Jean Isabella Eede, B.A., '12, in June.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., '98, B.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, was married in Toronto on April 22nd, to Mrs. Westman, daughter of the late Mr. John Pugsley of Toronto.

Rev. W. E. Morrow, B.A., of Bracebridge, was united in marriage on October 6th to Miss Beulah C. McKay, of Governor's Road, Ontario.

Miss Bessie Pugsley, B.A., '08, is now Mrs. Harry Shearer, the happy event taking place on September 7th. Her new address is 7 Barry Avenue, Toronto.

Rev. Alexander Haddow, B.A., '13, B.Th., '15, was married on August 12th to Miss Maud L. Smith, of Peterboro', and has gone with his bride as a missionary to Bolivia. They were given an enthusiastic send-off from the Murray Street Baptist Church, Peterboro, and Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Haddow are the first reinforcements that have been sent to the South American field in many years.

Rev. Harry E. Stillwell, B.A., '94, treasurer of the Baptist Mission Board, Toronto, was married on September 1st to Miss Bessie M. Churchill, B.A., of Amherst, N.S. Miss Churchill is a graduate of Acadia University, and has for some years been engaged in educational work in India.

Ernest Edward Wells, B.Sc., second son of the late Prof. J. E. Wells, LL.D., of Woodstock College, and a member of class '07, married Miss Marjorie Muir, of Westmount, P.Q., on September 3rd, Rev. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace performing the ceremony.

On July 14th Rev. Morley R. Hartley, B.A., '13, B.Th., of Lincoln Avenue Baptist Church, Galt, was married to Miss Annie M. Darcy, of Niagara Falls, Ont.

In the December number an attempt will be made to sum up the contribution in men McMaster University is making to the Empire in the present war. The editor will be exceedingly grateful for any information whatsoever as to graduates and undergraduates who have enlisted. If you know anything at all on this topic please lose no time in forwarding it, as it is quite probable that your knowledge is not shared by the editor. It is desired to make this summary as complete as possible. State, if possible, the battalion to which the McMasterite is attached, his rank, where at present located, and his regimental number. If

you have received letters from any of the fellows at the front please forward them or extracts from them that will be interesting to those who knew them at old "Mac." If any have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner, please let the editor know. The addresses of prisoners are particularly desired, as they are doubtless in need of food and physical comforts. Please write what you know *at once* to J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto, Don't let us overlook any of these brave lads who are sacrificing for us.

Rev. Clark L. Timpany, B.A., '06, who is in charge of the Baptist mission field at Samalkotta, India, recently wrote as follows concerning a smallpox epidemic: "I never saw smallpox so bad. I have seen people in my audiences who have been simply covered from head to foot with the pox, keeping the flies away with a filthy rag. In one village conditions are very bad. It seems that those who have not smallpox have guinea worms of a very bad type." Not many Baptist ministers in Canada would care to preach from day to day to smallpox audiences. Mr. Timpany is assisted by seven unordained preachers, seven evangelists and thirteen teachers.

Irvine E. Stewart, M.A., of Class '14, is taking post-graduate work in geology at Chicago University.

David M. Sullivan, B.A., '14, is engaged as classics master in the Medicine Hat, Alberta, Collegiate Institute. Every one of the seven teachers on the staff is a specialist.

W. W. Smith, B.A., '14, who has been teaching in Alberta, is now attending the Faculty of Education, Toronto.

Rev. M. R. Hartley, B.A., '13, B.Th., '15, and Rev. F. W. Waters, B.A., '11, B.Th., '13, who have been accepted as missionaries by the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, have been again disappointed, the Board not having sufficient funds, on account of the war, to send them to India.

Rev. J. D. Morrison, B.A., '14, has resigned his church at Oshawa to attend Rochester Theological Seminary.

Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '06, of Bloor Street Baptist Church, spent his summer vacation on the Pacific coast, preaching in the First Baptist Church, Vancouver, and visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. On the return trip he traveled for half a day with ex-president Roosevelt of the United

States, and "Teddy" unbosomed himself of many decidedly pro-ally sentiments. He deplored the failure of the United States to insist upon the Germans observing the neutrality of Belgium, and to protest against the many other earlier atrocities of the Huns. Though "Teddy" would not admit that the United States would have been in the war had he been president, he intimated that he would not have stood for all the insults to American honor and nationality that President Wilson has swallowed. Mr. Cameron completed in September seven years of very successful work at Bloor Street Church. Sir John Boyd, chairman of the Board of Deacons, was responsible for the following kind words in the church calendar: "During the last seven years the church has enjoyed a prosperity unequalled in its history. Mr. Cameron's faithful ministry in the pulpit, the prayer meeting, the Sunday School and the home has been honored by God to the leading of many into the light of the Gospel and the edification of the whole membership in the faith of Christ. In view of the solid and fruitful work he has rendered with such unstinted devotion, we may expect a still greater return, which will, even more than in the past, abundantly justify his decision to spend himself in this field despite many alluring invitations to go elsewhere." Mr. Cameron is in great demand in military circles as a recruiting speaker, and has recently been sounding the call of duty at many public gatherings in Toronto and elsewhere.

Rev. Walter Turnbull, B.A., '13, has been promoted to the deanship of the Nyack Theological Seminary, Nyack, New York. This is a college which trains men for the foreign mission field, and gives a course similar to the English course at McMaster. John R. Turnbull, B.A., '12, teaches classics in the academic department at Nyack.

Signal honor has come to another McMaster graduate. Rev. Dr. John F. Vichert, M.A., B.D., of Class '97, pastor First Baptist Church, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., has been appointed corresponding secretary of the New York Education Society and dean of the Theological Seminary of Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, and will lecture on Pastoral Theology in the spring term. Dr. Vichert was pastor at Victoria, B.C., for five years, and for seven years at Fort Wayne, Indiana, before entering on his last pastorate nearly four years ago. He is a diligent and accurate student, a versatile and pleasing preacher, and possesses a large degree of executive ability.

George S. Johnson, B.A. '05, who has been a successful teacher in Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute, has been appointed Principal of Whitby High School and began his new duties early in September. Mrs. Johnson was known at McMaster as Miss Lillie M. Senior, B.A., '05.

Abraham Hisey, B.A., '14, is science master in Aurora, Ont., High School.

H. H. Graham, B.A., '14, is teaching science in the High School at Winchester, Ont.

Norman Davies, B.A., '14, after obtaining specialist standing in science at the Faculty of Education and qualifying as a specialist in physical culture, is in charge of the science and cadet work of the Essex, Ont., High School.

Miss Evelyn D. Kellock, B.A., '12, is on the staff of the Essex, Ont., High School.

George Spencer, B.A., '14, is teaching mathematics and physics in the High School at Sudbury, Ont.

R. J. Gould, B.A., '12, is attending the Normal School at Camrose, Alta.

William H. Holman, B.A., '08, is practising law in Outlook, Saskatchewan.

Rev. Charles T. Holman, M.A., of Class '09, received his degree of B.D. at the autumn convocation of Chicago University, his work having been done in the department of systematic theology. He has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Bloomington, Indiana, which offers an exceptional opportunity for an influential ministry. The Indiana State University, with a student body of 2,600, is located at Bloomington. Some of the faculty are members of the Baptist Church, and quite a large number of students regularly attend.

George Readdie, B.A., '11, is now on the staff of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

Prof. J. L. Gilmour, M.A., D.D. '08, Professor of Church History at McMaster, was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the special Convocation in connection with the opening of the new Knox College, Toronto, in September.

Rev. A. M. McDonald, B.A. '99, has been appointed by the Provincial Government, Superintendent of Neglected Children for the Province of Alberta. He was prior to his appointment the editor of a newspaper in Edmonton.

Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A. '06, B.D. '10, is this year president of the Toronto Baptist Ministerial Association.

Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A. '06, and Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.TH. '96, both of Toronto, were elected respectively to represent Arts and Theology on the Senate of McMaster University for five year terms.

Gordon Duncombe, B.A., '12, passed a creditable final examination in law in Winnipeg at the spring exams.

Rev. W. T. Roberts, once a theological student at McMaster, who went from Wallaceburg, Ont., to a pastorate in Michigan, has been appointed by the Board of the State Convention of Michigan to the superintendency of the Upper Peninsula of that State.

Rev. Gordon S. Jury, B.A. '09, formerly pastor at Cobourg, and family, have moved to New Haven, Connecticut, U.S., where Mr. Jury is to pursue a course of study at Yale University. Mrs. Jury was Miss Elsie R. McLaurin, B.A. '09. Mrs. John McLaurin will accompany them for the winter.

Any news of any kind concerning any graduate will be gratefully received by the editor, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto. Don't let modesty prevent your sending news concerning yourself. Your college mates will be glad to read it.

There have been during the past few months many changes of pastorate among McMaster graduates who are in the ministry:

Rev. Gordon M. Holmes, B.A., '12, B.Th., '14, from Georgetown Baptist Church to Goderich.

Rev. O. E. Kendall, Th., '00, from Cranbrook, B.C., to Delhi, Ontario, Baptist Church.

Rev. C. J. Loney, Th., '15, from Brantford to Stanley Avenue Baptist Church, Hamilton.

Rev. Huson W. Wright, B.A., '05, from Arkona, Ont., to Smith's Falls, Ont.

Rev. J. C. Sycamore, M.A., D.D., of Class '96, from First Baptist Church, Calgary, to Second Baptist Church, Holyoke, Massachusetts. Dr. Sycamore and his wife (Mary Elizabeth Dryden, B.A., '96) were given a splendid send-off from Calgary, being presented with a purse of gold. During his five and a half years' pastorate Dr. Sycamore baptized between 200 and 300, and also built a magnificent new church.

Rev. Nelson A. Harkness, B.A., '04, from Grand View Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C., to Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Baptist Church. This is the Acadia University church, in some respects the most important church in the Maritime Baptist convention.

Rev. T. R. Sorton, Eng., '14, from Uxbridge Baptist Church to Fort Frances, Ontario.

Rev. W. E. Morrow, B.A., '14, from Bronte, Ont., to Bracebridge, Ont., Baptist Church.

Rev. O. E. Rutledge, B.A., '09, from Sudbury, Ont., to Oxford St. Baptist Church, Woodstock.

Rev. Hugh McDiarmid, B.A., '03, from Stanley Avenue Baptist Church, Hamilton, to Fort William, Ont.

Rev. J. L. Campbell, D.D., '07, from Cambridge, Mass., to First Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C. Dr. Campbell is a Canadian by birth and a brother of Prof. P. S. Campbell of McMaster.

Rev. H. Francis Perry, B.A., D.D., '09 from First Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C., to the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, New York.

Rev. L. H. Vail, B.A., '04, from Port Burwell, Ont., to Scotland and Burtch churches, Ontario.

Rev. D. J. Welsh, B.A., 03, from Kelowna, B.C., to Calvary Baptist Church, Kerrisdale, B.C., a suburb of Vancouver.

Rev. Warren H. McLeod, B.D. *ad eundem,* from Prince Rupert, B.C., to Eureka, California.

Rev. W. H. Cline, B.A., D.D., '12, from Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, Hamilton, to Georgetown, Ontario.

Rev. E. D. Renaud, B.A., from Weston, Ontario, to Sudbury, Ontario.

Rev. G. N. Simmons, B.A., '96, B.Th., '99, from Scotland, Ontario, to Springford and Otterville churches, Ontario.

Rev. David Alexander, Eng., '02, from Osgoode, Ontario, to Immanuel Baptist Church, Brantford.

Rev. Robert Harvey, B.A., '13, has resigned the pastorate at Hartney, Manitoba, and is pursuing post-graduate work at Chicago University.

Rev. Geo. H. Thomas, B.A., '12, B.Th., '14, is now pastor of the Uxbridge and Goodwood, Ontario, Baptist churches.

Rev. C. J. McLean, B.A., '02, after a brief ministry at Smith's Falls, resigned to pursue post-graduate work in theology at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York.

Rev. D. H. Williamson, who was a member of Class '07, and soloist of the McMaster Evangelistic Band during his years at college, is doing evangelistic work under the auspices of the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. Council, and also independently among a number of Ontario Baptist churches. He may be addressed at 139 Maple Avenue, Hamilton.

Rev. Edgar Russell, B.A., '94, Fraserville, Ont., is doing supply work among the churches of the Peterboro Association and adjacent parts.

Rev. J. T. Marshall, B.A., '00, who has been pastor at Chilliwack, B.C., and Kerrisdale, Vancouver, for a number of years, has resigned with the object of returning to Ontario.

Rev. David Bovington, B.A., '99, who lectured in Rochester Theological Seminary for some years, is now pastor at Pittsford, N.Y., near Rochester.

Rev. E. T. Newton, B.A., '11, has resigned the pastorate of the Chatham, Ontario, Baptist Church, after three and a half years' service.

The Fourteenth Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, of which Rev. Walter Quarington, B.A., '08, is minister, is erecting a new $45,000 church to seat 1,300 people and a Sunday School to accommodate 1,000 members. The Sunday School has been so large that it had to be held in sections at different hours.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

> And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
> Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work.
>
> —BROWNING.

WE are living in tragic days. History is being made, traditions and creeds destroyed. The principles of life are being sifted, laid bare in the face of stern reality. In many souls there rages a struggle no less intense than that in Europe. The calls of duty draw us this way and that and we are at a loss to choose our way. One has only to read our college periodicals to learn that the same searching of heart goes on among the student body of our land as among any other class. More than that, we feel that here the struggle is even more intense. The claims of life upon us are very varied and insistent. Yet to many of us the call has come clear and strong and these have gone gladly forth from every college hall throughout our land. We bid them Godspeed and trust our own call shall be as nobly answered.

> Draw near together, none be last or first,
> We are no longer names but one desire,
> With the same burning of the soul we thirst,
> And the same wine to-night shall quench our fire.
>
> Drink! to our fathers who begot us men,
> To the dead voices that are never dumb;
> Then to the land of all our loves and then
> To the long parting and the age to come.
>
> —HENRY NEWBOLT.

We have read with much pleasure and no small profit the October number of *Acta Victoriana*. We feel that many of our contemporaries might adopt a few suggestions as to the choice of material and general arrangement from the chaste conciseness of this periodical.

In this particular issue perhaps a little too much emphasis is laid on the war, but this is surely pardonable at this time in any virile college magazine. The offering of prizes for poetry is very commendable and should be more widely adopted, but why limit it to war poetry? Considering the difficulty of the task

of writing a real war poem we fear that the competition will not be very keen.

From time to time we have picked up in newspapers, periodicals, and especially in *Acta Victoriana,* poems by Arthur L. Phelps, B.A. In them we have always felt there lay a touch of genuine ability not often found in such writings. The writer has something of the vision and the faculty divine. His work never rests in the mere material but reaches up like the Gothic spire to an ideal unfulfilled.

In Garden Moods 1915 Mr. Phelps has given us a very meritorious poem on the war. In it the author has pictured no battle scene, never glorified the brutal business, but has quietly gone within the human heart and looked around for the cause of it all. He has found it, too, in our utter failure to follow the light from heaven twice given. This is the purpose of the poem and every real poem should have a purpose if it is to fulfill the use of art for man's sake, which we believe is the highest form of art.

Below is an abridged copy of "Garden Moods 1915":

Last night
I saw a British fist and blazing eye

At a street turn in a flared match's light;
Two men read news. Think you for these few years
That yet are ours we must call battle right?

I cannot think it, yet the bitter fears
Are in the blood; our sons rise up and go;
Surely somewhere our faith was in arrears

When this was all made possible, and so
We fight to win back faith; but 'tis at cost.
I loved this quiet garden long ago

And now, I have inevitably lost
A something I had gathered in my soul;
The world has smote me; all my dreams are tossed

Far off, apart from me, swept from control;
Frail froth I had called beauty, they are gone
To fret with nothing the stark ocean's roll.

Here is a rosebud fallen on the lawn.
Leave it to mould, it has its flesh to give.
This sun to-day will make to-morrow's dawn;

Dying to us, it but prepares to live;
So the dead rose will have its life again.
—May we talk so, or is our mind a sieve

For words? Words pass and we empty remain
Shallow with nothing . . . Yet we hold a law:
That resurrection trembles out of pain.

So the world labours, so we careful draw
Our charts of faith and love, but why, O why
The constant resurrections? There's a flaw

Somewhere in that glib creed that makes us die
So many deaths to gain but death once more.
On that grim TREE beneath Golgotha's sky

Was written something we must underscore.
I think there's Truth we have not reached to yet.
There's Law we do not know behind God's Door

Which He will open. This blue violet,
Look, with the dew of faith its face is wet!

A HYMN OF THE EMPIRE.

Strong are we? Make us stronger yet;
  Great? Make us greater far—
Our feet Antarctic oceans fret,
  Our crown the Polar star.
Round earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,
  Our highway is the main;
We stand as guardians of the weak,
  We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
  Keep pure and clean our rule,
Silence the honied words which mask
  The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are Thine,
  Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
  The sceptre of our race.

FREDERICK G. SCOTT, Chaplain.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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OUR HONOUR ROLL.

Wounded.

HARKNESS, L. C., B.A., 1908, Sergeant 17th Battalion N. S. Highlanders.
MOYLE, W. D., 1915, in hospital, Taplow, England.

Prisoners of War.

RUTHERFORD, A. S., 1914, Giessen, Germany.

Members of Staff, Graduates and Undergraduates on Active Service at Home or Overseas:

ALLEN, REV. H. H., M.A., 1915, 61st Battalion, Winnipeg.
ANDERSON, W. K., B.A., 1914, Lieut. 109th Btn., Lindsay, Ont.
BARTLETT, R. D., 1917, 5th Univ. Co., Canada.
BLACK, E. G., B.A., 1913, 41st Battery, Toronto.
BROCKLEBANK, S. H., B.A., 1914, Lieut. 70th Battalion, London, Ont.
CAMPBELL, E. D., B.A., 1912, Staff Sergt., R.A.M.C., England.
CRAIG, J. D., B.A., 1907, 53rd Battalion, Edmonton.
DAVIES, G., B.A., 1915, Sergt. 77th Battalion, Ottawa.
DEARBORN, L. E., 1918, R.A.M.C., (Returned).
DUNN, C., 1913, in the 92nd Battalion, Toronto.
FAIRCHILD, J. H., 1914, 26th Battery, C.F.A., Shorncliffe.
GILMOUR, J. L., B.D. '99, D.D. 08, Professor of Church History, Chaplain Exhibition Camp, Toronto.
GRANT, C. A., B.A., 1902, Lieut. 5th Univ. Co., Edmonton.
GRIMSHAW, REV. J. B., Theol., Capt. Chaplain—at the front.
GUIOU, G. W., 1918, Sergeant 3rd Univ. Co., France.
HOWES, J. E., B.A., 1912, 29th Battalion, at the front.
IVES, C. L., Theol., 4th Univ. Base Hospital, Saloniki, Greece.
JONES, W. J., 1918, 4th Univ. Co., England.

LAUCHLAND, CAPTAIN LYMAN CRAIG, B.A. '00, M.D., Medical Officer 129th Battalion, Dundas, Ont.

LESTER, A. J., B.A., 1915, Lieut. Signalling Officer 134th Battalion.

LEWIS, E. P., B.A., 1909, Captain R.A.M.C., Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

MacBAIN, D., 1918, 5th Univ. Co., Canada.

MACKENZIE, C., 1918, 4th Univ. Co., England.

McCOY, F. G., 1918, Lce.-Corporal, Signal Reserves, Shorncliffe.

McLAY, S. M., B.A., 1903, M.D., Captain R.A.M.C., No. XI Base Hospital, Boulogne, France.

McWILLIAMS, T. F., B.A., 1914, Machine Gun Section, C.E.F., at the front.

MOYLE, H. B., B.A., 1906, M.D., Capt. R.A.M.C., England.

MULLOWNEY, H. C., M.A., B.Th., Capt. Chaplain 2nd Grey Battalion.

NEWTON, L. P., 1918, 3rd Univ. Co., France.

ORSBORN, V. E, Theol., Corporal, Colt Machine Gun School, Shorncliffe.

PHILPOTT, G. M., B.A., 1915, Bombardier, 26th Battery, C.F. A., Shorncliffe.

PINNOCK, H. C., 1918, 3rd Univ. Co., Shorncliffe.

PRICE, W. D., 1916, Bombardier, 26th Batt., C.F.A., Shorncliffe.

PRICE, V. W., B.A., 1911, M.A., 1913, Lieut., Kapuskasing Internment Camp.

PRICE, S. L., 1916, training in Saskatchewan.

RICE, W. S., 1915, 5th Univ. Co., Montreal.

ROSSER, G. L., Theol., Lieut. 139th Battalion, Cobourg.

SANDERSON, M. A., 1913, 4th Univ. Co., England.

SMITH, REV. R. E., B.A., 1900, Lieut. Yorkshire Regiment, Rawalpindi, India.

SPARKS, H. S., Theol., Machine Gun Section, at the front.

WALLACE, W. S., M.A., Lecturer in History, Captain 139th Battalion, Cobourg.

WILLIAMS, R. E., B.A., 1913, Bombardier, at the front.

YOUNG, R. W., B.A., 1901, Capt. R.A.M.C.

McMASTER OVERSEAS.

From Private Herbert Sydney Sparks, Machine Gun Section, front line trenches:

. . . . We left the first line last Friday and marched back to billets (about six miles). We slept in the huts there and on Saturday got a bath, and the Machine Gun Section came back to the rear, where we are in reserve. The battalion are having their six days out. It seems as if machine gunners have to be permanently "on the job." We are in a redoubt—one of the strong points that are built at intervals all along the line to serve in case of reverse. If Heiney should take a notion to get across here he will get more than fifty-seven varieties of "ketch-up." There have been some hard fights here in the past for the sector where we are, but instead of gaining anything the enemy have always lost ground. Our trenches are quite a way in front of the old allied trenches and are not to be compared with them for comfort. Of course, when the cold rains and bitter winds come over we will feel them just the same as the other Tommies did. In the coldest mornings a mouthful of rum is handed round to every man who cares to take it. So far I have remained an abstainer. Tobacco and cigarettes are far more plenteous than bread. Every week there is a big issue of them and matches, and besides this the boys all have parcels of them sent out. I think I will have to start in to smoke if it is only to get parcels. The parcels have not come yet, but as we are going back to the front line in a few hours, we will expect them up there. We look for them and letters more than kiddies do for Santa Claus. . . .

October 31, Sunday (After Church Parade).

The day is cloudy and chilly with a moderate to strong wind. We paraded at 10 a.m. for service, and after the usual preliminaries the chaplain started his sermon. He had been speaking about three minutes when we saw a German biplane overhead.

She sailed around and turned back. She had a pretty lively time with shrapnel, but succeeded in escaping. The service soon ended, and just as we got away the shells started to come over. They fell about one hundred and fifty yards left of us and one in five failed to explode. Our artillery is replying now.

After service communion was held in the officers' mess. The attendance was graded fairly well—Major Gordon (who was a Church of England minister at Niagara Falls), Lieut. White, one sergeant, and two privates. It was good, though, and it is a great help to one. I sometimes get discouraged so far as to think that the effort to live the strict life is in vain, but, as you know, even in "civy" life one gets the same way, so that the idea is not strange, and when an occasion like this comes along one feels strengthened and ready again. To-day is the first service of any kind we have had in the past five weeks. . . . . While everything practicable is done for comfort (which means efficiency) our outlook is different. If we see a man with a slight wound it is "lucky beggar! a holiday for him." If, as I saw yesterday, one gets a head wound and is able to walk, "Lucky beggar to get off alive." In fact, if he gets off with his life he is "lucky," and very few fear death. So far we have been quiet, very few casualties, and those caused by an occasional rifle grenade or shrapnel shell. I suppose some of these days we shall get into a scrap and take some of the trenches away from the Germans. . . . .

I suppose that recruiting is brisk in Toronto and showy placards say "Remember Belgium," etc. Ready wit is one of the strong points of the British Tommy, and the answer to that cry by those who have been there is "Who the —— will ever forget it?"

Well, I will have to close, as I am saying too much, and we hold here that those who have seen most say least about it—rather a good hit for some of the returned ones, but nevertheless, absolutely true . . . .

BERT.

From Private L. P. Newton, '18, 3rd University Company, Shorncliffe:

. . . . . How are all my friends at old Mac? It makes me homesick to think of you fellows back there having a good time—more or less, at least. It recalls the good times of last year when I used to disturb you at some of your wonderful brain-splitting problems in physics. Very sorry I can't oblige you this year—and lead some of our beloved freshmen in their nocturnal wanderings. Truly, my cup of sorrow overflows. However, I—or to be more correct, we—for Harold (Pinnock) and Gerald (Guiou) and I are together—are enjoying the life very well. The worst time we have is on the occasion of "brigade duty." At such times we have to supply guards at our headquarters, at a forage barn near here, and at a hospital. A guard lasts twenty-four hours: each fellow has two hours on duty and four off, and goes on guard four times in the twenty-four hours. It doesn't sound very bad and would be all right if it weren't for guarding at night—but standing for two hours alone in the dark takes all the pleasure out of it. Besides guards we have to do other fatigues, as distributing bread, meat and other provisions, putting up huts, and even digging roads.

In our daily work we get first company drill, then bayonet exercise, musketry and physical drill. In the afternoon we have sometimes marching—anywhere from nine to fifteen miles, sometimes practice in entrenching and frequently lectures. We are always quite busy till five or six, when we are free to visit the towns of Cheriton or Folkestone—and spend money. Sometimes, however, we pass the time till 9 p.m. in reading, playing games and writing letters. . . . . It certainly is interesting to hear how '18 is getting along. I hope you're causing "Zip-a-boom! Zip-a-boom!" to make as much noise as last year. I think the year will be quite safe in the hands of such a president as it has —help him along.

LLEW.

From Lance-Corporal F. G. McCoy, '18, of the Signal Reserves, Shorncliffe.

. . . . . All the Mac boys around here seem in perfect health. I suppose you have already learned what positions they hold. Gerald Guiou seems to be doing good work among his company. Two weeks ago he preached in the Cheriton Baptist Church, and furnished a choir from his own platoon. His room is the gathering place for all the sergeants, and he seems to be a favorite among them. Harold Pinnock, '18, is training for a signaller; V. E. Orsborn has received fifty pounds for one of his inventions—a new machine-gun tripod. He seems to be doing good work, both in the workshop and among the men.

I wish I could see you all again and visit with you. Kindly remember me to all the boys of year '18, and also to the girls—if you ever see any of them. Remember that I am still a Mac. boy and shall be back again if circumstances permit.

FRANK.

From Bombardier G. M. Philpott, '15, 26th Battery, Shorncliffe.

Oct. 25th.

You ask me how I like the Artillery. Well, I think it is the only thing, and that is what the men who have come from the front also say. Of course, in training, the horses are a nuisance; they cause a great deal of extra work; but the work is not as monotonous as infantry work. A driver's is the best job in training, but from what I hear a gunner has the best of it at the front. As far as that goes all have to be riders. Each man gets all kinds of it until he is an expert with or without a saddle. I wouldn't change for anyone, and again, the bunch you are with is the whole thing. Well, we have to put our lights out soon for fear of Zepps. Remember me to all the lads and write soon.

PHIL.

AN EVENING SONG.

The fiery rays of dying day
Crimson the sky,
And bannerlets of floating cloud
Are sailing high.

The shepherd on the fire-tipped hill
Soft calls his flock.
The birds have ceased their merry song
From the tree-top.

Each little lamb comes back again
From o'er the hill.
The fledglings twitter in their nest,
Soon all is still.

In twilight grey I sit and think
Of good and ill
That I have done through this long day
Of my free will.

The hasty words in anger said
I now repent.
Oh, that I could recall them now!
For I relent.

But far away like those light clouds
They speed along.
Their memory is left to me
To spoil my song.

Lost chances, too, come thronging in,
To mock me now,
And in the misery of shame
My head I bow.

But joy is mine because I know
The hope is true
That speaks these words 'midst toil and pain,
"God still trusts you."

This thought, like even star, is bright,
It cheers my way,
And ever shall until my locks
Are old and grey.

Then, in the even-tide of life,
I'll sing the song
Of hope and trust and faithfulness,
Loving and strong.

V. E. Orsborn, Theol.

A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

On every side
Caught past escape, the earth was lit;
As if a dragon's nostril split
And all his famished ire o'erflowed.
Robt. Browning.

FIVE p.m., and ten miles to paddle and a portage to make!—but what are ten miles and a portage to two pairs of strong young arms, and with still three hours of daylight on a beautiful, calm, August evening? So thought the young missionary and his wife as they started on their homeward journey from —— Mine, on Lake ——, where their nearest white neighbors lived, and to which point the occasional steamboats brought the missionary's mail.

It gave promise of a beautiful evening. The canoe was launched. Mrs. ——— took the bow paddle, her husband the

stern; while amidships, keeping company with a 50-lb. bag of flour, and the usual camping paraphernalia, sat the crowing baby clapping her chubby hands in glee as she watched the diamond drops scintillating from the flashing paddles, or resting for a moment on the water's surface.

Who would not love such a scene as spread before them? Wooded shores on every hand, countless shimmering channels leading through a perfect maze of islands warning the voyageur that he must needs know his bearings. A watchful fish-hawk sailed lazily in the blue overhead, cawing crows winged their dusky flight homeward over the tree tops; the whir of a flock of ducks was heard as they landed on the bay yonder, the distant call of a cow-moose as she warned her awkward calf of approaching danger, the deep boom of the bullfrog along the marshy shore, answered by the weird call of the sentinel bittern, awaiting with beak pointed skywards the unwary wanderer of the bullfrog's youthful progeny.

Over the portage before dark, and the rest would be easy with a clear starlit sky overhead. An hour and a half had passed; only half a mile to the portage now.

Hark! what is that? The weird whistling of a loon (the great northern diver) is heard as he tries in vain to raise his flight in the stilly air without the friendly breeze; his stubby wings are helpless to raise his weighty body from the water. Again he repeats the storm signal, and again, and again. Had his quick ear already caught the distant rumble of the thunder, or had he, by some subtle instinct, sensed the approaching storm?

The distant sky was soon overcast; first a catspaw on the water, then another, then a rippling breeze, then a gust of wind, then a squall; the thunder's sonorous tones were heard becoming louder and louder. The lightning played persistently over the distant treetops. Keesis, the sun, was soon shrouded in dusky raiment; Sheesheeb, the duck, scuttled to cover in the reed-bed yonder; while Wawashkase, the deer, interrupted in her evening meal, betook herself, with her dainty, spotted fawn, to the shelter of the green timber behind the ridge.

Muscles were stiffened, paddles bent to their heavier task, as the canoe shot forward, defying the rising waves. A moment at the shore where the tent was pitched, and which had been left in the morning to dry; a hasty attempt to strike it, frustrated by a sudden squall, and a splatter of heavy rain-drops, the missionary grabbed the blankets and rushed back to the canoe, which was momentarily becoming harder for his wife to hold to the bank.

Pushing out, the portage was soon reached and crossed. It was now almost dark. The storm was gathering in fury; the rain was beginning to fall steadily. Four miles to go in an eighteen-foot canoe,—albeit a stout craft and a good sea-boat,—in the teeth of a furious gale, a heavy sea running, the mad white-caps tossing in the air, their crests whipped off by the wind to augment the driving sheets of rain and hail. But there was nothing for it but to go ahead. They had no dry matches, their blankets and clothing were soaked. It would have been easy for the adults to have passed a tolerable night, but the baby—that was the rub.

For a moment those two knelt on the wet sand, in the flying spray, and committed themselves to Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His kindly hand. They were ready, calm, resolute: they had already won; they had conquered the elements before stepping into their frail craft. The babe, now fast asleep, had been carefully wrapped up in her father's big "slicker" coat, and tucked up under the bow-decking on two pillows.

It was seven p.m. The canoe was launched. What a journey! Can those two ever forget these four strenuous hours of steady struggle? A lifetime was lived that evening. The deep-throated thunder scarcely ceased to roar for perhaps two hours, and between the crashes of its almost continuous reverberations the din of the lashing waves, the shrieking of the gale, and the rush of the torrents of rain, made it impossible to hear even the loudest shout, except during a momentary lull, when a snatch of a phrase might be caught. For instance:—From the

bow, "Can we make it?" Stern, "Sure, keep going." Stern, "All right there?" Bow, "Yes, all right." Stern, "Baby asleep?" Bow, "Sound as a log."

So the long hours passed. Nothing could be seen except by the almost blinding light of the rapid lightning flashes. During the moments of inky blackness between, even the hand held a few inches from the face could not be seen. The steersman kept his bow to the sea, more by feeling than by sight.

At last the thunder abated, though fortunately the lightning still illumined the scene, thus making progress possible. Two miles had been covered in perhaps two hours hard paddling. Up to this point they had travelled in a south-easterly direction, now their course lay east for two more miles. On account of the high shores, they were still going in the teeth of the gale, which, though the thunder was now only a distant rumbling, was as furious as ever.

Arms were aching, knees were cramped, but home was ahead—who can estimate the impelling force of the idea conveyed by that simple, common-place word, "home"—precious freight was aboard, God was above.

At last they were half a mile from home, but in a more exposed stretch of water than ever. Would they ever reach the beach at the Mission school-house? To the left, on the shore, stood Na-taem-a-quan, the chief's cabin, to the right a black "dead-head" protruded above the water. Anxiously those two marks were noted as each flash illumined the shore and the tumbling waters. For, perhaps, five minutes, though it seemed an hour, no headway was made in spite of the steady, now almost mechanical, exertions of those two pairs of weary arms.

Hurrah! at last, gradually, inch by inch, they crept forward. Then they were opposite the Indian village, which was totally deserted at this season of the year. It was a bad place to land in such a gale. Three hundred yards further on was the school-house, a little sheltered bay in front, with a splendid beach.

Again they were at a standstill, in spite of their utmost efforts. The baby was beginning to stir. Should they risk land-

ing at the dock? There seemed nothing else for it, though it probably meant capsizing in the shallow water. Cautiously the steersman began to let his craft, now difficult to handle because of the quantity of water aboard from rain and lashing wave, drift inshore.

Suddenly, the wind stopped, as if some mighty hand had stayed it; then, with as great fury as ever, it came from astern. The blast seemed to flatten the waves in a moment. With surging hearts, momentarily relaxed muscles and nerves, a few strokes of the paddle, and the weary voyageurs were out on the beach in front of the school-house.

Dragging the canoe up, the missionary grabbed the baby under one arm, the bag of flour under the other, followed by his wife with other baggage, and amid a fresh torrent of rain rushed up to the house, by what had been a path, but what was now the bed of a rushing, turbid torrent.

The precious living bundle deposited on a couch, the lamp was lit. While his wife busied herself in the kitchen, the missionary rushed back to get the rest of the baggage, and to make the canoe more secure. To his dismay, a flash of lightning revealed his craft, the only means of travel in that wilderness, drifting lakeward on the retreating waves. In the few moments of his absence the wind had driven the water so high on the beach that the waves had sucked back the hastily drawn-up canoe, as if in revenge at having been deprived of its prey.

Rushing into the water, he was soon up to the waist; but he knew the bottom well and fortunately the waves had not risen high again as yet; he waited till another flash revealed the whereabouts of the fast-drifting canoe. Soon it came; there fifteen feet away was the boat. Not a moment to lose! for swimming is no easy task with heavy knee-boots and water-soaked clothing. Wading to the arm-pits, he managed to secure the canoe, though nearly swept off his feet. He soon had the craft safely drawn up high on the beach.

It was now after eleven. Wet clothes were removed, a cup

of hot tea partaken of, and, rolled up in good warm blankets, and with hearts full of gratitude and thanksgiving, they were soon fast asleep.

The morning broke clear and bright, a few fleecy clouds overhead faintly reflecting the rosy tints of the eastern sky; while the deep blue waters of the placid lake were gently rippled by the infant breeze. Surely no storm had lashed those waters into fury; with such a sky as that, no dark thunderclouds had blackened the brow of yesternight, no lightning bolt had cloven the great pines and brought huge limbs crashing to earth! Surely the whole thing must have been a horrid nightmare! But two sets of aching muscles, two pairs of stiffened knees, here; a bag of flour caked outside with a thick layer of hard paste, a rusty shot-gun, and a heap of water-soaked clothing in the corner, while, outside yonder, miniature canyons, through which only tiny streams now trickled lakewards, and a great shivered white pine near the shore, emphasized the reality of last night's experience.

Do those two regret that experience? A thousand times no —though I doubt if they would care to pass through it again. But to-day only the sweetest memory of it remains, and a strong happy mother of a little family, one of them a big girl up to mama's shoulder now, who loves to climb on daddy's knee, and snuggle into his breast and listen while he tells of the Father's watch-care and how she slept "as snug as a bug in a rug" all through the constant roar of the tempest on that never-to-be-forgotten August night.

J. R. Turnbull, Theol.

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R. W. E. CHRISTIE, Subscription Department

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Editorial Notes.

The compilation of "Our Honour Roll" has required no little time and labor; and we venture to say that the fuller information given in "Our Graduates" has entailed greater effort on the part of the editor of that department. Our aim is to have in THE MONTHLY a complete list of students and graduates now on active service, with the address of each, and any other facts interesting to readers. A glance at the names which we have been able to gather together will show that in some cases particulars are very meagre, and in some entirely wanting. Accordingly, we again solicit your assistance in trying to make our list complete, and to keep it up to date. Let your light shine. We feel very crestfallen, when, after ferreting out some small item of news with long and trying labor, we find that some

reticent freshman, who silently sleeps on the other side of our partition, and silently eats his meals at our side, has all the time been in possession of the coveted information. So, kind and genial reader, please help to make up the list of names, and kindly give some items of interest surrounding those names.

The Monthly is being sent to each McMaster man on active service whose address we have obtained. We desire this year to make our college paper to some extent a medium between our *Alma Mater* and her soldier-sons—to keep them in touch with university activities, to keep their classmates and friends cognizant with their military experiences, and, possibly, to keep them informed of one another's doings.

To each McMaster student in the service of the empire the Student Body has sent some form of the season's greetings—cards, Christmas luxuries and very serviceable nickel mirrors. May each parcel find its man and convey to him some tangible assurance of our unforgetting esteem. Most of us will share to the full the joys of the season, our more sacrificing comrades have, for interests not more their own than ours, voluntarily chosen the cheerless, homeless Christmas of the camp or trenches. Theirs be our unfailing admiration and our sincerest remembrance.

The Woman Movement, by Chancellor McCrimmon; *The Problem of Knowledge,* by Professor D. C. Macintosh (B.A. '03) of Yale; and *The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry,* by W. J. A. Donald, Ph.D. (B.A. '10), are recently published books written by McMaster men. These books will be reviewed in later numbers of The Monthly.

Congratulations to R. E. Freeman on his appointment to a Rhodes Scholarship!

Merry Christmas to all!

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. McGREGOR, '16.

"Reading maketh a full man; . . . . . ; and if he read little, he hath need of much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."

HERE is nothing which has come to our attention during the past month which has surprised us more than the discovery of the amount of reading done by the average undergraduate. To some people who haven't had the opportunity of carrying their school education as far as they might wish, the word "college" is associated with the mental picture of a bespectacled youth poring over volumes in the eager, though doubtless fruitless, search for something which he may possibly not yet know. Fewer ideas are farther from the truth. The average student studies a particular subject or group of subjects, but outside of these he flatly refuses to be moved. Men like Dickens, Thackeray and Stevenson are almost unknown to him. The student is too busy. He guides his course along his narrow little road, looking neither to right nor left, his eye fixed upon his self-chosen goal as though it were the New Jerusalem itself. He reaches his "New Jerusalem" only to find that the city is no wider than the road by which he came to it; his city is walled and isolated, he communicates only with those who come to him, for he cannot go to them. It is a positive shame that such things should be, but the student alone is responsible. His one desire is, with all possible speed, to get through his course. Naturally, he gets through his course, and no great credit should attach itself to that, for it means merely spending a certain amount of time on certain subjects. Finally, on completing this feat, he turns to take a survey of himself, only to find that he has neglected something which is considered by the thinking person to be of a certain amount of importance—his education.

McMaster vs. Trinity.—It is with the keenest pleasure that we are able to tabulate another victory for McMaster. Trinity

was doubly unfortunate—first, of course, in having to debate with McMaster, and second, in upholding the affirmative of the resolution "That commercial prosperity is necessarily a cause of war." Trinity was represented by G. F. Kingston, M.A., and R. F. Palmer, L.Th., H. A. Innis and J. W. Davis, B. A., represented McMaster. The judges' decision, delivered by John Paterson, K.C., was not unanimous. No doubt, as Mr. Paterson prophesied, the losers will console themselves with the fact that there was at least one intelligent judge, while we feel quite as confident that "two heads are better than one." Trinity's weakness was in failing to establish the fact that there was any inherent quality in commercial prosperity that demanded war. They held that commercial prosperity fostered a pugnacious spirit, but McMaster contended that the pugnacious spirit was there irrespective of commercial prosperity. The judges agreed with McMaster's views, with the result that we are now on the straight road to the final debate against either Wycliffe or Osgoode Hall.

The programme put on before and after the debate was particularly good. H. M. Brownlee, '17, gave a piano solo, in which he showed good taste by varying from the normal. The solo was simple and quiet, but very well rendered. While the judges were coming to a decision, Mrs. C. B. Parker, of Woodstock, sang "Angus Macdonald" and answered a storm of applause with an encore. Miss E. M. Pugsley, B.A., kept the audience laughing with reminiscences of Penrod, Tarkington's youthful hero. She responded to an encore with a touching statement of a small boy's troubles with an angel cake. In giving the judges' decision Mr. Paterson took advantage of his position, leaving the decision a matter of conjecture till he was just about to descend from the platform. It goes without saying that Bedlam broke loose—for we *were* somewhat pleased.

Fyfe Day.—The first Fyfe Day of the year was held on Tuesday, November 16th. The writer of this little memoir is not a Theologue, but nevertheless he feels that he can say truly that the programme presented this fall was the strongest he has yet had the opportunity of listening to. In the morning session reports of the Northfield Conference were given by S. G. Cole and C. V. Farmer. Both showed good judgment in not attempting to cover all of the Conference in their remarks. Cole spoke on personal work, and Farmer on the broader vision of foreign work. Dr. C. A. Eaton, of New York, taking for his text, "Change your Mind, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand,"

emphasized the need of a thorough cleansing of the life of the country. He spoke warmly on the subject of the war, proving that whatever else he may be, he is certainly not a pro-German.

In the afternoon session, C. V. Farmer handed in his resignation as president of the Y.M.C.A. on account of his work at the military camp making it impossible for him to carry on the work of the association. R. M. Fraser was unanimously elected his successor.

Rev. John MacNeil spoke on "The Higher Patriotism." His point was that the higher patriotism was shown by putting principle above party, soul above force, and service above self interest. With speakers like Dr. Eaton and Mr. MacNeil, Fyfe Day could not very well help being a success. May the Fyfe Days yet to come all measure up to the same high standard.

We are constrained to copy from the pages of a very early copy of The Monthly the following rhyme which will still find an echo in every student's inmost heart:

> Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered bored and weary
> O'er some tomes of ancient lore,
> While I nodded nearly napping, on the door there came a tapping
> And a voice cried, sharply snapping: "I've a bill you've seen before."
> Suddenly aroused, I muttered, "Who is tapping at my door?"
> "Just the laundry—nothing more."

Freshman-Sophomore Debate.—By dint of much persuasion and considerable eloquence, the Freshmen finally convinced the judges that "Oriental immigration should be prohibited." C. Vining and D. Hughes were the successful arguers for Year '19, R. Harris and J. P. Kent representing '18. Both sides showed evidence of having put work on their subject, but as one of the unwritten laws of the Debating Union is that only one side can win, it was clearly impossible to give the decision to both. Just while we're about it, we would like to say that there is probably no activity in the school for which the recognition of the work done is so small as inter-year debating. Properly attempted, there is no activity which offers such an opportunity for personal development.

Apropos of the approaching examinations we should like to propose the following definition—"A liar is an instrument which makes a cheerful noise on being plucked."

Literary Society.—Acting upon the valuable advice "when in doubt, tell the truth," we must confess that the programmes

of the Literary Society are not of as high order as some might wish. This remark is merely made as being so much news—not as criticism, for we believe there are many extenuating circumstances. Drill, coming as it does three times a week, is pretty effective in keeping down any ebullient animal spirits. Friday night, with the week's lectures and drills all completed, generally sees an overflow of good healthy fun, and while this is rather a serious drawback to the literary side of the Literary Society, we feel that the gain in spirit compensates in some measure at least.

On November 19th the main items of interest on the programme were a reading by E. O. Ebersole, '18, and a selection by the quartette. The opportunity was taken of auctioning off the reading room magazines. Some of the reading material went at real war prices, one bidder going even higher than the retail cost of the paper. However, his action was attributed more to ignorance than patriotism.

A week later, the 26th, a somewhat more extensive, if not intensive, programme was presented. Misses Stillwell and Mulholland contributed a duet, E. G. Dale a reading, and J. R. Turnbull a vocal solo. The ladies of Year '18 presented a pantomime entitled "Living Furniture." It was very well done, indeed, the only fault being that it was extremely difficult to hear. "Current Events," with its usual inclusiveness, touched on all the interesting points of the previous month's college life.

We are exceedingly military now! We all stand very straight when the National Anthem is being sung, we all answer "Here, sir!" in class, instead of "Present," we never cross the street on a slant, and we never throw out a key to a late arrival at the front door without first interrogating sharply "Who goes there?" Unfortunately there *are* some who don't seem capable of getting the military atmosphere quite as quickly as we do ourselves. On being told to parade in mufti, one recruit failed to appear, giving as his excuse that he had no such article of apparel. A prospective officer distended his lungs to the breaking point in an effort to make his section understand that he wished them to form "at the left—on the halt." To those not acquainted with military terms the foregoing technical errors will not appear as amusing as they do to our more highly military-ized minds. However, we make note of them to prove the truth of our original proposition—that we are exceedingly military now.

Natural History Club.—The Natural History Club has organized again this year with Prof. McNairn as honorary presi-

dent, and B. E. Gilbert as president. The first meeting after elections was held Thursday afternoon, November 25th, the subject discussed being that of "Bees." About half a dozen different papers were read, dealing with the habits of the queen bees, wax-making, cleanliness, and care of the young. Dr. Smith gave some information on the mounting of insects. The idea of taking one particular insect proved to be a decided success. Many interesting points were brought out which are unfamiliar to the average student. We hope that the present practice of spending the entire period on some one particular subject will not soon be dropped.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet.—The night of Thursday, November 25th, 1915, found the members of Years '18 and '19 assembled in McConkey's spacious banquet hall. The other years, of course, were represented by their respective presidents and vice-presidents. For some twenty or thirty minutes the guests patiently waited, till the Sophomore officials had arranged the seating. When the guests were at last seated the attack on the eatables with the formidable French names began. On the completion of that delightful occupation I. H. Eberle, '18's worthy president, proposed a toast to His Majesty King George V. This was heartily responded to by the assembly. Then M. C. Hooper, also of '18, toasted Canada and the Empire, having ably dealt with Canada and her relation to the Empire. The toast was replied to by Prof. Smith, the honorary president of the Sophomore year. Miss J. D. Mimms, '18, then rendered a piano solo. W. L. Hicks, Esq., '18, now eulogized the ladies in warm terms and paid numerous compliments to that fair fickle sex. To Miss E. Haviland, the vice-president of '18, fell the duty of replying to this hearty toast. H. N. Racicot, '18, with numerous jokes and admonitions, proposed the Freshmen. To this W. D. Hinman, the Freshman president, manfully responded. On the conclusion of Mr. Hinman's reply, Miss M. Latimer played a stirring violin solo. J. H. Fox, president of '16, warmly praised the *alma mater* and the Faculty and proposed a toast to them. In reply to this, Prof. Findlay, the honorary president of Year '19, told us what McMaster and "Alma Mater" stood for. In the social half hour that followed the members of the two years mingled together and tried to become better acquainted. Then when "Thy Praises McMaster" and the National Anthem had been sung, the guests dispersed.

Social Science Club.—The opening meeting of the Social Science Club was held on November 11 and proved a success. After dinner the club adjourned to the Faculty room, where it was addressed by Dr. Franklin Johnson, head of the Social Service department of the University of Toronto, on the subject "Social Service as a Life Work." Later in the evening the meeting was thrown open for discussion and, judging by the number of questions the doctor was asked, much interest in the subject was aroused.

The new constitution of the Debating Union of McMaster University has been in operation for a couple of months and it can be said to be at least as successful as the old one. Those who attended last year and still have a Canadian senator's punctuality may see some improvement. The Sophomores and Freshmen, especially the latter, need to cease playing Rip Van Winkle and had better be alive to their opportunities, for, as Quintilian says, (Quintilian, Mr. Freshman, was not a Roman), "The education of an orator must begin during infancy."

The Premier has not seen fit to introduce Recommendations this term, as the whole time is needed to test and change the constitution. Mr. W. A. Chisholm, Minister without portfolio, has been added to the cabinet. More such men are needed to rouse the country to action. Important subjects, such as conscription, are torn to shreds, patched up and framed in the debating session; still livelier subjects are slated for the coming term, and it is hoped the students will take advantage of them.

Prof. (Criticizing a sermon plan and scratching his head thoughtfully).—"I can't just get your meaning, Mr. R."

Mr. L.—"I think Mr. R.'s phraseology *is* a little too abstract for the common mind."

Happy Man!—J. M., a theologue who unconsciously falls into scriptural phraseology: "Miss ——— is a girl *after my own heart.*" May she get it!

Military Arrogance or just sheer brains?—Sergt. G.: "Is Private D. in this room?" "No." "Is he out then?" "Yes." "Is he out of the building?" "No." "Is he in it?" "Yes."

Extract from a letter from the front.—"They'll have to stop this business of shooting at one another over here—first thing they know somebody'll get killed."

Students' Missionary Conference.—For a number of reasons it was found impracticable to hold the annual Students' Missionary Conference at an outside point this year. In order that missions might be kept progressive in spite of difficult situations, the executives of the Student Volunteer Movement, the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. arranged for a three days' conference, Dec. 3-5.

The first meeting was conducted by Prof. Kilpatrick. Rev. Brechin spoke on "The Present Situation in China." Dr. J. G. Brown followed him with a splendid address on "The Present Situation in India." The tranquil state of that great land is directly attributable to the work of the soldiers of the Cross.

At the Saturday evening meeting Mr. Bayne, M.A., of China, representative of the mission boards of all denominations, stated the needs thereof—men and still more men—men of the highest type to fill up the gaps and carry the Living Word. Sunday morning and afternoon the meetings were more of a devotional character. Prof. Hooke discussed "Getting God's Will," while student leaders pointed out the call to a preparation of prayer and service.

The meetings were very well attended, and, by the enlarging of our vision, much good has been accomplished.

How the Old World Whirls!—Christmas is upon us again, almost before we have recovered from the previous one. To some it brings joy, to some sadness, for the knowledge of the present, happy though it may be, only brings into greater relief the losses suffered during the months gone by. And yet the true spirit of Christmas is not boisterous joviality, but a warm feeling of thanksgiving for the wondrous gift by which "God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven." We can extend no better wish to our readers than that they may recognize the value of the first great Christmas gift.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MELBA I. CAMPBELL, '16.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

THE words of the old carol serve as a somewhat exasperating illustration of how carefree a Christmas our ancestors must have enjoyed, and of how far, for McMaster students at any rate, customs have changed with the slow march of time. Whether rightly or wrongly, whether for better or for worse, "exams." are nevertheless an institution and must be faced; not with the "watchful waiting" of President Wilson, but with the toilful working entailed by the hurried manufacture of synopses, the agonized attempts at the translation of prescribed text-books, and midnight vigils where we are faced by the terrors of remorse for having left undone the things we ought to have done, and having callously done the things we ought not to have done. However, a story is told of a hearty old English squire, a sufferer from gout who, having been forbidden all conviviality, was wont to break forth at frequent intervals and enjoy a real gastronomic treat; for days afterward he suffered agonies, but amidst his groans was heard to mutter "Well, it was worth it, I had a good time, anyhow." No doubt many of us can sympathise with his attitude of mind.

Still, after all, the true significance of Christmas remains unchanged, and no one can afford to miss the glow of good-fellowship and unselfishness which it invariably brings. For this reason, in spite of all distressing features, and the overshadowing importance of the titanic struggle now stirring the world, let us strive to possess and carry with us true Christmas cheer as we scatter for the holidays. To each and all, therefore, a happy Christmas, and a New Year bright, but not with stars.,

That her McMaster friends heartily aproved of her approaching marriage was tangibly impressed upon Miss Evelyn Davis,'15, the evening of Monday, November 29, on which occasion she filled the rôle of bride-elect with much efficiency. At the home of Mrs. Dayfoot some thirty enthusiastic "showerers" gleefully gathered with the firm determination to at least appear calm

and composed, however turbulent and conflicting might be their emotions at so important an ordeal.

With a fine disregard for conventions and formality, the affair soon took on the form of a genuine old-time frolic in the Ladies' Room, where Evelyn was wont to hold sweet communion with her saintly (?) subjects. Now as our former head-girl is about to forsake the scene of the trials and labors of her college days, and assume at least a partial headship over a smaller, but by no means a less important, realm, her "multitudinous" friends at "Mac." unite in wishing for her a lifetime of untold happiness and lasting joys.

A missionary conference in which the Y.W.C.A. participated was held in Toronto the first week-end in December, in lieu of the annual autumn gathering of colleges at some outside point.

Methods, ways and means whereby efficiency might be increased were discussed Saturday afternoon at the Lillian Massey, after which a "scratch" tea added to the general enjoyment of the programme. Those more vitally interested in missions, however, joined the Student Volunteers in the spacious dining-hall of Knox College, where returned missionaries and foreign mission secretaries made use of their superior knowledge in the solution of many perplexing problems. After a devotional service in the morning, the conference was brought to a fitting close in the afternoon at Victoria College under the chairmanship of Mr. C. W. Bishop.

The third meeting of the Women's Literary Society was placed in the hands of the talented Juniorettes. The paper on "Current Events," by Miss Margaret Edgar, and the delightfully picturesque little Japanese song and dance contributed much to the pleasure of the audience, while the play was, of course, and justly so, the main feature of the afternoon. That it was a most decided and unqualified success was evidenced by the numerous remarks overheard throughout the entertainment, the gasps of astonishment and delight as some new evidence of comedy or pathos was discovered. The subject was an unusual one and fraught with kindly human interest. Since each member of the "company" undertook her particular task with whole-souled energy, the result was an hour of pleasure for both audience and performers, with a most welcome absence of readings behind the scenes, whispered consultations, or anguished glances as some cue is forgotten or some speech delayed.

Humour, pathos and genuine kindliness were each exemplified to a fine degree by the disgust of the high-flown French maid with her plebeian surroundings, the touching devotion of Mirandy and Samantha with their mute offerings of pies and posies, and the very real affection and understanding of the mother of the family. In brief, viewed as a whole or considered in detail the entertainment was highly enjoyable and should be a source of intense satisfaction to the clever actresses.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet.—From the very first intimation that a banquet was usually tendered the Freshman year by its friendly enemies, the Sophomores, excitement and speculation ran high. To be or not to be was once more the question, and the hearts of the poor distracted little Freshettes alternated pitifully between hope and fear, until their period of suspense was brought to a merciful and painless end by the assurance that Year '18, out of the kindness of its heart, had resolved that this autumn should be no exception to the rule.

Such generosity on their part, especially in the face of the present financial stringency so universally felt, was very naturally hailed with gratitude and delight; and in this instance the joys of anticipation proved in no way superior to those of realization if the verdict of the enthusiastic guests was any criterion.

Each year we are wont sorrowfully to deplore the loss of certain of our outstanding representatives in the fields of debating and oratory, and to give expression to pessimistic doubts concerning the future of the university and the improbability of ever again achieving the desired standard of excellence. By now surely the lesson is well learned. "Mac." must, can, and does continue ever on and up, for with the advent of each "new" year, fresh discoveries invariably are made and wider possibilities presented to our delighted gaze. That the Members of Years '18 and '19 are well qualified to equal if not surpass their talented predecessors was perfectly evident from the speeches made at this particular function. The evening of the banquet has now passed into history, but its many pleasures, small and great, will not easily be forgotten.

The W.S.S. and Y.W.C.A. Reception.—The morning and afternoon of Friday, November 26th, many faithful students and "pluggers," especially of the Senior year, failed to pursue their scholastic tasks with their customary zeal and earnestness; duty summoned elsewhere. Had not the fateful day arrived, the

day of the much-talked-of Lit. and Y.W. Reception, and were not extensive preparations even then in progress? "Hour after hour beheld the silent (??) toil" of the industrious workers, until at length, the last order given and the last sandwich cut, the two relieved young hostesses took their places beside their honorary presidents and stood in readiness to receive the expected guests.

Practically the entire programme, after the cordial addresses of welcome by the presidents of the two societies, was arranged and presented by the girls of the Junior year, who reproduced their clever play of some two weeks previous for the benefit of a larger but none the less appreciative audience.

The announcement "Refreshments Served" then lured the assembled gathering within those precincts usually sacred to Faculty and Ladies.

Of Interest to Many.—The information that Osgoode was represented by a woman in one of the recent inter-college debates, and that she is reported to have made the speech of the evening, has been a source of unlimited discussion and speculation here as elsewhere. Many were the prophecies as to the outcome should McMaster be tempted to adopt similar measures.

Relief.—The question has been discussed for some time as to the particular character of the pencil used by the editor of "Around the Hall," and to which reference was made in one of the first issues of THE MONTHLY. Was it or was it not indelible? As no ill effects have yet been noticed, it is naturally to be supposed that a negative reply would be correct.

The various McMaster debaters must indeed be highly gratified by the way in which they are invariably supported by their loyal and enthusiastic fellow-students. The keen interest universally manifest on such occasions is indeed creditable.

It may be of interest to know that an innovation is about to be introduced by the W.L.S. of our university, since an invitation to join the "co-ed" inter-college debates has been received and accepted. Let us hope that the honor of McMaster may be faithfully upheld, and the reputation already achieved by the men in no way lessened or disgraced.

Athletics.

EDITOR: J. A. LONG.

CAMPUS athletics are over for another year, and only hockey lies before us, to claim our interest and support. As we look back over the Fall term, while we have no great cause for elation over its fruitage, still, neither have we cause for dejection. Lack of athletic activity is, at present, the condition common to all Canadian colleges and universities, and, comparatively speaking, McMaster has done well under the circumstances. As for hockey, the Intermediate Intercollegiate League, in which we formerly played, has been temporarily discontinued, and the Athletic Association will have to look about and see if there is not another suitable league into which we can gain admittance. Of those so far suggested, the Inter-Faculty seems the most likely and the most desirable. At present we play inter-faculty in no branch of athletics. This may be due to the fact that our status as a university naturally tends to bar us from inter-faculty competition. Nevertheless, the fact that those in authority have seen fit to place us, in all branches of athletics, in leagues higher than those participated in by faculties which are twice our strength numerically, is an unmistakable compliment to McMaster's prowess. And the fact that in these higher leagues we have made a good showing, is a just cause for satisfaction. But what about the future? Can we live up to our past reputation? It looks like a difficult task—and as soon as that task becomes so difficult of accomplishment as to discourage, then athletic life and enthusiasm must necessarily suffer. As nearly as we can see, the inter-faculty is the reasonable field for competition for all our senior teams. There are, it is true, faculties weaker, numerically, than McMaster University; but there are others much stronger, and when a standard is set for us higher than that set for teams which should ordinarily be our superiors, then it is only in the events of occasional abnormal strength that we can compete with hope of success. Of course, it could only be by the consent of Varsity that we could be admitted into the inter-faculty leagues; but from a consideration of the present outlook, we think our athletic association would be justified in approaching the Varsity athletic authorities with a view to making suitable arrangements.

Inter-Year Soccer.—Well, of all things! If these were the days of ancient superstition, we'd be consulting the oracle, for surely something is about to happen. Why! Theology has won the soccer championship. No, dear reader, we're not joking—it's really true—when "the preachers" defeated 'Sixteen (3-0) on Nov. 13th, they became undisputed champions in the inter-year competition. 'Seventeen defeated 'Sixteen (3-0) on Nov. 26th in the play-off for second place, while third position was won by 'Sixteen from 'Eighteen by default. The line-ups were the same as in previous games.

Inter-Year Rugby.—Owing to three defaults only two games were necessary to decide the Inter-year Rugby championship. The first round was easily dismissed, 'Nineteen defaulting to 'Seventeen and 'Eighteen to Theology. In the finals Theology played 'Sixteen, and defeated them in the contest for first place, while 'Sixteen in turn defeated 'Seventeen, these years thus establishing themselves in second and third places respectively. As there has been no rugby practice this fall, the games were extremely interesting from a spectator's point of view—especially if the spectator happened to possess certain qualifications—a knowledge of rugby and a sense of humor. At stages in both games it would have been hard for an unenlightened observer to tell whether the function was being conducted under the auspices of the Athletic Association or the Debating Union. However, the athletic instincts invariably asserted themselves, and vocal warfare gave way to the physical. The first game was played at Jesse Ketchum Park on Nov. 29th; the score was (8-0) in favor of Theology; and the officials were Dr. Donald and Sam. Lepofsky. The second battle was fought one day later in the same vicinity, the score was (23-2) in favor of Sixteen, and the officials were Ashmore, B.A., B.Th., and Campbell, Th. The line-ups were as follows:

Theology.—Ashmore, Campbell (Capt.), Smith, Richardson, Houlding, Leeds, Riley, Moore, Kenyon, Gosnell, Clark, Fraser, Coles, Long.

'Sixteen.—Parker, Bates, Veals, Veals, McKissock, McLarty, Fox, Mallory, Chisholm, Ziemann, Buck, McGregor, Gill, Tyndall.

'Seventeen.—Robb, McIntyre, Fawthrop, Way, Demaray, Lepofsky, Chisholm, Elder, Baker, McLean, Twiss, Wilson, Rayfield, Robertson.

Senior Soccer.—McMaster 1, City Teachers 0. Varsity II 2, McMaster 0.

Ordinarily the competition in the Varsity II Soccer League is carried on by home and home games between each pair of the three teams concerned. This year, however, the matter of a schedule was left off so long that it became impossible to make room for more than a single series. In the resulting games, while our team failed to win out, they made a good showing, and we feel confident that if the existence of an inter-collegiate league had necessitated Varsity playing only men of second team calibre in the game against us, we would have had little difficulty in achieving victory. As it was, in the team opposing us there were six old senior players, besides others who would doubtless have been on the senior team had one existed this year; and we did as well as could justly be expected under the circumstances.

As for the games themselves, little need be said regarding them in detail. In the first one, played on Nov. 20th against City Teachers, McMaster had slightly the better of the play. The forwards were aggressive, and, although the grounds were in poor condition, the game was fairly fast. The only goal of the game was scored by Campbell in the last minute of play in a scramble from a corner kick. In the game against Varsity, on Nov. 24th, the play was very strenuous, and, for the most part, comparatively even. Varsity scored their first goal about the middle of the second half in a mix-up in front of McMaster's goal, from a free kick close in. It was followed a few minutes later by a difficult shot from the side. In this game both teams were strongest in the defence, and our men especially had difficulty in getting past the Varsity back division.

Line-up Varsity.—Gilley, Harper, Roos, Galloway, McEwen, Swan, Affleck, Taylor, Doherty, Sanderson, Lipport.

Line-up McMaster.—Field, Hisey, Smith, Hay, Robb, Long, Eberle, Campbell, Ashmore, Montgomery, McIntyre.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.

McMASTER University is beginning to bear her share in the great fight for world liberty. Nigh to fifty graduates and undergraduates are now on active service. Before the college year is out there will probably be a great many more of our men, both grads. and undergrads., who will respond to the call of King, country and humanity.

It has been difficult to secure the full addresses of all those who have enlisted. In quite a number of cases we have not succeeded, and we ask the co-operation of our readers in order that the list may be made complete. We wish to give the full address, regimental number, rank, battalion or battery, brigade, etc., so that anyone who desires to should be able to write to these brave fellows. That is one of the least things we can do to show our appreciation of what they are doing for us. In many cases further details are asked as to proper address, wounds, present whereabouts if prisoners or in hospitals. In writing letters it would be better to omit B.A.'s, etc. The list will as far as possible be kept up to date.

Class '18 leads in enlistments with 8, Class '14 is next with 5, Class '15 has 4, Classes '07, '12, '13 and '16 have 3 each, Classes '00, '09 and 17 have 2 each, and '02, '04, '08 and '11 have but one. Classes '03, '05 and '10 are without a representative as yet. No less than five theologs. are on the list. Altogether there are 47 on active service, not including Capt. J. L. Gilmour, chaplain at Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

The following are on active service:

Quartermaster-Sergeant Leonard C. Harkness, B.A., '08, Nova Scotia Highland Battalion, wounded and gassed in the great battle of Ypres in April. Now in hospital in England. May possibly lose the sight of one eye, and thus be unfit for further service. More details wanted.

Captain Chaplain J. B. Grimshaw, Theol., '03. Third Canadian Field Artillery Brigade, First Canadian Division, C.E.F., France. Capt. Grimshaw was with the Canadians who held the Germans at bay in the famous Ypres battle and frustrated the devilish chlorine gas attack. During the three days terrific fighting Captain Grimshaw lost all his possessions except the clothes

he had on. A portion of a letter received from him is printed elsewhere in this column.

Private A. S. Rutherford, better known as "Jimmy," formerly a member of Class '14 was with the 3rd Battalion in the Ypres engagement, was unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner by the Germans, and is now reported as building roads at five cents a day. He may be addressed as Pte. A. S. R., No. 544, Krieggefangensendung, (British prisoner of war), 3 Kompagnie, Baraque A, Giessen, Germany, care of General Post Office, Mount Pleasant, London, England. Parcels containing food and clothing would doubtless be very much appreciated by "Jimmy."

Bombardier Gordon M. Philpott, B.A., '15, No. 89155, 26th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, Canadian Expeditionary Force, Army P.O., London, England. He is now in France.

Bombardier Ralph E. Williams, B.A., '13, No. 83028, Headquarters Staff, 4th Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, Second Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force, France.

Trooper T. Finley Williams, B.A., '14, is now serving as an infantryman in France. Address No. 107385, Machine Gun Section, 2nd Regiment, 1st Canadian Mounted Rifle Brigade, C.E.F., Army P.O., London, England.

Staff Sergeant Earl D. Campbell, B.A., '12, enlisted at Calgary with the Canadian Army Medical Service, and is now in England or France. Further details wanted.

Captain Samuel M. McLay, B.A., '04, Royal Army Medical Corps, No. 11 Base Hospital, Boulogne, France.

Lieutenant Ralph E. Smith, B.A., '00, B.Th., '03, Yorkshire Regiment, Rawalpindi, North India. Rev. Mr. Smith, who was a Baptist missionary at Cocanada, secured a commission on Indian Army Reserve. He refused a chaplaincy, but preferred to be a fighting man. Not even the Red Cross would suit him. He is a second lieutenant, and may possibly be sent with his regiment on the British Mesopotamian expedition against the Turks. Fuller particulars are given in another paragraph.

Sergeant Gordon Davies, B.A., '15, is a pay officer of the 77th Battalion, C.E.F., and is stationed at Rockliffe Camp, Ottawa.

Lieutenant Vincent W. Price, B.A. '11, M.A. '13, is one of the officers in charge of the internment camp at Kapuskasing, Northern Ontario. They have over 1,300 aliens in the camp, and a regiment of troops to guard them. Each officer, with his detachment of troops, has charge of two prisoners' camps of about 110 men each. The men in the camp in Vincent's charge are chiefly Austrians and Ruthenians, and he reports the work very interesting.

Pte. J. E. Howes, B.A. '12, is at the front in France with the 29th Battalion. More details desired.

Lieutenant S. H. Brocklebank, B.A. '14, is attached to the 70th Battalion, C.E.F., in training at London, Ont.

Pte. C. K. Morse, B.A., *ad eundem*, '12, is a member of the 75th Battalion in training at Exhibition Park, Toronto. He gave up his pastorate to do what he considered the more important work of the moment.

Pte. H. H. Allen, M.A. '15, also gave up the ministry for the time being when he enlisted with the 61st Battalion now in Winnipeg.

Captain Roland W. Young, B.A. '07, M.D., is attached to the British Royal Army Medical Corps. The Canadian regiments and hospital units were not moving to the front fast enough to suit "Roly," so he took the boat for England and enlisted there. More details wanted.

Private W. D. Moyle, who was a member of Class '15, was wounded in the trenches by the explosion of a mortar, and at last reports was in the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Taplow, England. More details desired.

Pte. Herbert Sydney Sparks is another theolog. who has enlisted. His address is No. 58075, Machine Gun Section, 20th Battalion, 4th Brigade, Canadian Expeditionary Force, France. He has been in the trenches now for some time.

Corporal V. E. Orsborn, also a theolog., is in the Colt Machine Gun School, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe, England. Rumor says he is responsible for an invention which is proving of great value in the handling of machine guns.

Captain E. Percy Lewis, B.A. '09, who was assistant superintendent of Toronto General Hospital, is attached to the Military Hospital at Exhibition Camp, Toronto. He expects to go overseas in the spring.

Pte. C. L. Ives, a theology undergraduate, is attached to the University Base Hospital, No. 4, which is now at Saloniki, Greece. His number is 1013, and mail should be sent to the Army P.O., London, England, from where it will be forwarded.

Lieut. W. K. Anderson, B.A. '14, has a commission in the 109th Battalion, which has its headquarters at Lindsay, Ont.

Captain H. B. Moyle, B.A. '06, M.D., who was on the staff of the Western Hospital, went to England recently and enlisted in the British Royal Army Medical Corps. More details wanted.

Pte. J. Dixon Craig, B.A. '07, is a member of the 53rd Overseas Battalion, C.E.F., which has been training at Edmonton, but

is leaving for the front shortly. His number is A66153. Address care of Militia Department, Ottawa.

Pte. W. Sydney Rice, who was a member of Class '14, has enlisted in the 5th Universities Company, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and is now at Montreal awaiting transportation overseas. More details wanted.

Pte. E. G. Black, B.A. '14, has enlisted at Toronto with the Home Department of the 9th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, which is now overseas. He will be drafted into the 40th, 41st or 42nd Battery for service abroad within a few days.

Pte. C. Dunn, who was a member of Class '13, is with the 92nd Highland Battalion, now in training at Toronto. More details wanted.

Pte. M. A. Sanderson, of Class '13, is with the 4th Universities Company, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He is now at Shorncliffe. More details wanted.

Pte. L. E. Dearborn, who was a member of Class '17, enlisted in the British Royal Army Medical Corps in 1914, and, becoming incapacitated while at the front, he was discharged and has resumed his studies at McMaster, entering the Sophomore year.

Lieutenant Charles D. Grant, B.A. '02, K.C., of Edmonton, has enlisted with the 5th Universities Company, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He is recruiting at the time of writing in Edmonton, but will be leaving soon for Montreal, the Canadian concentration camp of the Princess Pats, thence to sail to England, where the Pats do their training at Shorncliffe.

Bombardier W. D. Price, of Class '16, is a member of the 26th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, 7th Brigade, C.E.F., His number is 89721, and he may be addressed at the Army P.O., London, England. He is now in France.

Pte. J. H. Fairchild, of Class '18, is also a member of the 26th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, 7th Brigade, C.E.F., Army P.O., London, Eng. Regimental number is wanted.

Lance-Corporal Frank G. McCoy, of Class '18, is No. 100133 and is attached to the Signal Reserves, Canadian Royal Engineers, Shorncliffe, England.

Pte. Harold C. Pinnock, of Class '18, is a signaller in the 3rd Universities Company Reinforcements, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, St. Martin's Plains, Shorncliffe, England. His regimental number is 475992. A draft of 150 men from the 3rd company has already gone to the front, but Harold hopes to remain in England until spring, when his parents, Rev. S. G. and Mrs. Pinnock, who are missionaries in Nigeria, Africa, come home on furlough.

Sergeant G. W. Guiou, of Class '18, who as a Freshman last year established a precedent in being chosen to represent McMaster in a successful inter-college debate, is also a member of the 3rd Universities Company, Princess Patricia's C. L. I., Army P. O., London, England, and is now in France. His regimental number is desired. He, with a number of other fellows from McMaster and elsewhere, took charge of the service at the Cheriton Baptist Church near Shorncliffe on at least one occasion, he doing the preaching very acceptably.

Private Llewellyn P. Newton is the third member of Class '18 who is in the Princess Pats. His number is 475974, 3rd Universities Company, P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., Army P. O., London, England. He reports that he is enjoying the life and has gained 15 pounds. He is now in France.

Pte. Clarence Mackenzie, No. 475383, is a member of the 4th Universities Company, Princess Patricia's C.L.I., C.E.F., Army P. O., London, England. He was a member of Class '18.

Pte. W. J. Jones, also a Freshman of last year, is likewise a member of the 4th Universities Company, P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., Army P. O., London, England. His number is 475507.

Pte. D. McBain, still another Class '18 man, has enlisted in the 5th Universities Company, P.P.C.L.I., and will sail for England before a great while. Address McGill University, Montreal.

Lieutenant George Rosser, Theology, has received an overseas appointment with the 139th Battalion to be organized at Cobourg, Ontario. He expects shortly to take out Captain's papers.

Provisional Lieutenant R. G. Atkinson, a Class '16 man, is a student at the School of Infantry, Toronto, and hopes to get an overseas appointment.

Capt. Chaplain J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D. '99, D.D. '08, professor of Church History at McMaster, was a chaplain at Niagara Camp all summer, and is now attached to Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

Capt. W. Stewart Wallace, B.A. *ad eundem* '10, M.A., Lecturer in History and Greek at McMaster, has received an appointment in the 139th Battalion being organized at Cobourg.

Pte. S. L. Price, of Class '16, is in training in Saskatchewan. More details desired.

Pte. R. D. Bartlett, of Class '17, is with the 5th Universities Company, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Address McGill University, Montreal. More details wanted.

Lieutenant A. J. Lester, B.A., '15, is Signalling Officer of the 134th Battalion being raised at Brampton.

Captain Chaplain H. S. Mullowney, M.A., B.D., of Class '09, has received an appointment as chaplain of the second battalion being organized in Grey County, the 147th. He has been doing much to aid recruiting in Owen Sound, and finally he showed that he was ready to do what he was asking others to do. He's fighting Irish, is Mullowney.

Captain Lyman Craig Lauchland, M.D., of Century Class, is going to the front as medical officer of the 129th Battalion being recruited at Dundas, Ontario.

Carl V. Farmer, B.A. '15, is a Y.M.C.A. military representative at Kingston Camp, and hopes for an overseas appointment. Carl took the Officers' Training Course at Niagara in the summer, afterwards staying there as a Y.M.C.A. worker among the soldiers during the summer.

Clarence P. Hope, B.A. '15, is representative to the 71st Battalion at the military camp at Galt, and hopes to go overseas. He was also at Niagara all summer and took the C.O.T.C. course.

E. Newton Challen, B.A. '07, of the Perth Collegiate Institute staff, has voluntered for overseas service, and has been recommended for a captaincy in the 130th Battalion. Mr. Challen is a graduate of the Stanlay Barracks Military Training School and is thoroughly qualified. If accepted, his duties will begin in April or May next, says the *Perth Courier*.

Prof. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., of Class '00, Professor of Latin at McMaster, spent the summer months in England, France and Switzerland, teaching French to English surgeous, doing translating for wounded Belgians, and assisting the Red Cross workers.

Doctor Robert D. Moyle, B.A. '08, was studying medicine in Freiburg, Germany, when the war broke out. He married a German girl and was a proud father. For a year he worked as a surgeon under the German Red Cross, not being able to leave that country. Some months ago he managed to escape via Switzerland, made his way to England, and has applied for a commission in either the British or the Canadian Army Medical Service. His wife is in Switzerland.

Captain Judson Bagshaw, an old Woodstock College boy, known to many McMasterites, is a member of the Canadian Army Dental Corps. He is located at the Exhibition Camp, Toronto, and expects to go overseas before spring.

"The war has come close home to our missionaries in India," says Rev. J. G. Brown, D.D. '07, Foreign Mission Superintendent in *The Canadian Baptist*. "With India herself represented in the armies of the Allies and with the whole future of the Protestant Missions and especially British and American Missions at stake, it is not to be wondered at that several of our missionaries have had serious questionings as to whether their duty was not in the war-zone rather than on the Mission Field. There can be little doubt that a German triumph would mean, not only the overthrow of British suzerainty, but the ruination of the vast network of British Missions in India. Not a British or Canadian missionary would be allowed to remain in the country. Moreover, in the eyes of the natives British supremacy and Christianity are one and they stand or fall together. The Foreign Mission Board cabled Rev. Ralph E. Smith, of Cocanada, acceding to his request to be allowed temporary release, feeling that perhaps in the person of one of its missionaries it could make its best contribution to the great and sacred cause for which the Allies are pouring out treasure and blood.

Under date of Sept. 30th, Lieut. Smith writes: "It is a great regret to me to leave the work, but I still believe it is my duty and feel like Paul when he said: 'I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there.' I certainly cannot see very far ahead of me, but my great desire is than when this war with its experience is over, I may be permitted to return to take up the work again and especially to put through this idea of establishing a publishing plant here. All my heart is in it. In the meantime I need grace to be faithful to duty, cheerful in the face of danger and grace to be a true Christian in the army." Mr. Smith's last quarter in India was a very fruitful one, having received into fellowship 25 of these by baptism. In the past eight months he has baptized 38.

In a letter to a friend in Toronto, Capt. (Chaplain) J. B. Grimshaw writes from Belgium on October 25th: "Yesterday (Sunday) was a good day with us. At 8.30 in the morning I met the first section of our men on church parade and from that I went to the various gun positions and sections of our brigade until I had conducted seven services and covered I do not know how many miles, returning to my billet after dark. Rain came on before the day was done, so at our last service about two hundred men got into a barn and using an ammunition case for a platform we had a good time answering Job's question, 'How should man

be just with God?' For hymns we sang 'I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say,' 'Jesus Lover of My Soul,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

"Every once in a while, while tramping along the three-and-one-half miles back to my billet through the drizzling rain, the road scarcely seen, bursting shells made the earth tremble, and the businesslike roar of our guns answered the disturbance of the enemy. In the midst of all this the thought kept coming to my mind:

'So long Thy power has blessed me,
Sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
Till the night is gone.'

"And amidst the conditions of the evening, I found communion with Him very sweet. . . . . These great fellows at the front are wonderful listeners."

Rev. L. C. Whitelaw, B.A. '10, who has been working with the China Inland Mission and who continues with them, has gone to a new station. He will now be removed one hundred miles, or a journey of five days, from the nearest Mission Station. The city, Szenan, has a population of about 20,000, and in the same district there are two other cities and several market towns. Mr. Whitelaw's address is now, China Inland Mission, Szenan, Kneichow, China.

Rev. Charles Waddell, B.A. '15, is preaching at Norwood, Ont., in the Baptist Church, and was ordained there on Dec. 1st.

N. W. D. Davis, B.A. '14, is hard at it in Egbe, Northern Nigeria, employed in a post-graduate course in the tongue the folks speak there. He hopes soon to have a practical mastery of the language. His health is good, though some months ago he was dangerously ill.

Arthur O. Parry, B.A., '15, is engaged in the work of inspecting the homes to which boys are sent from one of the Western Ontario orphan homes. Further details will be appreciated.

The marriage of Ernest J. Bingham, B.A. '07, barrister of Winnipeg, to Miss Eva Maude Mann, daughter of Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Mann, of 30 Harvard Avenue, Toronto, is announced to take place on December 22nd.

Rev. P. C. Cameron, B.A., B.Th. '00, is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Berlin, Ont. Mr. Cameron has had successful pastorates at Paris, Owen Sound and Windsor.

Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., LL.D., has published an interesting book on "The Woman Movement." A fuller an-

nouncement will doubtless appear in other pages of THE MONTHLY.

Miss V. I. Dickens, B.A. '10, of the Oakville Collegiate Institute staff, and Mrs. Winnabel Elliott Kerr, of the Chatham Collegiate Institute, have been awarded Art Specialists' certificates by the Ontario College of Art, Toronto.

There are three McMaster men who are helping to make things move in Medicine Hat, Alberta. George W. Gorman, B.A. '05, is Inspector of Schools; Rev. R. G. Blundell, Eng. '02, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, and David M. Sullivan, B.A. '14, is Classics Master in the High School.

Douglas Clyde Macintosh, B.A., (McMaster University, 1903), Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University, New Haven Connecticut, U.S.A., is the author of a new book, "The Problem of Knowledge," from the press of the Macmillan Company. A fuller notice appears elsewhere. Dr. Macintosh is spoken of by some of the best students at Yale as the "sanest thinker on the Faculties giving work in Philosophy." Those fortunate enough, as was the editor, to enjoy a year of Dr. Macintosh's teaching when he substituted for Dr. Ten Broeke at McMaster the year after his graduation, can readily understand this appreciation.

Ralph Evans Freeman, B.A. '14, son of Rev. J. D. Freeman, Theology '90, Leicester, England, has been selected as the Rhodes Scholar for 1916 by McMaster University. He received his public school training at Jesse Ketchum School, Toronto, and was born in Guelph in 1894. He prepared for the Oxford University local examinations at Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester, Eng., and in those examinations was granted honors. In 1914 he graduated from McMaster University with a B.A., and this year he obtained an M.A. He was a very brilliant student, and in his second year he won the McGregor-Smith-Burr Memorial Prize in special history and special English. The following year he won the Teetzel Prize in special philosophy, and in his fourth year he was first in special political economy, and was awarded a scholarship at the University of Chicago. Since graduating from McMaster he has been attending the latter institution. His younger brother was killed in the trenches last spring.

Lieut. Ernest Hooper, of the East Lancashires, was killed in action during a German drive on Ypres, on May 3rd. He was a son of Mr. David Hooper, life-long resident in India, who was honored last year by McMaster University with the

degree of LL.D. for research work in India. Dr. Hooper has the sincere sympathy of his fellow alumni.

Henry Alford Porter, B.A. '94, D.D. '15, Gaston Avenue Church, Dallas, Texas, has accepted the call of the Second Church, Atlanta, Georgia, in succession to Dr. John E. White, now of Anderson, South Carolina. At Walnut Street, Louisville, and in Dallas, Dr. Porter brought things to pass in a remarkable way. He will have a great church in Atlanta, and he will make it greater still with the passing years.—*Watchman-Examiner, Boston.*

Rev. Dr. Norton, Eng. '91, underwent still another very serious operation in Victoria Hospital, Toronto, on November 25th, and is gradually showing signs of improvement. This is the third time in the last five years that Dr. Norton has had to go under the surgeon's knife.

P. A. McDiarmid, B.A. '03, returned from the Belgian Congo, where he is a missionary under the American Baptist Board, at midsummer. He is now at Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y., giving an eight weeks 'course of lectures in Practical Missions. This is an annual course taking different topics each year; this year Africa is the topic and P. A. was the lecturer selected.

Dr. A. C. McKay, B.A., LL.D. '02, has recently returned from a five weeks' trip to California. His return was made the occasion of a reception tendered to him by the Faculty of the Technical School. During the four years that Dr. McKay has been at the head of the school, the Faculty has increased from about 50 to 150. At the reception, which was held on November 27th, Dr. McKay was presented with a grandfather's clock. He acknowledged the gift in his usual happy manner, and enlivened the evening with many interesting reminiscences concerning his trip to California. He considers it a fine place to visit if one is sure of enough money to come home again.

Rev. Gordon S. Jury, B.A. '09, is taking graduate work at Yale. Not many McMaster men have gone to Yale, and the university authorities were not sure how to equate his course. They applied to the University of Chicago, however, and received from them such a good estimate of McMaster that a generous equation was immediately arranged.

Rev. J. T. Priest, B.A. '04, lately of Jerseyville, has accepted the invitation to Belfountain and Credit Forks, and has already begun his new duties.

Rev. W. E. Morrow, B.A. '14, was ordained on November 13th at Bracebridge Baptist Church, where he is pastor.

Rev. J. D. Freeman, D.D., Theology '90, Leicester, England, has been appointed as representative on the Committee of the Baptist Colonial Society of London, England, of the Ontario and Quebec Baptists.

An error was made in the October number of THE MONTHLY in crediting R. H. Roberts, M.A., of Class '07, with being principal of Calgary Normal School. Mr. Roberts is instructor in mathematic history and history of education. We were somewhat premature in our announcement.

Miss Bessie S. Farmer, B.A. '14, is schoolmistress in her home town of Perth, Ontario.

Horatio H. Newman, B.A. '97, who was an associate professor in the Department of Science at Chicago University, has been appointed to a deanship.

Rev. W. H. Wallace, Eng. '97, has returned to the ministry after being in the real estate business in Toronto for a couple of years. He is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Barrie, Ontario.

Rev. Roy C. Bensen, B.A. '06, B.Th. '08, his wife, who was Miss Anita Waters '07, and their two little ones, will return to Canada on furlough from Vuyyuru, India, in the spring. Rev. C. L. Timpany, B.A. '06, B.Th. '08, and wife, who went to India the same year, 1908, are also returning on furlough.

George Grattan, B.A. '15, who was working on the Manitoulin survey during the summer months, is taking M.A. work in chemistry at McMaster.

D. E. Thomson, LL.D. '03, and Rev. John MacNeill, B.A. '96, were re-elected to the Board of Governors of McMaster University at the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention.

Rev. J. G. Brown, B.D., D.D. of Theology Class '99, was elected as president of the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention for the year 1915-16. Rev. W. S. McAlpine, B.A. '95, B.D., was chosen second vice-president. McMaster men, as usual, figured very largely on the denominational committees. In some cases it would mean the printing of the whole committee to list the McMasterites.

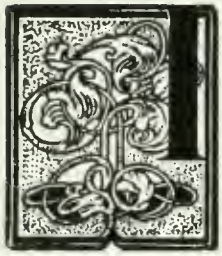
The editorship of this department will be assumed next month and for the balance of the year by Mr. Elvin J. Bengough, B.A. '02, Registrar of the University. We bespeak for him the cordial support of the graduates in carrying on this column. I wish to thank all those who have helped me in the past, and particularly this year's editor of THE MONTHLY, Mr. W. A.

Kenyon, B.A. '15, whose assistance in compiling the military information given in this issue has been invaluable. Send news items in future to Mr. E. J. Bengough, B.A., McMaster University, Toronto.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."



IT may not be wise to conclude too hastily that a long-absent friend is dead lest he return upon us unawares and cause us the humiliation of an explanation. It were better first to enquire for him in his usual haunts or lodgings. We have missed a number of our friends lately. We see no more their pleasant faces in our accustomed trysting place, nor enjoy their bright conversation in our leisure hours. We have made many guesses as to the cause of their prolonged absence and have even wondered if the censor had deleted some of them bodily. This would not surprise us beyond measure, in the case of some of them, they were so filled with information of war which might be useful to the enemy. We trust, however, that our misgivings are unfounded and that next month will see many more of our old friends returned.

In The Sheaf of November we noticed an interesting article on "Essay Writing" which we recommend to all students and professors who are at all afflicted with this most academic malady. The author indicates very clearly and forcibly the uses and dangers of this form of mental discipline. In much essay writing the student, while acquiring dexterity in handling words and phrases, may, in that very acquisition, become habituated in a slovenly mental state. The professor, on the other hand, may use this method of checking up the amount of work done by his students, but, at the same time, may miss his true function which is to help the students to help themselves.

The following is given by *The University of New Brunswick Monthly* as a Freshman's reason for studying on Sunday: "Is not a man justified in helping an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath?"

Begley.—"What does it mean when we say that there are sermons in stones?" Prof.—"It means that we have been listening to one preached by an old fossil."—*Ex.*

'Tis not the boy whose feet are large
Who makes the swiftest sprinter;
'Tis not the man with temper hot
Who best endures the winter.—*Ex.*

Travelling Inspector (cross-questioning the terrified class).—"And now, boys, who wrote 'Hamlet?'" Timid Boy: "P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me." Inspector (the same evening, to his host, the squire of the village): "Most amusing thing happened to-day. I was questioning the class and asked a boy who wrote 'Hamlet' and he answered tearfully, 'P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me.'" Squire (after loud and prolonged laughter): "Ha! Ha! That's good; and I suppose the little beggar had done it all the time!"—*The Tatler.*

SEA SONG.

I will go down to my sea again—to the waste of waters, wild and wide;
I am tired—so tired—of hill and plain and the dull tame face of the countryside.

I will go out across the bar with a swoop like the flight of a sea bird's wings
To where the winds and the waters are, with their multitudinous thunderings.

My prow shall furrow the whitening sea, out into the teeth of the lashing wind,
Where a thousand billows snarl and flee and break in a smother of foam behind.

O strong and terrible mother sea, let me lie once more on your cool white breast;
Your winds have blown through the heart of me and called me back from the land's dull rest.

For night by night they blow through my sleep, the voice of waves through my slumber rings,
I feel the spell of the steadfast deep; I hear its tramplings and triumphings.

And at last when my hours of life are sped, let them make me no grave by hill or plain;
Thy waves, O mother, shall guard my head—I will go down to my sea again.

—*Selected.*

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McMaster University Monthly

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OUR HONOUR ROLL.

Wounded.

HARKNESS, SERGT. L. C. '08; 17th Batt. N. S. Highlanders.
MOYLE, PTE. W. D., Westcliffe Hospital, Folkestone, England.

Prisoners of War.

RUTHERFORD, PTE. A. S., '14, Giessen, Germany.

On Active Service at Home or Overseas.

Members of Staff and Graduates.

ALLEN, PTE. H. H., '15, 61st Batt., Winnipeg.
ANDERSON, LIEUT. W. K., '14, 109th Batt., Lindsay, Ont.
BLACK, PTE. E. G., '13, 41st Battery, Exhibition Camp.
BROCKLEBANK, LIEUT. S. H., '14, 70th Batt., London, Ont.
CAMPBELL, STAFF-SERGT. E. D., '12, C.A.M.C. Training School, Sandgate, Kent, England.
CRAIG, PTE. J. D., '07, 53rd Batt., Edmonton.
DAVIES, SERGT. G., '15, 77th Batt., Rockcliffe Camp, Ottawa.
GILMOUR, CAPT. CHAPLAIN J. L., B.D. '99, D.D. '08, Exhibition Camp, Toronto.
GRANT, LIEUT. C. A., '02, 5th Univ. Co., Montreal.
GRIMSHAW, CAPT. CHAPLAIN J. B., '03, 3rd Brigade, C. F. A., 1st Div. C. E. F., France.
HOWES, PTE. J. E., '12, 29th Batt., France.
LAUCHLAND, CAPT. L. C., '00, M.B., Medical Officer 129 Batt., Dundas.
LEWIS, CAPT. E. P., '09, R.A.M.C., Medical Officer 123rd Batt., Exhibition Camp.
McLAY, CAPT. S. M., '03, M.B., R.A.M.C., No. XI Base Hospital, Boulogne, France.
McWILLIAMS, TPR. T. F., '14, No. 107385, M.G.S., 2nd Regt. 1st C.M.R. Brigade, C.E.F., France.

MOYLE, LIEUT. H. B., '06, M.B., R.A.M.C., England.
MULLOWNEY, CAPT. CHAPLAIN H. S., '09, 2nd Grey Batt.
PHILPOTT, CORP. G. M., '15, Salisbury, No. 89155, 26th Bty., C.F.A., C.E.F.
PRICE, LIEUT. V. W., '11, Kapuskasing Internment Camp.
SMITH, LIEUT. R. E., '00, Yorkshire Regt., Rawalpindi, India.
WALLACE, CAPT. W. S., M.A. (Lecturer in History), 139th Batt., Cobourg.
*WARE, PTE. N. J., '08, Fifth Univ. Co., Montreal.
*WILLCOCK, LIEUT. R. E., '12, 71st Batt., Woodstock, Ont.
WILLIAMS, BOM. R. E., '13, No. 83028, Hdqts. Staff, 4th Brigade, C.F.A., 2nd Div., C.E.F., France.
YOUNG, R. W., '01, R.A.M.C., England. (Information wanted.)

Undergraduates.

*CHISHOLM, PTE. W. A., '17, Div. Sig. Corps, Ottawa.
DEARBORN, PTE. L. E., '18, R.A.M.C. (returned).
*EBERSOLE, PTE. E. O., '18, A.M.C., Toronto.
*FIELD, PTE. F. W., '17, Div. Sig. Corps, Ottawa.
GUIOU, SERGT. G. W., '18, 3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., France.
*HICKS, PTE. W. L., '18, Div. Sig. Corps, Ottawa
IVES, PTE. C. L., Theol., No. 1013, No. 4 Univ. Base Hospital, Saloniki.
JONES, PTE. W. J., '18, No. 475507, 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., England.
McBAIN, PTE. D., '18, 5th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., Montreal.
MACKENZIE, PTE. C., '18, No. 475383, P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., England.
McCOY, LANCE-CORP. F. G., '18, No. 100133, Sign. Res., C.R.E., France.
NEWTON, PTE. L. P., '18, No. 475974, 3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., France.
ORSBORN, CORP. V. E., Theol., Colt M. G. School, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.
PINNOCK, PTE. H. C., '18, No. 475992, 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., Shorncliffe.
PRICE, BOM. W. D., '16, No. 89721, 26th Bty., 7th Bde., C.F.A., Satisbury Plain.

*Enlisted since last issue.

PRICE, PTE. S. L., '16, training in Saskatchewan.
RICE, PTE. W. S., 5th Univ. Co., Montreal.
ROSSER, CAPT. G. L., Theol., 139th Batt. Warkworth, Ont.
SPARKS, PTE. H S., Theol., No. 58075, M.G.S., 20th Batt., 4th Bde., C.E.F., France.

Students in Former Years.

BARTLETT, PTE. R. D., 5th Univ. Co., Montreal.
DUNN, PTE. C., 92nd Batt., Toronto.
FAIRCHILD, PTE. J. H., 26th Bty., 7th Bde., C.F.A., C.E.F., Satisbury Plain.
McCORMACK, H. A. (Information wanted.)
*RYRIE, SUB.-LT. J. G., Royal Flying Corps, London, England.
SANDERSON, PTE. M. A., 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., England.

In Training.

ATKINSON, R. G., '16, Prov. Lieut., 116 Batt., Uxbridge.
ELDER, LIEUT. J. A. D., '17, Signalling Officer, 147th Batt., Owen Sound (now at P.S.I.).
GILBERT, LIEUT. B. E., '16, appointed Signalling Officer, 118th Batt., Berlin, Ont. (now at P.S.I.).
LESTER, LIEUT. A. J., '15, Signalling Officer, 134 Batt., Toronto.
McKISSOCK, E., '16, Prov. Lieut. (now at P.S.I.).

In Y.M.C.A. Work.

FARMER, C. V., '15, Military Rep., Y.M.C.A., Kingston, Ont.
HOPE, C. P., '15, Military Y.M.C.A., Galt.

Latest Enlistments.

*CUTLER, PTE. L. S., '14, 151st Overseas Batt., Wetaskiwin, Alberta.
*DAVIES, J. H., '14, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
*WILSON, PTE. A. P., '16, C.A.M.C., Montreal.

*Enlisted since last issue.

MACBETH.

CCORDING to Shakespeare, the greatest tragedy in the world is the downfall of a human soul; the story of a strong man with a weakness, placed in such circumstances that this failing causes his fall. Macbeth, strong, courageous, and energetic in action, is assailed by temptation from within and without, and stumbles as a result of the very ambition, which, if properly controlled, would have made him the greatest man in the land. Once on the downward path he sinks rapidly; conscience is seared, honour is blighted and, as Deighton says, "he vanishes from our sight a fearful example of a noble mind depraved by yielding to the tempter, a terrible evidence of the fire of hell lighted in the breast of a living man by his own act."

At the beginning of the play we see Macbeth at his best, as "Bellona's bridegroom" and a "peerless kinsman," fearlessly fighting against the traitor and valiantly defeating his country's foes. He has the sagacity and skill of a great general combined with the patriotism and courage of a true soldier. As yet his thoughts are for his native land, and it is only in the flush of victory, when he suddenly discovers that he is his country's pride and all men are talking of his wondrous deeds, that royal ambition is kindled and hopes of greater glory arise within him. With such thoughts as these, he encounters the witches, those "instruments of darkness" whom he believes to have "more than mortal knowledge." Immediately the atmosphere changes, the thunder peals through the clouded heavens and the lightning flashes o'er the "blasted heath." This stormy darkness seems to be continued into his very soul and to cast its hideous shadows upon his thoughts. Great as is the influence of these evil forces upon Macbeth, Shakespeare surely does not intend us to consider him as their mere tool or as a piece of clay in the potter's hands.

He is free to resist or to accept their "supernatural soliciting," and, with eyes open to the treachery, he yields to their power. The reason that their "prophetic greeting," "All hail, Macbeth! that shall-be king hereafter!" makes him start, is that the idea suggested by their words has already found a resting place in his mind, and shows him with startling clearness the connection between his own guilty thoughts and the external forces of evil.

The second prophecy is presently fulfilled, hence the possibility of the fulfillment of the third is strengthened, and the bloody road to the "imperial crown" lies directly before him. Now begins the terrible struggle between conscience and ambition. He sees glory, honour and power ahead of him, but he dare not take the one step with which he could o'ertake them. Conscience makes its influence felt, not, however, through calm reasoning, but through "horrible imaginings," and his whole inner being revolts from the idea of murder. Macbeth's imagination is not that of a poet, who discerns the charm of love, the romance of war, the beauty of nature and the sublimity of life, but his is that almost morbid imagination, excitable and intense, roused by feelings of terror or fear, and causing great disturbance in mind and body.

In such a condition of inward tumult he comes into the presence of the mild, unsuspecting King Duncan. The opportunity for the fulfillment of his ambition is presented, for Duncan is to be a guest at his house. The hopes of the noble rise high, the glittering crown dazzles his sight, and, moreover, he sees the necessity of immediate action when the Prince of Cumberland is proclaimed heir to the throne.

> "The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down or else o'erleap
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
> Let not light see my black and deep desires:
> The eye wink at the hand yet let that be
> Which the eye fears when it is done, to see."

The struggle is renewed, and all his natural feelings of honour as a gentleman, duty as a subject, love as a kinsman,

obligation as a host and pity as a fellow-being, combine, till the victory over ambition seems almost gained, for he exclaims, "We will proceed no further in this business."

Had he been left to himself, the chances are that the murder would never have been committed and the tragedy would have ended here, but it was not to be. At this critical moment, temptation comes to him in a stronger form than it has yet appeared, in the persuasions of his "dearest partner of greatness." Not so easily will she allow him to swerve from their common purpose, for the accomplishment of which she has steeped her every nerve and stopped up the "access and passage to remorse." With keen understanding of his nature, with infinite resourcefulness, and biting sarcasm, she taunts him with being a coward, afraid to carry out his own designs and a man who breaks his word. Against such arguments as these, which strongly appeal to his soldier's pride and sense of honour, Macbeth is unable to stand, and, realizing his guilt, thus makes his decision.

> "I am settled and bend up
> Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
> Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
> False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

Before the plans can be carried out there comes a period of suspense which to him is intolerable, because it allows his imagination full sway. He is haunted by images of "air-drawn daggers" on whose handles are "gouts of blood"; he imagines that the "sure and firm-set earth" hears his steps and the "very stones prate of his whereabouts." The murder is done, but done calmly and deliberately, for action relieves the tension of his mind. Not till all is over does his fierce excitement return; he hears voices crying "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep," and every noise appals him. His is not the terror of detection, but the terror caused by conscience speaking through his imagination. The deed is done with no sense of glory, but in horror, and remorse takes possession of him immediately afterward, for we hear him say,

"Wake, Duncan, with thy knocking!
I would thou could'st!"

and

"Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality.
Then follow sleepless nights and days of brooding melancholy."

He keeps much alone, of sorriest fancies his companions making, his mind is full of scorpions, and "all that is within him does condemn itself for being there." Thinking this mental torture is because of insecurity, he looks about for the easiest way to gain peace and sees Banquo.

"For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered.
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings;
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!"

By the murder of Banquo, peace is not obtained, for his half-murdered conscience places the deed before his eyes in the shape of an apparition, and the old struggle returns. His mind is still tortured and he determines to try any means to put an end to his misery.

"For mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

In desperation he consults his witches again, but their prophecies only make him worse. Macduff's family are brutally murdered in his futile attempt to relieve his "restless ecstasy."

By this time conscience is stifled and pity no longer holds him back. He who committed his first crime only after a great struggle becomes a blood-thirsty tyrant.

"Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face."

Yet we never lose our sympathy for the fallen hero as we would for one naturally evil at heart. We pity him as he utters these pathetic words:

"I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf
And that which should accompany old age
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have."

Let me conclude this brief sketch of Macbeth by a quotation from Bradley's book on "Shakespearean Tragedy."

"There remains something sublime in the defiance with which, even when cheated of his last hope, he faces earth and hell and heaven. In the very depths a gleam of his native love of goodness, and with it a touch of tragic grandeur, rests upon him. The evil he has desperately embraced continues to madden or to wither his inmost heart. No experience in the world could bring him to glory in it, or make his peace with it, or to forget what he once was."

Olive L. Clarke, '17.

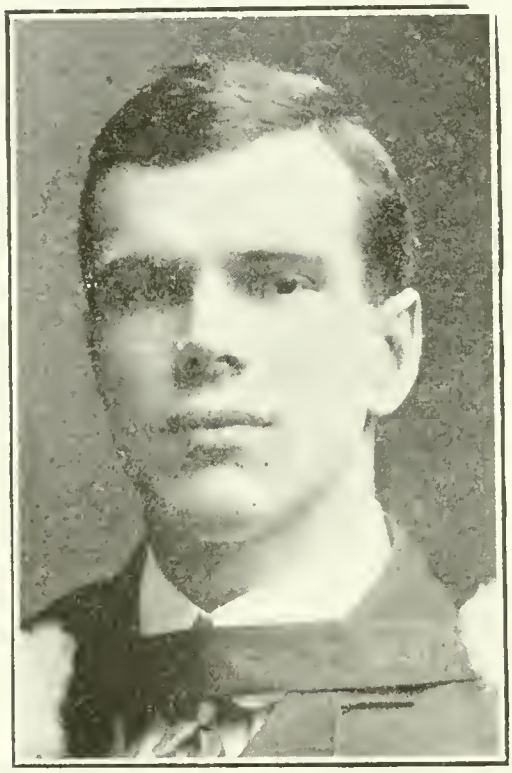
HAROLD HOSSACK McGREGOR.

NEWS of the death of Harold McGregor came to all as an almost incredible announcement. To those of us who had been closely associated with him, it was with reluctance and sorrow that we accepted the truth and realized that we had lost a friend who had meant much to us in the past and with whom we had planned to enter on the years to come. Hal. returned to his home in Ottawa early in August, after spending part of the vacation at Cleveland carrying out scientific work. Although in poor health then, he considered his run-down condition to be the natural consequence of the extra strain of investigational work after a hard year of teaching and went off on the canoe trip from Algonquin Park which he had planned with Bill Waters, '13, and his brothers, Fred and Roy. Instead of regaining strength and vigor as calculated, however, he gradually became worse. The trip was cut short and as quickly as possible Hal. was taken to Ottawa. After three weeks' struggle with the typhoid fever, he died at his home on September 13th.

Harold McGregor was born at Ottawa in 1885. After completing the usual preparatory studies in the city schools, he entered McMaster University, joining the Class of 1908. The two years which followed the completion of his sophomore work were spent in the Canadian North-West, where he was in the employ of the City of Regina as assistant to the city engineer, and also later in that of the Bitulithic Paving Company, whose headquarters were at Winnipeg. In the fall of 1908 he returned to McMaster University and completed his Arts course with the Class of 1910. Although his specialized work was done in Science, he took a keen interest in the course offered in English and Philosophy. He had a fine appreciation of literature and spent much of his spare time in reading. DeQuincy and Stevenson were among his favorite authors. He was ever on the lookout

for a writer's philosophical views and loved to have opportunity to discuss these with some one. As a writer, he had more than ordinary ability and during his senior year rendered splendid service to THE MCMASTER MONTHLY by his able editing of the department of "Around The Hall." In the University athletic activities, too, he played his part, both on the teams and the Athletic Committee.

During the summer following his graduation and several other summers as well, Mr. McGregor worked in the cement testing



laboratory of the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, which laboratory is under the direction of Mr. E. Viens, '05. In the fall of 1911 Mr. McGregor went to the University of Louisville Medical College, Louisville, Ky., where he had accepted the position of assistant to Dr. C. J. Robinson. There, besides fulfilling his duties in a way which won the friendship and esteem of his professor, he continued his studies, and in two years

secured the degree of Master of Science in Physiological Chemistry. From Louisville he went to the University of Illinois, where he held a fellowship in the Department of Physiological Chemistry for the remaining two years of his post-graduate studies.

In fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Mr. McGregor completed post-graduate courses in Physiological and Organic Chemistry and in Physiology. His thesis was based upon a study of the "Proteins of the Central Nervous System." This topic was of his own choosing and was to have been the subject of his researches in subsequent years. In recognition of his ability and earnestness as a student Mr. McGregor was elected to membership in the Honorary Chemistry Society, Phi Lambda Upsilon, and also, later, to the Honorary Scientific Society, Sigma Xi. He was also a member of the Social Scientific Graduate Fraternity, Gamma Alpha.

Mr. McGregor's choice of the physiological side of the broad field of Chemistry was the natural outcome of his philosophical disposition. Physiological Chemistry is concerned with the study of the substances elaborated by living organisms, and it is in this realm that science is making its most direct attempt to gain an understanding of the processes which go on in living matter, and even to solve the secret of life itself. In following out the subject chosen for his thesis, Mr. McGregor planned to establish a method for isolating the proteins which occur in brain tissue, and then to study the changes, if any, which take place in the nature of these substances throughout the range of lower and higher orders of life. By such a study he hoped to be able to determine to what extent there was correlation between the structural composition of the characteristic chemical substances of brain tissue, and the degree of development of the nervous system in the order of intelligence of animal form.

Mr. McGregor received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Illinois in the spring of 1914. At about the same time he accepted a position as instructor in Physiological Chemistry at Western Reserve University, Cleveland,

Ohio. Last spring he secured a better position on the instructional staff of the Medical Department. During the time spent at Cleveland Mr. McGregor succeeded in accomplishing more investigational work and his name has appeared several times among the authors of scientific papers. It was probably during the weeks that he remained at Cleveland this summer conducting a research on milk that he contracted the typhoid fever.

Few men were better equipped in both personality and training for a life work of value and usefulness. Mr. McGregor possessed a happy combination of humor and good sense which was enjoyed and admired by all whom he met. His conversation sparkled with clever wit when humor was in order and at repartee he was seldom worsted. He disliked superficiality, however, and quickly tired of empty talk. He sought his friends among the seriously minded. Unlike many specialists in science, his interest in the truth was not confined to the rather narrow limits of his profession. He sought in his reading and thinking for light on the great problems of society and religion. He was ever ready for discussion, and to anyone who was in earnest he opened his mind and heart. In thus expressing and reviewing his thoughts he not only learned better to understand himself but also stirred others to more serious thinking. I am deeply thankful for the opportunity I had of being for two years closely associated with Mr. McGregor at Illinois. He was one of the very few of all my fellow students who meant more to me than part of the general university surroundings. He entered into my life and left a lasting impression. His memory will always be with me and it will be an inspiration to keep in mind the real things of life and to do conscientious work towards ends that are unselfish. Those of us who had learned to love Mr. McGregor, and had counted on his friendship as part of the equipment with which we were to face the future, share in a measure the loss which his death has brought to his parents and relatives. To them we all extend our deepest sympathy.

K. A. Clark, '10.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Noticing in the last issue of The Monthly that "Our Graduates" will now be edited by E. J. Bengough, I feel that some things ought to be said by a graduate both with regard to the work done in connection with the department by J. H. Cranston and also as to the attitude which I believe should be taken to The Monthly by every graduate of our University.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Cranston for the able way that he grappled with the problem of making "Our Graduates" really worth while and the splendid solution of that problem as given to readers of The Monthly. Well do I remember in the old days when I was connected with The Monthly that "Our Graduates" was hardly worth the page which contained it. Certainly it never induced any graduate subscriber to remain on the list. And this is no reflection on the ability of any former editor. The fact was that an undergraduate was simply not in a position to edit the department efficiently, and all former subscription managers know how difficult it was to persuade graduates to continue their subscriptions. It was a test of loyalty, and many failed. But with the advent of Mr. Cranston as editor things changed absolutely. The department has been not only a source of delight to all graduates, but also a big asset to the magazine. I hope I speak for every son and daughter of McMaster who has ever taken any interest in The Monthly when I say that we appreciate to the full the unquestionable self-sacrifice of Mr. Cranston, and also Mrs. Cranston, in building up "Our Graduates" and making it the splendid department that it now is.

To any graduates who read this letter I would like to make three suggestions. First, keep up your subscription to The Monthly. It is a small matter; and if you send the dollar when you receive the notice you will never miss it. There is very little

to bind us together when we leave the walls of our Alma Mater, but THE MONTHLY can be a link of incomparable value if we only choose to make it so. Second, if you know of any news either of another graduate or yourself which you think would be welcomed by the rest of us, sit right down and send it along to E. J. Bengough. We all want to know what you are doing and what the other fellow is doing. If you are troubled with either excessive modesty or simple indifference, endeavor to overcome it for the time being anyhow. Third, send an article to THE MONTHLY occasionally. For my own part, I look upon it as a lamentable fact that most of the graduates never think of such a thing. Those who feel unable should send back their diplomas. With "Our Graduates" in able hands the one thing needed to make THE MONTHLY a magazine that every graduate will read and look forward to is an article in each issue by a graduate. Why not have it so?

Taking it for granted that every graduate has the interest of our Alma Mater at heart, I appeal to all those who read these lines to co-operate in making THE MONTHLY an organ for graduates as well as undergraduates. It will be a tie to bind us; it will be an eye to enable us to see one another; it will be a stimulus to prompt us to emulate the successes of those who are doing this world's work in such a way as to bring credit to the University that we all love.

Fraternally yours,

JOSEPH WEARING, '10.

McMASTER OVERSEAS.

From Corporal G. M. Philpott, 26th Battery, C. F. A.:

. . . . . The left section of the 26th Battery was composed of Toronto University men, McMaster being represented to the extent of Doug. Price, Happy Fairchild and yours truly. Great has been the change in the McMaster representatives. Bombardier Price—better known as "the wee pug"—now resides behind a huge, bristling, bright red forest known to the Battery as the Swede's Moustache. In spite of this Doug. expects to get a commission one of these days. Happy also has a "mustn't touch," as he calls it. Happy is the life of the battery and a good man at any job—an expert gunner and an excellent rider. Happy and I will remain in the common herd. Commissions are not hard to get here, but they are in the imperial army and I would much prefer fighting for Canada exclusively or at least primarily. . . . . The place here is a mass of slushy mud. We in the artillery feel it especially. Our stables are a swamp. We spend all day with the horses, and all night grooming them and cleaning the harness. Then we are expected to turn out in the morning like the glistening spotless soldiers you read about. We turn out quite different—plastered with mud on hands, feet, everywhere—for in spite of the rain, water is scarce. I believe I shall propose to headquarters to have the McMaster High Kakiak deliver his annual address about table etiquette—I have forgotten what manners are. Don't think I'm a pessimist. I'm as happy as I ever was and have never once regretted the step I took, but the more I see of other countries the more I like Canada.

I have had the honor of being made a corporal and that helps a good deal, as I do no fatigue duty, not even to grooming my horse. I have one of my own now. I am in charge of the ammunition wagon, for it is the corporal's duty to keep the guns always supplied with ammunition. I am in charge, off

parade, of a sub-section of thirty-five men—a wild bunch and harder to hold in check than a Nip and Tuck assemblage. Naturally I am often attacked by unscrupulous persons who offer bribes, etc., but my experience with the aforesaid Nip and Tuck Society keeps me on the square and also from being broke.

We had a rather exciting experience some time ago—I suppose you heard of it. We were raided by German Zeppelins. It was nine o'clock one dark night when the buglars sounded the general alarm and "lights out!" A few minutes after we could hear the Zepps. coming along through the usual English fog, high up in the air like some unknown sinister vultures, with the high-pitched regular hum of their propellers. Then came the still higher-pitched scream of the dropping bombs. They seemed to drop directly in our midst. They made a tremendous crash and a blinding glare, and there was heard the whir of missiles flying through the air and the crashing of broken windows. It was our baptism of fire and not one of us but had his knees pounding together. Happy and I grabbed each other, thinking all was over. It was "some" feeling standing there and waiting to be hit, without doing anything in return. When the roll was called and the men gathered out from under beds, trees, tables and hay-stacks, we found all present, with no more serious damage to anyone than a bad scare. The Fifth Brigade at Atterpool Camp, right next to us, was not nearly so lucky. . . . . .

I was in the famous Lord Mayor's parade which took place some time ago. Every Canadian unit was asked to send a representative and I was fortunate enough to be chosen from the Twenty-sixth Battery. We went to London all dolled up for the occasion. It was a grand parade, more sombre and martial than usual, but nevertheless wonderful. The Canadians, 100 strong, marched near the front. There were Australians, New Zealanders, sailors, Ghurkas, captured German guns, airships, anti-aircraft guns, and all the splendor of the Lord Mayor's retinue. We marched twenty miles in the rain, through lines of densely packed people, who cheered all the day long and threw us cigarettes, candy, apples, chocolates, and even money. Every-

body here treats us Canadians like princes, except perhaps the merchants and tradesmen, who take it for granted that we are princes, with a prince's fortune attached, and look upon us as bloated aristocrats.

. . . . . I would dearly like to drop back into Mac. for a while, to heave a pail of water on someone all dolled up and waiting for the phone, to fix someone's bed, to take ——'s chest expansion, to rub a cherry pie in ——'s hair, and to visit the Home Lunch at 2. p.m. I would like to have a glimpse of "Ern" Smith and Co. reclining in the corner and reciting "And he was not right fat, I undertake." However, *dis aliter visum.*

Glad to see Mac. won the first debate. Stick to the old shield. I'm sorry I'm not there to take a debate myself, and surprised not to see R. D. Campbell's name in connection with debating, but I suppose you're keeping him and "Ern" Smith for the final.

Remember me to all the profs., the Nip and Tuck, the fair ladies, Daddy James and wife, and all the others. Wishing McMaster and all included therein the best, I am,

Yours sincerely,

PHIL.

RALPH EVANS FREEMAN: RHODES SCHOLAR.

THE choosing of a Rhodes Scholar is by no means an easy task. The difficulty in the present instance was not so much to find a man who could measure up to the requirements, as to select which of many had these qualifications in the largest degree. In the selection of Ralph Freeman we believe that McMaster University has done wisely. However, such a statement as this is really worth nothing in itself, for in all obituaries (howbeit this little article is surely no funeral aftermath), and in all biographies (although we do

not wish this couple of pages to be regarded as a complete life history), some such statement makes its appearance with the same unerring regularity as the fly-leaf at the front, or the name of the publisher on the title page of a book. Only as that which follows proves the statement, does such a remark have any significance. We believe that facts show that whatever doubts those who know us best may entertain of our veracity in general, in

this particular case it must be admitted that we have actually told the truth.

Ralph Freeman was born at Guelph in the summer of 1894. His father is well known to the Baptists of Canada, being a former pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, and having delivered the Baccalaureate sermon in the spring of 1914. Being the son of a minister, travel bulked large in making up the sum of Ralph's experiences. He began his schooling in Frederickton, N.B., continued it in St. John, N.B., and con-

cluded his Canadian public school course at Huron Street Public School, Toronto, this, by his own admission, being the only school at which he did not receive a daily or weekly chastisement. Following these experiences the family moved to England, taking up residence in Leicester. Here the Wyggeston Boys' School claimed the youth's attention, and although soccer and cricket were indulged in freely, his school work was consistently good, and in the final test he graduated with honors.

In the fall of 1911, after four years' residence in England, he returned to Canada to attend McMaster University. He entered in his sophomore year, and in the spring was awarded the McGregor-Smith-Burr Memorial Prize in special history and special English. The following year he won the Teetzel Prize in special philosophy, and in his fourth year he was first in special political economy and was awarded a scholarship at the University of Chicago. He obtained his M.A. in 1915, and is at present studying at the University of Chicago in preparation for his doctor's degree.

While at McMaster University, Ralph Freeman entered into all the activities of the school. As his graduation biography states: "He has held office in every student organization, theological, social and athletic, including the position of chairman of the Women's Student Body, and has been on intimate terms alike with the faculty, the juniorettes and the janitor." As secretary, and later as first vice-president, of the Student Body, he showed rare ability in being able to mix with and lead men. In his fourth year he was editor of "Around the Hall" in THE MONTHLY. A perusal of the year's publication will show that there were few things in the life of the school in which he was not thoroughly interested. Soccer and rugby were put down as a regular part of his curriculum in the fall, and although in his graduating year he was unfortunate enough to break his collar-bone in rugby early in the game, he refused to let it dampen his enthusiasm.

Readiness of speech was, however, a weak point in Ralph's make-up upon his arrival at McMaster, but time soon worked great changes. The spirit of the school soon drew him out and

it was not long before he could be found discussing at a moment's notice philosophy, current events, or the advisability of bathing a bumptious freshman. By the time he graduated he had attained considerable fluency, and a debate in which he successfully took part, the proposal of a toast to "Canadian Colleges" at the Literary Society Banquet, his report of the Students' Convention at Kansas City, where, by the way, he was a representative of McMaster, and, finally, his reply to the toast to the graduating classes at the Junior Collation Banquet, gave evidence of growing ability as a speaker quite above the average.

But in spite of such active participation in the general life of the school, Ralph made his studies his business. He knew *how* to study and went about his work with an interest and determination that soon gained for him an enviable place in the list of scholarships and prizes. His work was consistent and to some purpose, for what he learned he made part of himself; it was not displayed with an air of learning, but used merely to form opinions and convictions which he was then prepared to uphold. We can say nothing better, nor anything more truthful, than that he was in every sense of the word a gentleman.

In view of these facts we once more venture the opinion that McMaster University, in choosing Ralph Freeman as Rhodes Scholar, has chosen very wisely indeed. We are well content to leave the honor of our University in his hands. His residence at Oxford cannot fail to be of immense service to himself, nor can it fail to reflect credit on the scholarship of McMaster and upon the good judgment of those who chose him to represent his Alma Mater.

R. R. McGregor, '16.

THE CANADIAN IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY.*

RON is a most significant metal. It enters into the make-up of a vast variety of commodities and is regarded by business men and financiers as the most reliable barometer of general industrial conditions. Therefore Dr. Donald, in writing of iron and steel, deals, not with an insignificant isolated factor, but with one of supreme importance closely and vitally inter-related with the other factors of the industrial system. This makes the task of tracing the development of the industry and the attempt to draw conclusions as to cause and effect relationships therein not only one of difficulty but also one of greatest interest to students of economic history.

The author weaves the history of the industry around the question of protection. Part I introduces the subject by outlining the general industrial development of Canada, with a description of the resources of coal and iron that have thus far been discovered. The story of iron and steel production is divided into three sections which are the subjects of the three remaining parts of the book: the first covering the period prior to 1879, the second, from the inauguration of the National Protective Policy by the Conservative Party in that year to the advent of the Liberal Party in 1897, and the third, from 1897 to 1914.

It is a view held by many that the tariff is the chief cause of the growth of the iron and steel industry. The advocates of protection point triumphantly to the weakness that followed the reduction of the duties in 1867 and the rapid development that followed the imposition of higher duties in 1890. Dr. Donald points out that in both cases there are many other factors besides the tariff to be considered. For instance, with respect to the period 1867 to 1879, the author insists that, although the low protective duty may have handicapped several ventures, nevertheless

*"The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry," by W. J. A. Donald: Houghton Mifflin Company: 1915.

a sufficient amount of the best ores had not been discovered, foreign capital was discouraged and there was a woeful lack of skilled and inexpensive labor. These circumstances, added to the restricted nature of the market, the lack of transportation and the low prices caused by the depression in the seventies, must certainly be taken into consideration in an explanation of the failure of the industry in these early years. Furthermore, after 1879 additional supplies of ore and fuel became available, the market broadened and considerable domestic capital was invested in iron and steel. But it was after 1897, when the duties, especially on raw steel and iron products, were reduced that the development of the industry became most rapid. In recent years, however, the advantages of a skilled labor force and a body of capable managers have been realized, and the invention of the open hearth process has made possible the utilization of additional Canadian ore.

The book may be regarded as an argument for the recognition of non-political factors in industrial development, and a plea against the superstition that attributes the origin of all good and evil to the government. Recognition is given to the benefit derived from protection, especially in the finishing industries, where the duty checked outside competition and permitted Canadians to begin on a small scale. It is shown, however, that in the case of the primary industries such as pig-iron and steel the success achieved was due almost entirely to fundamental technical conditions. Dr. Donald advocates the removal of duties from primary products and the downward revision of the tariff in the finishing industries. In support of these two propositions he points out that the removal of the duty from the primary products would decrease the cost of raw materials for the finishers and that the lowering of duties on intermediate and finished goods would force Canadian producers to reduce costs by extending their plants and increasing the scale of production. The fact that in iron and steel industries the finished product of one is a raw material of another, that, for instance, wire is the final product of the wire producer and the raw material for the maker

of nails, makes it difficult to meet the needs of all. The nearer the product protected is to the primary, the more the raw materials are hit by the protection. This makes it inadvisable to tax the importation of primary products.

There is an interesting chapter on the recent combination movement among iron and steel producers. Here it is shown that the combining movement originated in the desire of producers to obtain a market for raw and intermediate products, to make possible a greater degree of specialization and to economize in marketing, selling and delivery. The author shows that, although little effect in the way of saving has been accomplished, the movement has progressed so far that to-day a few large corporations dominate the field, each devoted to a special line of production and coming into competition only with those firms which are too insignificant to attract the attention of the public. He seems to think that the amount of interlocking of directorates among the Canadian iron and steel corporations indicates an understanding that virtually excludes any serious competitive element.

The work as a whole is well balanced and logically arranged. Though something might have been added in the way of explanation to guide the amateur through the technical mining terms in the early chapters and a stickler for style might desire more variety of form and diction, nevertheless the work is clear and interesting to read. No thoughtless conclusions are drawn and full recognition is given to the "multiplicity of interrelated causes" which is characteristic of phenomena in social sciences. It is coming to be recognized more and more that a sound national policy presupposes a sound economic science, that economic legislation, whether concerning the tariff or not, ought to be based upon a careful study of the real effects of social action. In such a light should Dr. Donald's book be viewed. It is representative of a line of work that calls for many laborers, a type of work that will be demanded more and more as the state extends the industrial sphere of its control.

R. E. Freeman, '14.

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Editorial Notes.

No! we are not going to rail against January exams. We are too proud to remember them. Nor are we going to talk about perils of nineteen hundred and sixteen, or co-education (juxtaposition quite accidental), nor even to re-form last New Year's resolutions. Just a few commonplaces of the editorial sanctum.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen will be another war year. The more chauvinistic spirits among us would have all able-bodied university men at the front or on the way. From seats of influence and sane judgment we have heard that the war alone in the present crisis requires leadership. With such an attitude we have no quarrel. It is not the student's privilege to believe that he is of greater worth than others, or more indispensable to the future. But, if a student *does* remain at home, work awaits him, and there is no excuse for the regrettable tendency which

is sometimes seen, to let work be neglected. Listlessness and indecision and inaction are hardly pardonable at any time, least of all in a war year. Responsibility rests upon each student at home or abroad and neutrality is as little desired in the individual as in the nation. Neglect of studies cannot in itself be called patriotism. Indifference to the claims of the various college activities is not essentially heroic. Because many have left the student societies is just the reason why you should give them your loyal support, and this we ask for the present year. Athletics requires your support if it is not to become a dead issue. The Officers' Training Corps has a special claim to a regular attendance. The Literary Society needs your assistance and patronage. The Debating Union deserves better support than it has been given in the past. The Executive has taken considerable pains to formulate a new constitution and make the debates interesting. Responsibility for the success or failure of debating rests with the students. Until we have answered the ultimate stern call of the year, let us be faithful in the spheres in which we are.

The selection of Ralph E. Freeman, M.A., as Rhodes Scholar, has, we feel sure, been a wise one, and one which cannot but be commended by those who knew Ralph as classmate and college acquaintance, for, although graduating in his nineteenth year, he had already given evidence of that fine intellect and force of character which are desired in a Rhodes Scholar. The choice is one which is bound to reflect credit upon our Alma Mater. The question of the Rhodes Scholarship makes us wonder at the purpose of that original and far-reaching plan of one man whose munificence has in twelve years brought eight hundred students to Oxford, is bringing sixty-five yearly, and will continue to do so *in perpetuum*. The success or failure of that purpose, and the students entering into it, have had their share of criticism, friendly and adverse. That object was not primarily the self-realization of the student but the working out of a great idea, which was nothing less than the consolidation of the

British Empire and the conciliation of the world for the ultimate good of mankind. This universal and imperial idea had for its base, the British Empire; for its centre, Oxford University; as its agents, Rhodes Scholars. As part of such a scheme it is evident that much is expected from the Rhodes Scholar. In the first place there is looked for either intellectual superiority, or impelling force of character or athletic prowess. In international and imperial questions, the scholar is supposed to take an interest. Unless he is in sympathy with such he has failed of the faith reposed in him by the founder of the scholarships.

These remarks are not made for the instruction of our present Rhodes Scholar, but merely as comments. However, there may be in them a point for students in general. Surely Mr. Rhodes was right. Education should not be a narrow selfish thing: it should be a matter of universal significance, and the apprehension of a great idea.

Mr. E. J. Bengough, B.A., takes up this month the alumni quill laid aside by Mr. J. H. Cranston, B.A., after four years of excellent work. No eulogy of Mr. Cranston's work is here required; suffice it to refer to the reputation which he has long held among readers of THE MONTHLY—a reputation which made the work of finding a successor no easy one, for the sources of so full information, and the secret of so lively an interest indicated diligent labor as well as journalistic aptitude. A graduate—a former associate editor, wrote last term: "In this time of literary depression THE MONTHLY can't afford to lose Mr. Cranston. Woo him, Bill! Woo him!" With those sentiments we were quite in accord, and the wooing we were willing to attempt, and the result—one more addition to an already dismal list of failures in that direction. However, we are very glad to have found in Mr. Bengough a successor. We consider ourselves fortunate indeed in having such an editor. His knowledge of graduates through the registrar's office is wide and "Our Graduates" is in good hands.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. McGREGOR, '16.

"And seven women shall take hold of one man in that day."—Isaiah 4: 1.

EAR FRIENDS:—Our text for this month has a most striking application to the day and time in which we live. The year of our Lord 1916, being exactly divisible by 4, is one of those periods in which the ladies are supposed to feel it their duty and privilege to assume certain responsibilities otherwise left to those of the male persuasion. This entire change in tactics will no doubt cause considerable commotion, but we hope that the gentlemen will be able to accommodate themselves to new conditions quite as quickly as the ladies. As the situation is new, a suggestion or two might not be amiss. In the first place, when a lady comes to the Reading Room door, only one gentleman should answer the knock. No couple should hold converse for more than two minutes, for the doorway might become crowded. If asked to visit a soda-fountain after Lit., be very careful not to assume that a full purse is a necessary adjunct to a smiling face. This frequently results in misunderstanding and severed friendships. One ounce of caution early is often of more use than the expenditure of £1 at a later date. After having been seen home, don't detain the lady unduly at the front step. Let her get away before the night car fares come into force. These few suggestions are merely given as general directions. Particular situations will require particular treatment. Caution and tact are imperatively necessary. More we cannot say, but send out the foregoing advice in the hope that it may help some troubled one. How can he escape if he reject so great a warning?

It's a far cry away back to Field Day, on December 4th, but there *was* one and it's only right that we should make note of the fact. Cedarvale was once more the destination to which the entire battalion was headed, and led on by the C. O. T. C. Band, the appearance was most decidedly military. The dinner hour

was appropriately observed at Cedarvale. The afternoon's tactics consisted of the battalion making an attack on a innocent-looking fence a Sabbath day's journey in the direction of the going down of the sun. The uninitiated will smile at such a foolish way of spending an afternoon, but if you really wish to understand the difficulty of the task, just lie down on your study floor, and while still remaining about as flat as the carpet beneath you, crawl to the other end of the room. Having completed the journey, turn around and crawl back again—in fact, keep it up for ten minutes or so. When you get tired of that, why do it for another ten minutes, then stand up, run far enough to get up a good speed, and then fling yourself flat on the floor and crawl again. Keep on crawling, and running, and falling flat for an hour or two and you will begin to appreciate the joys of field day. Well, to go back to where we left off, the fence was captured, and after making up the list of casualties, real and imaginary, the battalion headed for home.

One of our reporters is trying to discover just what was meant when one of the ladies told him at the rink that she found it necessary to put cold cream on her lips to keep the "chaps" away.

Capt. W. S. Wallace and Lieutenant G. L. Rosser have joined the 130th Battalion at Cobourg. After drill on December 6th the McMaster platoon arranged for a little send-off in the form of an informal banquet. After supper a few short speeches were delivered, and were received with great applause. Sgt. George Grattan in particular distinguished himself by combining eloquence with humor—in fact, it was so funny that he could hardly stop laughing long enough to tell us about it. The High Kakiak expressed the appreciation of the members of the platoon for the interest the officers had taken, and expressed the hope that their new command might provide them with a class of men who would be a little more amenable to military discipline than those they were leaving behind. Capt. Wallace and Lt. Rosser extended their thanks for the send-off and invited others to join them.

Is an income tax necessary? Year '16 proved to the satisfaction of three judges and to the dissatisfaction of two of Year '17's debaters that such a tax should be imposed. J. H. Fox and J. E. Bates, of Year '16, opposed H. M. Brownlee and J. H. Elder, of Year '17. The Juniors were unfortunate in that they were prepared to find fault with the system of imposing the tax, but the Seniors contented themselves with proving that such a tax

was necessary, leaving the method of collection to be devised by Sir Robert Borden and his more experienced colleagues. Although it is the conventional thing to say, it is nevertheless the truth that the debate was a good one. A touch of humor from both sides helped the interest. Both teams had put hard work on their speeches, but '17 was unfortunate in starting off in the wrong direction.

Moustaches in various stages of development have been in evidence for some time past. So many frantic boasts and foolish words had been heard from various people about their ability to grow a thatch on the upper lip that the Nip and Tuck found little difficulty in getting entries for a competition. The competition closed on Friday night, December 10th, judgment being made and prizes awarded following the '16-'17 debate. The rules of the Debating Union governed the contest, namely, sixty per cent. for material and forty per cent. for style. In order to make sure that no bribery would be indulged in, the ladies only were allowed to vote, being previously warned that no favoritism should be shown. As a result of the balloting H. R. McLarty was declared a winner, making up with a wealth of material what he lacked in style. W. Howard Gill presented the prize—a beautiful second-hand razor—and advised the winner to make use of it with all possible speed. C. J. Baker was accorded last place. Careful tending and strict abstinence in the use of the razor had failed to induce any noticeable growth. He was given an I.O.U. on the Nip and Tuck Society for the sum of fifty cents. At the date of going to press he had not yet been able to cash it.

'Twas a braw bright moonlight nicht on December 16, when Year '17 started the skating season with a Year party at Varsity rink. The reason for such haste in inaugurating the season was the departure of F. W. Field and W. A. Chisholm, both having enlisted in the Divisional Signallers. The ice was good, and of course it goes without saying that everybody had a good time. After skating, the party repaired to Hunt's, where refreshments and speeches were indulged in. President Twiss acted as chairman and called upon W. A. Chisholm for a few words. Chisholm gave a speech. F. W. Field was called upon for a speech. He gave a few words. Both Field and Chisholm are now in training at Ottawa, where they may be addressed in care of the Divisional Signallers.

Prof. Smith gave a series of three lectures on Evolution during December. The subject was treated under three heads. "Present-day Aspects of Evolution," which traced the evolutionary theories from their inception to the present day, dwelling especially on the latter phase of the subject. The next lecture under the title of "Evolution and Man." What man was made for is the question of religion, but how man was made is the question for science to answer. On the latter question evolution endeavors to cast some light. Similarities of structure between man and the lower animals are noted. The concluding lecture of the series had to do with the constructive aspects of the course. "Evolution and Religious Thought." Many of the most eminent scientists, men who are thorough-going evolutionists, are Christians. They see in evolution God's method of work, not a work. Prof. Smith showed that the evolutionary theory can be applied to Scripture, bringing light to many dark and perplexing portions. Altogether, the series provided a basis for further constructive work in the reconciliation of science and religion.

Women's Department.

Editor: Melba I. Campbell, '16.

OT even the knowledge that our wits were in a state of absolute exhaustion as a result of the expenditure of all available intelligence upon the long-suffering pages of recent examination papers moved the college journal mercifully to lighten its insistent and inexorable demands.

From the dearth of events and social happenings in and about the Ladies' Room of late, one might almost inquire if not even the fittest had survived. This is but a temporary state of affairs, however, and with another mid-year ordeal safely over, the wheels of our social machinery will soon be moving with even more than accustomed speed, thereby furnishing sufficient material to satisfy the news-hungry heart of the very greediest reporter.

Y. W. C. A., Jan. 14th.—The Y. W. meeting on January 14th was addressed by Dr. J. G. Brown, Secretary of Baptist Foreign Missions, who took as his subject the present status of women

in India. Many illuminating and interesting statements concerning the Mohammedan influence on Indian womanhood, Indian widows, the pitiful lack of education among Indian women, etc., were made, which were followed by an earnest appeal for volunteers, since nothing but the Christian religion will set the Indian woman free from the slavery of caste, and break the bonds of her superstition and ignorance. The service was closed with prayer.

W. L. S.—At the last Literary Society meeting of the old year, the feminine element of McMaster was entertained by several of their clever fellow-students, who most clearly set forth the worth and excellence of our Canadian musicians, novelists, and poets. The emphasis, for that day, was on everything Canadian, since the meeting was patriotic in form. After Miss Elsie Mulholland, '17, Miss Hilda Berst, '19, and Miss Hettie Wilkins, '19, had each given delightful accounts of the progress of music, literature and poetry, as viewed from the standpoint of Canada alone, a pupil of Mr. Forsythe, one of our Canadian composers, most appropriately rendered a few of his favorite compositions, as well as several by other Canadians of musical ability.

In the world of sport all bids well and hopes run high for a most enthusiastic and creditable season of hockey. Hours have been assigned at Varsity rink, and under the leadership of Miss Marshall and Miss Grindell, its president and vice-president, the Women's Athletic Association, though as yet in its infancy, promises to make the most of the opportunities offered, and thereby to bespeak even greater advantages in the future.

Even amid the confusion of the first morning of "exams." it was noted with joy and delight that some kind emissary of Father Christmas had evidently visited the ladies' room during the absence of its inmates and generously supplied a long-felt want—in the form of a very artistic mission clock. Upon closer inspection the identity of our kind-hearted benefactors was revealed, and the multitude of those benefited wish to take this opportunity to express their sincere gratitude and appreciation to the girls of Year Fifteen for their tasteful and timely gift. Nothing more gratifying or beneficial could have been chosen. Henceforth the moral, "Punctuality at lectures" must not be overlooked, for no longer will ignorance and doubt concerning the minute and hour provide sufficient excuse.

It was with deepest regret that her friends at McMaster heard of Miss Aletha Hooker's second accident, which, unfortun-

ately will deprive us of her companionship during the remainder of the term. That the injury may prove but temporary, and a speedy recovery be hers, is our most earnest wish.

Since 1916 is leap year it has been suggested that the quotation recently used in the Christmas edition of THE MONTHLY, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay," might prove peculiarly apt this month. However, since this most important subject has not as yet been dealt with by any of the women's organizations of the University, we are not in a position to offer comment.

The fact that year '17 was the first to take advantage of the peculiar opportunities afforded womankind this winter, at their annual skating party, has caused considerable excitement, and results are awaited with interest.

Heard in a Freshman Biology Class.—Prof.: "Could you tell us, Miss ——, just where the Eustachian tubes are situated?" Miss ——, "In the digestive system, sir."

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A., '03.

ITH this issue the editorship of this department falls into the 'prentice hands of the graduate whose name appears above. For four years the Graduate column has been ably edited by Mr. J. H. Cranston, and none have been more appreciative of his diligent and thorough work than we who now with diffidence take up the pen which he has found it necessary to lay down. When we look over recent issues and see the mass of interesting detail which has been accumulated and spread out for our delectation, it seems well nigh impossible to continue the feast on the same sumptuous scale. The fare will seem simple for a while, but we are hoping that the co-operation of the fellow-alumni, which we are already beginning to realize and appreciate, will increase as time goes on and thus enable us to approach the quantity and variety to which readers have been accustomed. But anon the waiter would withdraw; it is not his to discourse on the meal but merely serve

the dishes. So here we have the items for the present month's repast.

D. M. Sullivan, '14, is classics teacher in Medicine Hat High School. This title refers to Latin only in Alberta, as no Greek is provided on the curriculum of high schools of that Province. For the present year German also has been discontinued. D. M. assures us that this is not due to the war, but is owing ot the policy of the Department of Education, which is opposed to compulsory languages for matriculation. In his usual energetic way Sullivan is doing what he can in advocating the reinstatement of Greek and German on the curriculum.

M. J. Bradley, M.A., '15, occupies a position as chemist with the Canadian Explosives Co., at Beloeil, Que, where his duties include the inspection of the raw material and the product to see that the quality is up to standard. He is bound to "do his bit," having tried twice to enlist but being refused by the medical examiner. There is naturally a considerable danger attached to his present work, and Bradley remarks that if some day he and the factory go upward, it will not be necessary to keep any meals waiting for his return.

W. G. Spencer, '14, is mathematics master in Sudbury High School, which is a very good school of six teachers. He and E. D. Renaud, the pastor of the Baptist Church, are the only McMaster representatives in the town.

Miss Hazel Hooper, '13, has resigned at Mt. Albert and is taking a position on the staff of the High School at Georgetown, succeeding Miss Hazel Watson, '13, who was recently married.

A very attractive Christmas booklet was issued by the officers of the 71st Overseas Battalion, and among the names attached are those of Lieut. S. H. Brocklebank, '14, who is in B Company, and Lieut. Ralph Wilcock, '12, who is in the Base Company.

Roland C. Crowe, '10, is now a practising barrister in Trail, B.C. His brother, Clarence B. Crowe, '13, is teaching school in Vancouver.

On Christmas Day Miss Minnie C. Currie, '13, and E. Dwight Gray, '11, were married at the bride's home in Kenora. They will live in Toronto.

C. D. Jones, B.A. '06, B.Th. '08, is teaching at Crean Hill Mine, a settlement about twenty miles from Sudbury.

Miss Evelyn P. Davis, '15, and Harry H. Graham, '14, were married on December 28th in Toronto. They will live in Winchester, Ont., where Harry is science specialist in the high school.

A. E. Kochaly, '14, whose home is at Urumiah, Persia, has received the distressing news that his parents were among the Christians who lost their lives in the Turkish and Kurdish invasion in that district. His sisters and brother barely escaped with their lives, but no definite word as to their fate has been received.

Rev. Ralph E. Smith, B.A. 1900, B.Th. '03, who has enlisted in India for service in the war, is training at Rawalpindi, on the frontier of North India, as an officer in connection with the Yorkshire regiment. He has been very cordially received in the officers' mess, where he is known as "Padre," and has been elected president of the mess.

Joseph Wearing, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, of Peterboro, is making a name for himself as a public speaker. He has accepted an invitation to give an address at the 25th Anniversary Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, to be held in July next, in Chicago.

Rev. G. W. Elliott, B.Th. '02, closed his pastorate at Sawyerville, Que., at the end of the year, accepting a call to the churches at Vankleek Hill and Hawkesbury.

J. H. C. Graham, '15, is corresponding secretary of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada, and editor of its official organ, "The Life Underwriters' News." This is a new position, and Castle is making good in it.

Rev. R. C. Bensen, '06, and Mrs. Bensen (Anita Waters, '07) have sailed for home from India. They come by the Pacific route and will doubtless land before these words are read. On account of a serious breakdown in Mrs. Bensen's health, they are anticipating their furlough by a few months. Mr. Bensen's place at Vuyyuru will be taken by Rev. A. Gordon, '13.

Miss Hazel Watson, '13, was married on Christmas Day to Mr. John Whitby Brooke, M.D., of Toronto.

Roy Kellock, '15, has resigned his position with the firm of W. L. McKinnon & Co. to take a position with the Imperial Life Insurance Co. He is also taking a business course in anticipation of qualifying as a commercial specialist in the teaching profession.

Miss L. R. Clements, '12, was married last month at her home in Vegreville to Mr. Chester D. Gainer. They will live in Edmonton South. As recently reported in THE MONTHLY, Miss Clements was the first woman to qualify as a lawyer in Alberta.

R. E. Gilmore, B.A. '11, M.A. '13, was married in the early fall to Miss Vera B. McMullen, of Toronto. Ross is on the staff of the University of Illinois at Urbana.

It has just been discovered that THE MONTHLY overlooked reporting the marriage of Miss Ruth Denovan, '11, and V. Evan Gray, '11, M.A. '13, which took place during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Gray are living in Toronto, Evan having a position with the Trusts and Guarantee Co. He has been secretary of the McMaster Rifle Association and takes an active part in alumni activities.

Walter Clarke, '14, has been granted specialist standing in Classics by the Faculty of Education. There was a delay in the award of this standing, and consequently it was not reported with the other names in a recent issue.

Arthur B. Farmer, '06, is taking an active interest in various matters concerning the public welfare, including education. One of the latest productions from his pen is a bulletin issued by the Ontario Association for the Promotion of Technical Education, suggesting that education should be popularized by a system of agents whose business it would be to explain to the people the service offered by the Department of Education, following the modern methods now adopted by public service corporations. The suggestion is novel but appears perfectly feasible.

Rev. G. Harmon Jones, Theol. '02, of Regina, has been appointed secretary of the Saskatchewan Division of the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada, and has entered upon his duties of office with headquarters at 102 Leader Building, Regina.

A message just received from Vancouver says that the people of First Church are rallying splendidly around Dr. J. L. Campbell, D.D., '07, the new pastor of First Baptist Church. He is doing a great work, and his presence is a great impetus to the denomination in that city.

Rev. W. A. Ashmore, B.A. '13, B.Th. '15, has been called to the pastorate of the church at Windsor, made vacant by the removal of Rev. P. C. Cameron, B.Th. '00, to Berlin, Ont. Of

late, Mr. Ashmore has been in charge of the work at Eastern Avenue, Toronto, and has been pursuing special theological studies at McMaster University. He will take up his work in Windsor in February.

Dr. J. A. Faulkner '00, practises at Foxboro with his uncle, the two having a large practice. He is also quite a political force in the community and is looked upon as a pillar in the Baptist cause. Lately he has been doing considerable work in connection with the recruiting meetings. He says he is adopting the suggestion of McGill University, which has sent a circular to every graduate asking them never to neglect an opportunity at the present time of presenting the needs of the Empire to any public body.

McMaster Men in Municipal Life.—Mr. S. R. Tarr and Mr. D. B. Harkness are right-hand men of Judge Robson, former Public Utilities Commissioner of Manitoba, in an effort to establish in Winnipeg a citizen's organization for the reform of civic government and civic administration. They have been collecting a good deal of information from organizations elsewhere and it is expected that during the winter of 1916 Winnipeg will form some kind of organization.

Municipal reform and civic politics provide ample opportunity for public service and other McMaster graduates might find this a good outlet for their interest in public affairs. Mr. J. H. Cranston, the editor of the "Star Weekly," Toronto, is one of those who are seriously interested and he has been publishing a number of articles on municipal questions, among them, some from the pen of W. J. A. Donald, our Lecturer in Economics at McMaster.

For some time past Dr. Donald has been actively interested in Toronto's municipal affairs. In 1914 he was secretary of the Municipal Improvement Association, and during the summer of 1914 spent some time at the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. In 1915 he carried on an investigation of the work of City Clubs and of the "Civic Activities of Commercial Organizations," visiting such organizations in Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. The preliminary work has been done for the establishment of a Club in Toronto. Mr. Donald is also a member of the Civic and Social Committee of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Dr. N. J. Ware, who was until recently the Head of the University of Toronto Settlement, has been the Municipal Reporter for the Toronto News, a position of considerable responsibility.

Miss Isobel Fairbairn, B.A., is perhaps the first member of Class Fifteen to sail the Pacific, her oceanic peregrinations having carried her from Vancouver to Prince Rupert. This trip was incidental to a change from a school near Kelowna to one at Copper River—a settlement about seventy-five miles east of Prince Rupert. Miss Marjorie Fairbairn, B.A. '12, taught in the Copper River School until Christmas, but has now taken charge of the Terrace School, distant six miles from Copper River.

At the home of the bride's parents, in West Templeton, Quebec, on December 29, Miss Lola Gamble Frazer was married to Rev. Harvey Merritt, B.A. '13, B.Th. '15, pastor of the Thornbury Baptist Church. James D. Morrison, '14, acted as best man.

Miss E. Winnifred Dengate, '10, is teaching high school at Dunnville.

Miss Annie Grierson, '10, is teaching in the Continuation School at Mt. Lehman, B.C.

Rev. W. E. Hindson, of Guelph, has been recommended by Colonel Craig, of the 153rd Wellington Battalion, as Chaplain. Mr. Hindson has for many weeks taken a very keen interest in recruiting, and a large number of the young men of his congregation are already on active service.

A. A. Burridge, '15, who is attending the Faculty of Education this year, was supervising the playgrounds in Peterborough during the past summer. This was the first time that anything of the kind had been carried on there, but Burridge made a success of it, and made a good name for himself in that city.

Miss Mayme Montgomery, '11, has taken a position as Moderns teacher in Chesley.

Rev. C. R. Jones, Theol., '04, for the past five years pastor of the Church at Ridgetown, has tendered his resignation, to take effect January 31st. The Plaindealer says: "Mr. Jones has proven a man of sterling worth to the community as well as to the church of which he was head. He entered whole-heartedly in all that was for the town's benefit, and on the public library board he proved of inestimable value."

Miss Helen A. Iler is teaching mathematics in the High School at Chesley.

Rev. Alfred Segsworth, Theol., '09, now of Clearwater, Idaho, was married on December 26th to Miss Ora Cowling, of the same place.

Rev. Troward H. Marshall, '08, who has been pastor of a Unitarian Church in Dayton, Ohio, has begun the duties of his new pastorate at First Unitarian Church, Rochester, N.Y. He is reported to have done strong constructive work in building up the society in Dayton, and the body in Rochester are looking forward to a like development under his leadership. Mrs. Marshall was Miss Anna G. Iler, '98.

I. E. Stewart, B.A. '14, M.A. '15, has been granted a scholarship in the department of Geology of the University of Chicago.

N. J. Ware, '08, has enlisted and goes to the front with the Fifth Universities Company. It may not be generally known that Norman was married a few months ago to Miss Newton, who was Assistant Director of the University of Toronto Settlement.

The editor of this department needs your help. If you have items of news, either about yourself or other graduates, send them along. If you forget the editor's name just address your communications to the Registrar, McMaster University, since we are one and the same. In another part of this issue there is a letter from Mr. Joseph Wearing, which is commended to the careful perusal of every graduate; it puts the situation in better form than the editor is able; the only thing we would add is that Mr. Wearing acts on his own suggestion, and his assistance in the way of contributing items is highly appreciated.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

"Be our joys three parts pain."

BROWNING must have had in mind his student days when he expressed that wish. About two parts of our pain is due to the knowledge of impending examinations, and the other part—well that is more physical.

In looking over the college magazines for this month one is struck with the bright and cheery atmosphere created by the profusion of story and verse presented upon their pages. Nothing seems to be able to dampen or quench the fire of college life and spirit. War without and exams. within are not able to hide for a moment the eternal spirit of youth and hope that belongs pre-eminently to the college and finds utterance in the college magazines. This is as it should be, for if "hope springs eternal in the human breast" we have it.

The Brandon College Quill, in its chaste white cover, held our attention this month. Though quite modest outwardly, within its pages lies the result of much conscientious work. The stories presented are always interesting and the verse simple and wholesome and of the kind adapted to lend charm to a magazine of this style. The Quill uses student talent rather than that of the faculty and friends of the college, which is commendable. We would mention particularly the Editorials and the College Gossip sections as exceptionally well handled.

The following, written by the editor, is a sample of the kind of poetry the Quill presents:

THE KINGDOM.

I know a garden
  Where the sun
Peeping comes, when
  Day's begun.
Heaven flushes
  Red; below,
Blushing roses
  Lightly blow.
Grasses dancing
  Kiss the breeze.

Hark! Sweet singing
Fills the trees.
And these beauties
Never fade:
For all ages
Were they made.
In the pathways
God doth roam:
Here, and always,
In his home.

V. C.

The Argosy is never behind in the quality of the verse which it presents to its readers, even to the latest and most fantastic contortions conceivable to the brain of a Futurist. The attached poem was written by one Pochohontas P. Smith, '16. No wonder!

Each little flower
That blooms in its bower
Attended by bunches of bees;
Is liked more than cheese is
By such things as these is,
For,—such things as these is, are these.
The pictures we see
Done in tincture of tea,
And tinted in light lachrymose,
Are fed upon roses
And such things as those is,
For,—such things as those is, are those.
The geranium that blows
On the plutocrat's nose
Is watered with whisky by day,
And every day closes
With such things as those is,
For,—such things as those is, are they.

—*Pochohontas P. Smith*, '16.

A maiden entered the "midnight" car,
And firmly grasped a strap;
And every time they hit a curve,
She sat in a different lap.
The hill grew higher, the turns grew worse,
At last she gasped with a smile,
"Will someone kindly tell me, please,
"How many laps to a mile?"

—*The Widow.*

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's grand canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.—*London Mail.*

You talk about hyphens!
She—"Gimme some Telcum powder!"

He—"Yes, lady, "Memens?"
She—"No! Vimmens!"
He—"Scented?"
She—"No, I taik it mit me."—*The Sheaf.*

First Israelite—"Ve got signess to our house."
Second Israelite—"Vot's wrong?"
First Israelite—"My poy's sig."
Second Israelite—"Iss he."
First Israelite—"No, Ikey."—Ex.

From the deluge of Christmas poetry we have chosen one small poem as most nearly expressing the spirit of the season. It appeared in the Christmas number of the *Collegian*:

CHRISTMAS BELL.

O Christmas Bell!
O hallowed knell!
Ring out thy message sweet
Of peace on earth.
Torn, bleeding earth,
"Good will to men" repeat.
The earth is sad,
Ring! Make it glad!
Bring peace, a lasting peace;
Ring true this day
Thy sweetest lay,
And selfish strife shall cease.
O Christmas Bell!
O hallowed knell!
When needed earth peace more—
Thy holy peace,
The Christ-Child peace—
The peace that knows not war?

—*J. R. Narod.*

The following publications have come to hand this month: *The Sheaf, University of New Brunswick Monthly, Philomathean Monthly, Collegian, Acta Victoriana, Bessie Tift, Trinity Review, Manitoban, Vox Wesleyana, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Almafilian, Sodalian, Western University Gazette, T. C. D., Lux Columbiana, College Times, Brandon College Quill, Acadia Athenaeum.*

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, MAY, 1915.*

Commencement Exercises of last May are a thing of the past, and reference to them at this late date may seem strangely anachronous: however, to leave unrecorded the final and outstanding event of an academic year is surely stranger far. In former years the Graduation Number of THE MONTHLY included all graduation proceedings—a course made impossible last year by the early issue of that particular number.

Rev. H. A. Porter, B.A., of Dallas, Texas, a member of McMaster's first graduating class in Arts, preached the Baccalaureate sermon in Walmer Road Baptist Church. His subject —"The Crown of Thorns"—may appear to bear no relation to the buoyant hope and bounding enthusiasm of a graduating class: however, it must be remembered that Canadian nationhood bore then upon her brow the yet-bleeding wounds of her thousand slaughtered sons at Langemarck; bore, too, for the first time, the crown bequeathed her by those unconquerable sons who threw their bodies in the breach, and held the line at Ypres, and "saved the situation" on that day.

Professor Gilmour delivered the address to the Graduating Class Wednesday evening, May 5. McMaster's educational ideals was the theme, which was very admirably set forth by Dr. Gilmour.

Those receiving honorary degrees were Mr. Alfred Kenneth Blackadar and Mr. Justice William Renwick Riddell (LL.D.), and Rev. H. A. Porter (D.D.). The latter in acknowledging his degree spoke on "The Joys of the Ministry," and Mr. Justice Riddell on "International Law."

With the graduation of the class of 'Fifteen, McMaster completed one-quarter of a century of work in the Arts Department. The European war prevented any celebration of this landmark, which under other circumstances would have been fitting. One unique feature was the presence in the graduating class of several members in khaki, who had been given special leave from Niagara Camp for the occasion. W. K.

*Inserted for record only.

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*OUR HONOUR ROLL.

CLENDENAN, PROV. LIEUT. D. G., '15, 159th Batt., Haileybury, Ontario.
JAMIESON, PTE. J. D., '16, the Band, 166th Batt., Toronto.
MASSON, PTE. H. G., '19, 43rd Battery, C.F.A., Guelph.
McDONALD, PROV. LIEUT. D. G., '19, 162nd Batt., Parry Sound.
McKAY, PROV. LIEUT. W. S., Theol., Recruiting Officer 160th Batt., Tiverton, Ont.
MOYLE, CAPT. R. D., '08, M.B., R.A.M.C., England.
NOBLES, PROV. LIEUT. C., Theol. 1912-13, —Batt., Toronto.
SMITH, PTE. M. A., '19, Medical Corps, 134th Batt., Toronto.
SORTON, REV. R., '14, Winnipeg.
TROTTER, B. F., '15, accepted for Overseas Imperial Commission.
WARREN, PTE. C., '19, Army Service Corps, Toronto.

In Training.

FOSTER, PROV. LIEUT. R. L., '17, Kingston, Ont.
KENT, PROV. LIEUT. J. P., '19, Kingston, Ontario.
VINING, PROV. LIEUT. C., '19, Toronto.
WILKINS, PROV. LIEUT., S. R., '18, Toronto.

The changes in the Honour Roll of last issue are, as far as we can ascertain, as follows: Gunner E. G. Black now in England; Sergt. G. Davies, now Prov. Lieut. of the 99th Batt., Windsor, Ont.; Corp. Philpott, Bom. W. D. Price and Pte. J. H. Fairchild, now in France; Lieut. V. W. Price, now Machine Gun Officer in 123rd Batt., Toronto; Pte. S. L. Price, Lieut. in Carlyle, Sask.; and Lieut. B. E. Gilbert, having completed the course at the P. S. I., is Signalling Officer with the 118th Batt., Berlin, Ont.

*Enlisted since last issue.

MALCOLM SINCLAIR CLARK

MALCOLM SINCLAIR CLARK was born in Cheltenham, Ont., December 20th, 1848. His parents—Neil and Mary (née McKechnie) Clark, who had come from Islay, the most southerly island of the Inner Hebrides, were typical Scottish folk. The father was deeply interested in Biblical discussions, quite independent in his thinking, and a bit dogmatic in his beliefs. He never forgot the Old Land, and, when up in his eighties, he actually returned to the scenes of his childhood and made preaching tours in the island almost up to the time of his death. The mother was of a milder temperament, quiet, sensible, practical, with a fine sense of duty—a woman who stressed the central virtues of the Christian life and had learned well the supreme art of doing the lowly common task in a high and holy way. The father stimulated the son's intellectual life and broadened his outlook; the mother grounded him in righteousness and truth, in quietness and patience, in faith and loving-kindness.

In his seventeenth year, under Mr. (now Dr.) L. E. Embree, the teacher of the school at Boston Mills, where the family then resided, he was prepared for the County Board examination, which he passed successfully, and so won his certificate.

Dr. Embree told us at the Memorial Service that by his character and ability Malcolm Clark gave lead and tone to the school and exerted an influence so wholesome and helpful that he regarded him as a sort of Vice-Principal. After teaching for a year at Calydon, he went to the Brampton High School for a year or so and then at Mayfield spent two years more at teaching.

It was in January, 1870, that he entered the Canadian Literary Institute at Woodstock, where he spent the next year and a half preparing for the University. These months meant very much to him. He came strongly under the influence of that marvellous maker of men, Dr. R. A. Fyfe, and of that other

gentle and princely soul, Prof. J. E. Wells. Fyfe he honored and revered, but never got quite near. Wells he admired and loved and was with him as a brother. To the Lady Principal, Miss McGinn (afterwards Mrs. J. W. A. Stewart) he acknowledged special indebtedness for introducing him into a new appreciation of the wealth and charm of English literature. His interest in that direction was also deepened by Mrs. Yule, for whose

Professor M. S. Clark, M.A.

character and poetic talent he had sincere admiration. It was to him a labor of love these later years to act as her chief executor, and just recently to arrange that the net proceeds from the sale of her books should form a fund the interest of which is to be used in the purchase of books on Missions for the McMaster Library. During that time, too, he formed those student friend-

ships which have been both strength and gladness to him all through the years. He stood the tests of student life and approved himself to his fellows as a man of ability and sense, quiet and studious, with a good fund of knowledge and a good store of Scottish humor. His faithfulness as a student is shown by the fact that at the Junior Matriculation Examination in Toronto University in September, 1871, he won two scholarships.

For the next three years he pursued his studies in Toronto University. At the end of his third year, on May 24th, 1874, he went to Woodstock to take up Prof. McKee's work for the rest of the term. The result was that in September he was induced to drop out of college and join the Woodstock staff as teacher of Latin. Later he became head of the Modern Languages department. The fourth year of the University course he completed extra-murally graduating in 1876. For some years he added to his work as teacher the exacting and less congenial duties of Teacher-in-Charge. For the first four years of his stay in Woodstock he served under Dr. Fyfe's principalship; during the last four, under Principals Wells, Torrance and Wolverton. When Mr. McKechnie and I went to Woodstock in 1881, he was entering on the last year of his service there. I had met him incidentally before, had heard frequently about him, but did not really know him. We lived across the hall from each other in the main building and so were thrown much together. I looked upon him then as already a veteran, for he was nearly ten years my senior and quite grey. I rather envied him too, for I knew that under the searching tests of college residential life he had made good. He was a hard student and was already regarded as very well read, And I can vouch for the genuine nobility of his character and for the wealth of information and of broad humor with which his conversation was enriched. During that year he wove himself into my life and into a comradeship that has remained throughout unclouded and loyal.

In 1882, in his thirty-fourth year, he resigned to pursue further study, being succeeded by his brother, D. K., who, after about thirty years' valuable service, resigned a few years ago.

The first half of the following session M. S. spent in Marieville, Quebec, in the study of French; the second half, in the German department of Rochester, studying German. In 1883 he went to Germany and spent two years at Hamburg and Berlin. On his return in the spring of 1885, he first supplied for a few weeks in the Stratford Collegiate. In the autumn, he became Modern Language master in Strathroy. In January, 1887, he became first principal of the newly established Georgetown High School, where he was distinctly successful and is still remembered with esteem and gratitude as teacher and Christian citizen. It was from Georgetown that, in 1890, he was called to McMaster as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature when the Arts Department was opened. He has worked with us faithfully and efficiently for over twenty-five years.

It was in July, 1886, in Dakota, that Mr. Clark was married to Miss Adelaide L. McLaughlin by the Rev. John Scott. A son, Karl, a brilliant graduate of McMaster, and a daughter, Mary, are the fruit of that union. The home has been a happy one, full of the charm of restful, congenial and helpful companionship. To the bereaved home circle and to his brother, D. K. Clark, now of Hamilton, Ont., professor and student unite in tendering their sincere sympathy.

This sketch reveals several important characteristics. The first is the sturdy, self-respecting spirit of independence and self-help. He worked his way and put himself through college. The next is the keenness, eagerness and outreach of his intellectual life. There was in him a thirst for knowledge and a determination to become master of his subject that drove him on. In those days there were very few men among Baptists who thought of the University course; there were still fewer among Canadians generally who took post-graduate courses. M. S. Clark showed his mental calibre, as well as the indomitableness of his will and his tenacity of purpose by the course he pursued. His spirit of enterprise placed him among our educational pioneers. Further, there is here a fine illustration of the way in which God in His providence leads us. By following the impulses that he felt to be

in the line of duty he was unconsciously preparing himself for the great field God had for him in this university. When he started out, he could have had but little idea that Ontario and Quebec Baptists should so soon have a university of their own. Even when he left Woodstock and fared forth to other conquests of learning, he had no reason to believe that there would be such an institution before many years. He builded better than he knew. He was in the hand of God.

His desire for mastery of his department was not yet satisfied. The summer of 1891 was spent in Paris. *En route* he managed to hear Farrar and Parker in London, and more than that he heard Spurgeon the last time he preached. The following summer he was in Marieville again, still perfecting his French. All along he has been a wide and accurate reader. Outside his chosen department he had laid broad foundations of general scholarship and was specially at home in Scottish history, as members of the Gaelic Society know, and in theology, as his colleagues can testify. Only his special students had opportunity to explore and appreciate the wealth of his learning, the breadth of his interest and the rich humanness of his heart.

In the early days he took a more active part in University affairs than in later years. He was for three years Managing Editor of The Monthly, and also Chairman of the Library Committee of the Faculty, where his great knowledge of literature and bibliography enabled him to render valuable service. But the burden of the whole Modern Language department was too great for one man to carry. I suppose it was the weight of it that broke his health about fifteen years ago and made it necessary for his task to be lightened. That relief doubtless lengthened his life by years. He had a keen interest in the general educational situation in the Province, and was in touch with both the work and its leaders. His experience in the secondary schools disciplined his judgment on educational problems and made him a helpful counsellor. He kept his own department abreast of the day and commanded the respect of other workers in the same field. Here is a just tribute which one of these associates has paid him in

the editorial columns of *The Daily Globe*: "Mr. Clark was a man of fine erudition and also a thoroughly sane teacher—all the more so because he had taught in both elementary and secondary schools before he began his academic work. Those who, representing other universities, have had to meet him in conferences, always found him advanced in his opinions, tolerant of the views of others, and open to receive and act on sound, practical suggestions. He was a good specimen of a type of men to whom the cause of higher education in Canada owes much: a thorough-going Canadian student, who did not rest satisfied till he had supplemented his original training with the best obtainable."

Personally I bear glad testimony to the freshness and vigor of his intellectual life, for conversation with him was always informing and enriching. He was a very congenial and interesting friend, a comrade reliable and brotherly.

We have sketched his career as scholar and teacher. What was his character in other respects? I have been greatly interested in the harmony shown in the estimates of the different persons who spoke of him in the services held in the home and at the college.

An outstanding characteristic was his modesty. It was easy for him to obey the Apostolic precept to esteem others better than himself. He was, perhaps, too much given to self-depreciation. A little more confidence would have meant added strength and influence. Others—especially those who knew him best—thought more highly of him than he thought of himself. Not that he was spiritless. As one who thought long and deeply, he had reached some strong and clear convictions. He had a high sense of right and a fine scorn of wrong. Where he saw injustice he felt strongly and though he said little the fires often burned hot beneath. But it was only when some great cause was at stake that they were allowed to break loose and then they were volcanic in their might. What a rare beauty there is in strength crowned with humility!

He was the soul of honesty. There was no strain of insincerity, no double fold about him; he was transparently honest and

sincere and a man true to every cause that gained his confidence. He was doubtless grounded in that foundation virtue by his mother; and if experience of the world's deceitfulness tended to undermine it, I feel sure it was reinforced by Dr. Fyfe's imperial personality. For that, perhaps, was the most outstanding impress which Fyfe stamped on the men who yielded themselves to his influence.

M. S. Clark was a good man. That was Dr. Norton's emphatic declaration to me the other day, and he made it in the light of forty years' acquaintance. And his goodness was rooted where genuine goodness grows. All his springs were in Jesus Christ. He was about seventeen years old when he definitely accepted Christ as his personal Saviour and Lord. It was some time later, just as he was about to go to Woodstock, that he was baptized by Rev. John Torrance into the Cheltenham Church and so publicly took up the responsibilities of church membership. That confession meant much to him and through all the years that have intervened he has brought on it no reproach. He has honored it and honored his Lord, and through these forty and six years he has been building up the temple of a Christian character that has commanded respect and influenced others for good. He fought a good fight and kept the faith.

The fight was not an easy one. From many conversations had with him I know he had much inner conflict and misgivings. He confessed often to a sense of defeat. Not that he doubted his salvation. But he lacked the note of victory. He longed for a peace and triumph he did not quite enjoy. His consciousness of sin and unworthiness before a Holy God and his frequent sense of defeat made him crave for help from above. It seemed long in coming. On different occasions he expressed to me his passionate wish that he might have the same experience of the Holy Spirit that his colleague, Professor Campbell, had. "I wish I had his rest and triumph," he would say. For years he had that longing. It was gladdening to see how during the last few years or so the experience was coming to him—not in a meteor flash, but in the growing brightness of the dawn. There was

something pathetic about it before; there has been something very beautiful about it recently. I have noticed in chapel service and still more in prayer meeting how the deep satisfactions of his soul were finding voice. Dr. Fraser tells me that in the meetings of the Gaelic Society Professor Clark was usually called upon to offer prayer and they had noticed how frequently he gave thanks for rest of conscience through the grace of God. His deep interest in the great doctrines that meant so much to him and his sense of the importance of spreading them was shown a few months ago when he secured for distribution among our ministerial students copies of the "Life of the Haldane Brothers," whose influence has been so potent in Scotland and, through Scotland, among the Baptists of this Convention.

His religious life gave direction to his reading and tone to all his thinking. Not all the charm and genius of Goethe and Heine could blind him to the essential paganism and lack of evangelical experience that often marred their works. Nor was he misled by the glitter and glory of our modern civilization and culture. He recognized that much evil and corruption lay beneath it all. The world's sinfulness became a burden to him. His last utterance in Walmer Road was a passionate protest against the liquor traffic and an appeal for national repentance. He was becoming a great intercessor. He felt deeply the nation's sins and the great world war haunted him continually. That burden hastened his end. For years he had been battling with the disease that has taken him from us. Amid growing weakness he worked bravely on. The end came with unexpected, yet merciful, swiftness. He lectured on Monday, though feeling poorly. Wednesday his condition became serious. On Friday all was over and he had passed into the presence of his Saviour. The funeral took place from the home on Albany Avenue, Monday afternoon, to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. John MacNeill, assisted by Chancellor McCrimmon and Professor Trotter. Six others of his colleagues acted as pall-bearers. The following morning in Castle Memorial Hall, a memorial service was held in which Chancellor McCrimmon,

Dr. J. G. Brown, President of the Convention, Rev. John MacNeill, Dr. L. E. Embree, Rev. A. H. Putnam, Professor Farmer and Dr. W. J. McKay took part, and in which fitting tribute was paid to his character and work.

I have had the feeling that our old friend would have been greatly surprised had he heard the warm terms of appreciation in which the speakers expressed their sense of his worth. He would be disposed to credit much of it to the generous kindness of his friends. But there is another appraisement which he will not be able to discount. And I am sure that he has been even more surprised at the warmth of the "Well done, good and faithful servant" with which the Master has welcomed him among the shining ones,

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

—J. H. Farmer.

At the Memorial Service for Professor Clark, held in Castle Memorial Hall on February 8, Dr. Farmer, representing the Faculty, outlined the life and character of Professor Clark. The sketch is given above. Rev. A. Putnam rendered to him the tribute of a fellow-student, and Rev. John MacNeill that of his pastor. However, as their warm, though brief, expressions of appreciation are essentially included in Dr. Farmer's outline, they are here omitted. Dr. Embree, principal of Jarvis Collegiate Institute, expressed the esteem of the teacher for the young student, and J. E. Bates, '16, that of the student for the teacher.

Dr. Embree.

"When Dr. McCrimmon told me yesterday of this meeting I felt it would be not only my duty but my privilege to be here to pay some token of respect to one whom I have known for more than half a century. It is just 51 years ago last March since I

became intimately associated with your late esteemed Professor in the capacity of teacher and pupil in a small country school at Boston Mills near the village of Cheltenham. . . . It was a tower of strength to me to have as senior pupil Malcolm Clark. His quiet unassuming manner, his studious habits, his great ability, made him a very great help to me, and in fact during the year or more that he remained with me, he was actually vice-principal of the school. After hours we used to study the classes not taken during the regular period, and among these classes was his first introduction to the Latin and Greek languages . . . . Reference has been made to his religious life. Professor Clark would have been recreant to the teachings of his home had he not been a deeply religious man. There was the Celtic fire and enthusiasm of his father and the gentle and kind spirit of his mother, whose spirit your Professor seemed to have greatly inherited. Reference was also made to his deep temperance impressions. That also was inherited; his father was a very strong advocate of temperance in those early days when temperance was not as popular as it is these days . . . . It is my delight to bear testimony to everything that is excellent and noble in the life of your late esteemed Professor."

J. E. Bates.

"For those of us who had the privilege of being in Professor Clark's classes, I may say that the news of his death brought deep sorrow. In the class-room we were impressed with his scholarship, that profundity and that accuracy of his knowledge surrounding the most minute details of the literature we were studying. He never seemed content that the student should gain a merely superficial knowledge of the grammatical construction of the literature, but sought to recreate around us the atmosphere of the literary period under consideration.

The genius of the Professor did not expend itself in the class-room alone, but followed us out into our daily life. He was concerned in all the activities of the students, and we as undergraduates appreciated that kindly interest in us. He was, we

felt, a man of steadfast purpose, highly conscientious and fully alive to his responsibilities. We shall not soon forget those morning chapel services when he led us in our prayers, nor that humility and singleness of faith which characterized his petitions. As a man we trusted and respected him; as a scholar we revered him; as a teacher we loved him. Professor Clark will not meet us again in the chapel nor in the class-room but we feel that the gentleness and the genuineness of his personality will be a force in the life of his students who through many years knew him and loved him."

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*THE WORKS OF JOHN SMYTH.

N important work dealing with the writings of an eminent pioneer English Baptist has just been issued from the Baptist Historical Society of England, by Dr. W. T. Whitley. The full title of the work will give a more adequate idea of the purpose and scope and the auspices of this work. The full title reads "The Works of John Smyth, Fellow of Christ's Church, 1594-8, Tercentenary Edition for the Baptist Historical Society, with notes and biography by W. T. Whitley, M.A., LL.D., F.R.Hist.S."

The Baptist Historical Society, to which we owe this publication, is doing work of very great value in making clearer the cause of Baptist history, and especially in throwing light upon its origin, and its publications have already won recognition in historical circles. Dr. Whitley, the editor of this work, has proved to be a man eminently fitted for the tasks assumed by the society, and we may still hope for many other valuable contributions from his pen.

For the illumination of religious life in England on its non-Anglican side, much valuable work has recently been done by H.

*With notes and biography by W. T.Whitley, M.A., LL.D., F.R.Hist.S.

W. Clark, by W. H. Burgess, and by C. Burrage, and we can only rejoice in this activity because it is now giving something like their true place to men who have not yet come to their own in the recognition that history gives and have hitherto failed of this recognition only because they did not succeed in overcoming the dead weight of "use and wont" in church matters, and hence remained in their minority. It was a great service when men like Dr. Vedder brought to light the scholarship and strength of Balthassar Hubmaier and made it clear what a man of power and of culture he was. A similar service is now being done for the early leaders of the Baptist movement in England, and the present work is a valuable contribution in that direction.

The biography of John Smyth provided by Dr. Whitley in the present work is valuable, and it rests on original research. It serves to cast an interesting light on the theological treatises of Smyth which constitute the chief purpose for which these two volumes have been issued. As to the works of Smyth, the student of Baptist origins will be exceedingly thankful to have them. Hitherto they have been scattered in places inaccessible for the ordinary reader, and distributed over a wide area. In this work, therefore, we have a most important collection of material that will help us in the study of Baptist history and that will throw welcome light on the spirit and courage and intellectual grasp of those men to whom we owe so much. When the reader has finished these two volumes he will see the force of the quotation from Mandell Creighton referring to John Smyth chosen for the title-page, "None of the English Separatists had a finer mind or a more beautiful soul." It is a great thing for Baptists that they are discovering that Baptists have a history and an honorable history, and our consequent debt is very great to Dr. Whitley and the other members of the Baptist Historical Society who have given us these and other volumes which, in making clear the history of our past, are interpreting to us the spirit and the aims of the Baptist people.

J. L. G.

LIZ.

First Prize—Undergraduate Competition.

EM DODDS was sitting on the bench at Higgins' back door. He had sat there, off and on, ever since Liz. was sixteen. Liz. was nearly twenty now, and Jem had got no further than the bench by the back door. Jem had "notions" about courting. Jem's father had had "notions" too, and had profited materially thereby. Jem expected to do as his father had done. It was disconcerting, therefore, at this stage of the game that a shadow of doubt should cross Jem's mind in reference to the wisdom of his deceased father's "notions." While he sat on the bench by the back door waiting for farmer Higgins to appear, he did a great deal of thinking about "Pa's notions." His father had instilled it into his youthful brain that "it never done no good to make a fuss over wimen folk when a fellow was courtin'. It just makes 'em expect him to be soft after." Jem Dodds, senior, had courted on these principles, and had won a thrifty wife. Jem Dodds, junior, had begun to court earlier in life than his father. Consequently he sought youth and beauty as well as thrift. He always described Liz. as a "right smart gal"; but he thought of her also as the prettiest girl in the township. It behooved him, therefore, to sit on Higgins' bench regularly, or some other fellow might usurp his claim.

If there had been no Philip Traviss, Jem Dodds might never have had any kind of doubt about the wisdom of his father's policy. However, there was a Philip Traviss. Jem shifted uneasily. The bench didn't seem as comfortable to-night as it sometimes did.

Philip Traviss was a young miner. He had come to the mines, a mile from Higgins' place, early in April. Occasionally he had been sent to Higgins' to buy eggs for the camp. Now

it was July, and lately he had come without excuse. At first he had joined Higgins and Dodds in their discussion of seed and stock. Now he conversed more frequently with the women folk. That bench certainly hardened with age. Jem Dodds shifted twice.

When farmer Higgins came up from the barn Jem forgot his misgivings. Higgins was nicely launched on the story of "how that there tree got shivered with lightnin', yes sir, that very tree," when Jem became restless again. He had seen a tall boyish figure turn toward the barn, and at the same moment Liz. had appeared carrying two brimming milk pails. Philip Traviss hurried to meet her, and took the pails. Jem Dodds felt all the fury that his phlegmatic nature was capable of. He glared at the advancing pair. How dare that miner fellow smile at Liz.! Hadn't he, Jem Dodds, been courting Liz. steadily for more than three years, and *he* had never presumed to walk from the barn with her. His father always said it saved a deal of trouble afterwards if you taught them their place in the beginning. Just as Traviss reached the back door some of the milk slopped out of the pail on to his shoes. "Serves him right for pesterin' wimen folk," Jem muttered. Liz. heard him, and turned with anger blazing in her pretty blue eyes. "Jem Dodds," she said, "I'm 'shamed of you." Then the two passed into the kitchen.

Jem could hear all they said through the kitchen window. Liz. was *thanking* that fellow for carrying the milk. Then Traviss said that it was a nice night for a walk, and Liz. thought it was, too. Jem couldn't stand it. "Think I'll be gittin'," he said with assumed carelessness. "Wal, good night," replied the farmer. As soon as the latter had disappeared, the latter winked at the dog. "Seemed kind o' wrought up to-night, didn't he, old fellow?" He slapped the creature affectionately as he passed.

Without giving Jem a second thought, Liz. and Traviss set out happily. The July twilight was dimming a brilliant sunset. Here and there a star came twinkling through the deep blue of the sky. The fireflies flickered among the bushes. The night

wind in the tree tops crooned wordless melodies. A whip-poor-will called. Liz. shivered. "Cold, little girl?" asked the man. Liz. shook her head. The bird called again and its mate answered.

"It's them birds," said Liz. "Poor things, they never get a chanct to sing in the day time. That's why, when you hear 'em at night, they're allers a-callin' and a-sobbin' for the sunshine they've missed. Seems like as if I was somethink the same. In the summer time when I'm real smart, I gets time to set awhile listenin' to the crickets chirpin' and watchin' the stars. But 'taint never long afore Ma calls me to bed, 'cause there'll be a big day's work to-morrer. There's allers a big day's work to-morrer. I ain't never had time to watch the sun come up aglowin' and gleamin' into the sky in the mornin' sence I was ever so small; and as fur lookin' fur wild flowers or listenin' to birds singin'——! 'Taint as if I wanted to do it all the time. Sometimes it seems as if I couldn't stand to have to keep on goin' and goin' the same way year in and year out, with never a chanct fur anythink else."

She ceased abruptly as if ashamed of her outburst. "Poor little girl," said the man gently. Liz. struggled to swallow the lump in her throat.

They walked on silently. The night was very beautiful. A cow bell tinkled peacefully. The moon beamed placidly through the pine trees. The quiet loveliness of her environment soothed the girl. "Mister Traviss," she said softly, "don't mind what I said jest now. I've got things a sight easier than some poor critters. I can't think how I come to say sich wicked things." She sighed. "I guess its the purtiness of everythink makes me want to see it more."

After a while the man began to speak slowly. He had been thinking hard. "Lizzie," he said. The girl started. She had alway been called Liz. before. "Lizzie, if you were to get married you'd have it a lot easier, wouldn't you?"

"Depends who the man wuz," she answered. She was thinking of how the neighbors said that Jem Dodds' mother had slaved herself to death.

"Well, now, if I were to ask you, Lizzie, what would you say?"

"I'd say: 'No,' I ain't yer kind," replied the girl simply.

"Whose kind are you, little girl?" His voice was very tender.

The girl caught in her breath quickly, and turned to hide her flaming face, while she answered: "A plain, common farmer's kind, like them that lives hereabouts."

"Liz.!—Liz.!—Oh, Liz.!" Her mother was calling her. "Comin'," answered Liz. "Hurry in," urged her mother, "we've got a big day's work termorrer." The girl smiled slightly as she turned to the man. "Good-night," she said, "and—thank you—fur bein' kind."

What had Traviss meant? Liz. could not keep the question from her thoughts. She couldn't sleep for thinking of it. Did he really care for her? No, of course not. He was good and kind and was sorry for her. He was trying to give her a little pleasure. Then she thought of what Jem Dodds had said when the milk slopped over Traviss' shoes. She grew angry again. "I won't marry Jem Dodds!" she said. "I won't! I won't! Jest because he sets on our bench when he ain't got nothing better to do, and leaves his sister Bell all the chores, ain't no reason fur me to have to take him. I don't care if I do die an old maid. I'd far ruther than die a slave to Jem Dodds."

But what if Traviss really did care for her? She put the thought aside resolutely. "He's got lots o' fine friends in the town he come from. Anyway I aint the kind of girl that would let him marry me—to be ashamed of afterwards. I aint had enough schoolin'. My hands is rough. I ain't got a dress fit to go to town in. Oh, no, I wouldn't let him ast me. It would be jest because he was sorry for me. I wonder who he'll marry. Some awful purty girl with swell clothes, an' that speaks proper." A few tears began to trickle on to the pillow.

Meanwhile Philip Traviss was tramping toward the mining camp. From the moment Liz. had said "I aint yer kind," he knew that she was the only girl he wanted. Before that he had liked her well enough, but had not thought of her as a sweetheart.

He admitted she was a pretty girl, and a sweet little thing. He thought it was a pity she hadn't a better education, and an easier time. He had drawn from her the fact that she had only gone to school two winters, and that she was so tired out working before and after school that she couldn't learn much. "But with a decent chance I bet she would beat the others all hollow," he concluded.

The night wind blew the fragrance of lush red clover into his face. He stood still and gazed around him. He thought of the town he came from. He thought of the mines. Then he stretched his arms wide open, and drank in the sweet air.

"What a world to live in!" he exclaimed. "Lizzie, Lizzie dear, we'll teach each other, you and I. You shall marry your 'plain, common farmer,' and we'll live 'hereabouts.'"

Farmer Higgins' bench did not have to support Jem Dodds' weight for a week. He didn't come Tuesday because he wanted to teach Liz. that she couldn't trifle with *him*. Wednesday his resolution began to waver. He had seen Traviss go whistling towards Higgins'. Thursday and Friday he worked late at haying. Saturday it rained. The rain alone would not have kept Jem home, but his sister Bell, who kept house for him, had decided to take the opportunity of using an idle horse, and had gone to town. She had left Jem in charge of the milking. Jem was not pleased. "Bell's getting too flyabout," he mused. This was her third trip to town in a month.

When Jem did enter farmer Higgins' gate again, he was in time to see Liz. walking away with Traviss. Jem sat down glumly. "'Pears to be a mighty nice chap, yon," began the farmer. He nodded toward the retreating couple. Jem snorted. "Aint got no money, I bet. Ma'ybe he thinks it's better mining round here,"—and Jem lapsed into silence.

The following night Jem arrived earlier. He was resplendent in a celluloid collar. Liz., hurrying in from milking, smiled and said, "Evenin' Jem."

"Oh—well—now—say Liz.—wait a jiffy, Liz.," spluttered Jem imploringly.

"Back in a minute," she called.

Jem struggled in vain to compose an oration suited to the moment. Farmer Higgins would be along soon. It was a case of now or never. Liz. came to the door

"You was sayin' somethink, Jem?" she queried.

That upset Jem. He stuttered and choked. He tugged at his gleaming collar, and finally ejaculated: "It's a nice night, aint it, Liz.?" Liz. thought it was. Jem clutched the bench, and braced his feet. "There's agoin' ter be a meetin' in the school house Sunday." An agonizing pause. "I allers goes ter meetin' in the summer," he affirmed.

"Certainly, Jem," she said soothingly. Jem began to feel more comfortable.

"I guess I'm as likely a young feller as goes ter meetin', aint I Liz.?"

"Why, certainly, Jem."

"And I guess yer as purty as any of the gals, and a sight smarter than them Lavell girls," he added gallantly.

Liz. didn't answer. She was wishing her father would hurry. Jem tugged again at his shining celluloid, and made a final effort.

"Say, Liz.," he said, "maybe you'll be gittin' married some fine day, eh?"

"I see pa," she cried. "Pa, Jem's here. Well, so long!"

"Aw Liz.," said Jem, "hold on a jiffy. Yuh *will* be gettin' spliced, won't yuh?"

"It's manners to wait till yer ast," said Liz. demurely, and disappeared laughing.

The fates, and his farm, contrived to keep Jem busy for the next month. Whenever he tried to get out of his chores, his sister, to use Jem's phrase, "raised Cain." Bell was asserting her independence. Jem thought it wise to pamper her till he installed a new mistress in the Dodds house. Bell grew even more self assertive; and one day when Jem used the chicken money she had been saving for a dress, she threw off the yoke of sisterly

servility. She gave Jem a piece of her mind. She knew a place in town, she said, where she could get ten dollars a month. She would go in next Saturday. Jem was overwhelmed. Next Saturday! He offered to refund the money. Bell was immovable. He offered to refund the money and add a dollar to it if she'd keep house "till I gits spliced." Bell immediately became enraged.

"Huh! ye think ye can use me till ye gits someone better, eh? Well, ye can't. I pity the pore soul as takes ye, yuh ol' skinflint, yuh!" And Bell flounced out of the room.

Jem felt the emergency of the time demanded speed. He'd settle matters with Liz. that very evening. He felt he had made rapid progress in his courting last time. Hadn't Liz. admitted he was a likely young fellow? He thought of Liz.'s talents, and did not reproach fate.

The setting sun beheld Jem driving to Higgins'. He thought it would impress Liz. if he came in a buggy. He was a radiant suitor, with shining collar, and well oiled hair. He felt well pleased with life, with Liz., with Jem Dodds. Liz. was smarter than Bell, and hadn't half the tongue. Bell did talk when she was "riled." As he neared his destination he saw Liz. at the gate. How pretty she was with the sun on her hair! Jem began to warm to his task.

He brought the buggy to a standstill before the gate. He cleared his throat, and spat on the ground.

"Evenin' Jem," said Liz. indifferently.

"Say, Liz.," Jem leaned from the buggy, "did you know as Bell's took a notion?"

"What kind of a notion?" asked Liz.

"Goin' to leave the farm," said Jem.

"Is Bell gittin' married?" said Liz. eagerly.

"Nope," returned Jem. She's got a place in town."

"Oh!" said Liz., losing interest. She looked down the road.

"Lookin' fur some'un, Liz?"

Jem felt she did not appreciate his intentions as highly as she

should. Liz. nodded, and smiled.. She raised her hand slightly. Jem's eyes followed the movement.

"Mebbe your Pa gave yuh that ring?" he asked harshly.

"Guess again," said Liz., and smiled.

"'Taint that Traviss feller. The mines aint working now. 'Taint him, is it Liz.?" he besought.

"Jem Dodds," answered Liz. with dignity, "Mr. Traviss has cared enough for me to give me this here ring. He aint mining any more. He's bought the old Barton place, and jest as soon as he gits the house fixed I'm goin' to be married to him. I see him comin' now. Good-bye."

Jem opened his mouth, and closed it. He reached weakly for the reins. He grasped the whip and hit the horse.

"Git tap," he said crossly. Then, "Ef wimun aint the beatenest! After me courtin' her nigh onto four years!—Git tap there, you old nag!—Guess I'll hev to take one of them Lavell girls after all. I never seen a gal as smart as Liz. Oh Liz., I'd never uv believed you was that fickle!—Git tap there, you old fool of a hoss!"

Elsie Wilkins. '17.

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VOL. XXV FEBRUARY, 1916 NO. 5

Editorial Notes.

The death of Professor M. S. Clark, M.A., on Friday, February 4, removed from among us one who, ever since the founding of the Arts Department, had occupied a prominent place in McMaster life. The large results of a quarter of a century's devotion to the work of academic teaching cannot be measured. Professor Clark gave to McMaster the crowning years of his life and the ripeness of his scholarship. Apart, however, from the direct and able influence of the class-room, personal contact with his many students has proven, and will yet prove, of inestimable value. Although in his later years a continuous struggle against ill-health had narrowed his range of activities, in the early years of his connection with McMaster his work was many-sided. From 1893 to 1896 Professor Clark was managing editor of THE MONTHLY—the guiding hand of the third, fourth and fifth vol-

umes. Those early volumes are in every way worthy as college records and literary symposia, and it was doubtless due to the diligence and ability of the editor that our college journal survived the initial difficulties and perils of its career. The editorial matter of those early numbers reveals a broad acquaintance with leading men and contemporary literature and breathes throughout a spirit of deep solicitude for the welfare of McMaster and her sister institutions.

Inasmuch as in the present number of THE MONTHLY are found fit expressions of esteem for our late Professor Clark, from those who knew him well, we shall not here repeat those sentiments of reverence and affection; but, if it be permitted us to offer our simple and sincere tribute to his memory—we believe that Professor Clark was an able and earnest teacher and a true Christian gentleman, the influence of whose character and spirit will long abide. To the bereaved family THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

On February 9th death came to Mrs. M. McCrimmon, mother of our Chancellor. To him in his bereavement we wish to express our sympathy.

Seven stories were received for the Story Competition, four from graduates and three from undergraduates. Professor Trotter, Professor McLay and Professor Matthews judged the stories, and the results of their deliberations are hereto appended. No first prize was given in the Graduate Contest.

Graduate Competition:

2nd Prize.....G. M. Goodfellow, B.A. '13.
3rd Prize.....Mrs. T. R. Wilkins, B.A. '12.

Undergraduate Competition:

1st Prize.....Miss Elsie Wilkins, '17.
2nd Prize.....H. A. Innis, '16.
3rd Prize.....Not awarded.

Thanks to those who submitted stories, the editor must confess to an entirely new and a not unpleasant sensation. We

gaze on the stories accepted for publication with something like the pride and affection which King Midas lavished upon his gold, and we shall guard them no less jealously. What our state of ecstasy will be when contributions begin to come unasked for we cannot conceive.

To readers of THE MONTHLY who watch with keen interest the annual fate of the Kerr Debating Shield, we regret to announce that Wycliffe College is this year the "far country" whither the shield has journeyed. However, we can assure them that the trophy was valiantly fought for and that the debating of this year was no whit behind that of previous years. The subject of the final debate, particulars of which will be found on another page, was a difficult one and our side of the argument was rendered especially difficult by the popular preconception upon the question at issue. To our debaters, Messrs. Fraser, Davis, Kemp and Innis, we wish to express our fullest appreciation of the splendid work done by them.

The McMaster co-eds met in debate their collegiate sisters from Annesley, but failed to charm the judges into a favorable decision. Unfortunately all males not directly required for the prosecution of the debate were rigorously excluded from this feministic fray. However, from information received (very indirectly, of course) from those who were present we conclude that the University may very well feel proud of the debating prowess of its representatives—Misses Macklem and Gregory.

$ay, there i$ a $mall matter which $ome of our ubcriber$ have $eemingly $lighted. It i$ po$itively nece$$ary that we have $ome in our bu$ine$$. $o, dear ubcriber$, if you have not yet paid, plea$e do $o $oon. $end u$ your $'$ that it may be po$$ible for our bu$ine$$ manager to clo$e hi$ book$ on March 30th with no unpaid ubcription$.—*College Index.*

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. McGREGOR, '16.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

"Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

THE old Kerr Shield, after a short stay of one year, has left us again. Wycliffe College is now the proud possessor of the coveted trophy. We trust they will keep it brightly burnished for we expect them to return it next year in as good shape as they received it. The final debate was held at Wycliffe on February 11, the resolution reading "that the Canadian banking system meets commercial needs better than the banking system of the United States." R. M. Fraser, B.A., and J. W. Davis, B.A., supporting the negative, did excellent work, but failed to convince the judges as to the correctness of their interpretation of the resolution. The chief difficulty was in definitely enforcing the distinction between the Federal and State banking systems of the United States. To go into all the points pro and con. would be unintelligible for the average reader and an impossibility for the present writer. Suffice it to say that we are quite as proud of our men as if they had won, for their work was of a very high order indeed;—the debating ability of the college has not fallen a whit. The Wycliffe men, W. F. Wallace, M.A., and E. N. Smith, B.A., are to be congratulated, for the very fact that they defeated our men is evidence that their work was good. However, there are a few empty spaces on the shield yet, and we confidently prophesy that the name of McMaster will soon be engraved again upon the historic trophy.

The Freshmen's lack of experience in debating was of material assistance to the Theologues in the debate of January 28. The subject for discussion was the applicability to Canada of the Lord Derby scheme of recruiting. The Theologues held that it would not be wise to use this system in Canada, and the judges ruled that they had established their point. O. H. McDonald

and A. Hansuld, of Year '19, showed that they had put real work on the subject, and although their material was good, their lack of experience in actual debate and public speaking put them at a disadvantage in making the best use of it. But Theology's representatives, W. A. Kenyon and J. A. Long, B.A., do not owe their success entirely to Year '19's inexperience. Their work was of a very high order indeed, and if Theology would but show wisdom once again in choosing good men to represent them, who can say but what they might win out in the finals;—there have been stranger things happen.

The ladies of Year '16 contributed a playlet to the Lit. programme of January 21. Miss Marshall, in a reminiscent mood, discussed "that old sweetheart of mine," while visions of loveliness appeared at intervals on the stage—these visions being the aforementioned "old sweethearts." The plot was not difficult to follow, and if the remarks heard in the audience are anything to go by, some parts were exceedingly well appreciated.

Miss Gordon, of Year '19, contributed a piano solo to the programme; R. W. E. Christie, '18, gave a reading, and H. Ashby, '19, closed the meeting with a careful instrumental.

"*'Twas* a braw bright moonlight nicht." Whatever was the trouble,—slip of the pen, or hurried proof-reading—we do not know, but the above phrase actually appeared last month in these columns. We desire to apologize most humbly to any reader who may have Celtic ancestry. We trust the like will never happen again—at least so long as the present editor is allowed to remain at his post.

Raymond Robins, of Chicago, delivered an address before the Fyfe Missionary Society on February 2. Mr. Robins, whose life reads like a novel, has been fighting for 16 years for the redemption of Chicago's most needy ward, the Seventeenth, where, to use his own expression, "over eighty thousand people speaking 22 different languages are packed one on top of another in an area less than a mile square."

He is devoting one year of his time to special evangelistic effort among the colleges of North America, and his itinerary brought him to Toronto for a few days' campaign.

His method is unique. Each address is complete in itself and yet forms a link in the series which he gives. The crucial point of the series is, of course, the appeal to follow Jesus Christ. His message is the old story of the Man of Galilee. He speaks

with authority and tells nothing which he has not attempted in his own life. He knows life and believes in it; he has a supreme faith in the integrity of mankind and the triumph of right. As a man he impresses his hearers with a sense of his power and dignity. His experiences have so sobered him that his earnestness has almost a trace of sadness, but this is offset by a saving grace of humor which breaks out in the most unexpected places, but does not detract from the force of his appeal. In his last meeting in Convocation Hall he made a direct appeal, and although the attendance was much less than the worth of the address merited, a large number signified their intention of striving after the more worth-while things of life.

Notice on the Faculty Board.—"Prof. Campbell will not meet his classes Friday. Hostilities will be resumed Monday."

Recruiting Sergeant:—"Well, my young man, aren't you thinking of going overseas?" Young Man.—"*No, sir!* At least not while the war's on."

We regret that lack of space makes it impossible to give the original report of the skating party held by the Seniors on January 29th. The first sentence of the report reads as follows: "With heart afire we tune our lyre to skating held by Sixteen, and shall forsooth proclaim the truth with little error mixed in." (It rhymed better than that farther on.) Thus it is evident that the reporter intended to give a truthful account. We can do no more under the circumstances, however, than ask the printer to insert the line of type which is kept ready set up for all such occasions:

"We had a very enjoyable evening."

Leap Year parties were started by Year '17, the most festive Year of the school this term. On January 17 the ladies invited their friends and others to a skating party. We understand that they were pleased with the entertainment with which they provided themselves.

The Student Volunteer Band, on January 21 and 28, were given two illustrated lectures descriptive of missionary life in Nigeria by Rev. R. V. Bingham. These lectures were the more interesting because N. W. D. Davis, B.A., '14, and Mr. and Mrs. Pinnock, parents of H. Pinnock, '18, figured in a number of the slides.

January 31 was the occasion of a very pleasant evening spent at the home of Miss Alba Robertson by the Freshies. Throughout the day the weatherman was anxiously questioned and besought for good skating, but alas! the Sophs. had evidently bribed him too effectually for

> "There was water, water everywhere;
> No ice on which to skate."

Nothing daunted Year Nineteen sallied forth to enjoy an evening of merriment and good cheer indoors. Since there was no ice outside, it was resolved that there should be no ice inside, and with this end in view each lady was given three minutes in which to make the acquaintance of each gentleman; after which, by a fearful and wonderful means of counting, each one found her partner for the next game. The time was then spent happily in games and music till the good things to eat made their appearance. Some of the guests rather surprised the company by the amount which they were able to dispose of, but the chaperone kindly made allowances for such. After refreshments a short programme was given, consisting of music, speeches from two ghosts and others. The chaperone expressed himself as being very well satisfied with conditions and was allowed to peaceably resume his seat. The company broke up with the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster" and the National Anthem, and amid sincere expressions of gratitude to host and hostess the various members set out on their homeward way.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MELBA I. CAMPBELL, '16.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

ONE day in a moment of despair the sudden determination came upon us to journey to a certain corner of the library, take down a few copies of THE MONTHLY of former years, and there see for ourselves if the self-same events and items of interest were always recorded in the self-same way, and if not, to discover the secret of originality possessed by the various editors. While engaged in this inspiring pursuit, our original purpose was well-nigh forgotten in the discovery that it was not until 1905 that the

women of the University had attained a sufficient number and degree of importance to warrant the possession of a department of their own. Nor was this the sole point worthy of note that a comparison of editions of our college paper past and present revealed. The profusion of poetry found upon the pages of the former, as contrasted with its scarcity now so much deplored, would seem to indicate that this particular variety of genius must surely be on the decline, while the literary style affected in the early 90's might well be considered worthy of a present-day text-book. In short, the birth, infancy and growth of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY has been a complete process of evolution; let us hope it will ever be one of progress and not retrogression.

The spirit of sociability has surely come upon Year '17, for have they not indulged in some four hilariously pleasant parties since embarking upon the new year? They are surely riding upon the crest of the wave, all of which speaks well for the peculiar opportunity for feminine control which comes but once in four. In addition to a couple of regular Year skating parties, the Juniors have been fortunate enough to be entertained at two private homes. The scene of festivities the first time was Dr. Farmer's residence, where all had gathered in farewell to Lieut. Elder. When each had threaded the stringy maze to his partner the competitions began. An economic phase of the entertainment was the auctioning off of the men present and some went for surprisingly few beans. The programme of the evening was concluded with speeches from the members leaving the Year. Feelings of warm appreciation will linger long in the hearts of those who participated in the pleasures of the kind hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Enid Farmer.

The vice-president of the Junior Year, Miss Winnifred Grindell, was next moved out of the fullness of her heart to entertain the various members of her Year, and her generous impulse received complete expression through the kindness and hospitality of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, whose home on Scollard street had previously been the scene of several happy frolics. After the protracted season of disappointment and gloom which the weatherman had seen fit to inflict upon the skaters of McMaster throughout this unreasonably mild winter, it seemed hardly credible that at last his frown had been dispelled. But this was a fact, however, since ice and temperature left nothing to be desired. At length, when full advantage had been taken of all the requisites for the complete enjoyment of the twenty bands at their disposal, the merry throng happily journeyed to

their hostess' home, where ample justice was done the bountiful repast prepared, and yet another evening of jollity had gone down into history.

As a result of what might be termed a progressive form of introduction in force at Varsity rink one evening recently, a certain popular young gentleman who might have had his bands taken "three or four times over" with ladies of his own selection, was heard to lament his fate in some such words as these, "Some have girls, some achieve girls, and some have girls thrust upon them."

Despondent Sophomore—"I simply can't remember my Latin vocabulary." Ingenious Freshette—"You should try the plan of connecting Latin words with English ones that sound like them—it works beautifully. For instance, I always remember sinister by spinster—they both mean "left."

On Friday afternoon, January 28th, an interesting meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held. After the Scripture reading by Miss Bessie Cooke, '17, an address was given by Mrs. Falls on her work among the women of North China. Owing to the persecution of the Christians at the time of the Boxer Rebellion the women are very reticent about declaring their faith in Christ openly, but more and more are accepting the truths of Christianity. "The women are the hope of China. If the women are won, China will be won."

Query:—Was it a momentary fear or desire to escape the "laying on of hands by the seven" that the editor of "Around the Hall" was so suddenly tempted to flee to his native city?

The fact that one of the Seniorettes has seen fit to join Theology, though her course is already complete, clearly proves her belief that Astronomy is a somewhat uncertain quantity.

The regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 21st, in the chapel. The programme, presented by the fair squad of Seniorettes, was much enjoyed by all. After the reading of the minutes, the interest of everyone became centred upon the stage, where the play, "Our Aunt from California," was being enacted. The plot was rather intricate, and at times the audience feared a general mix-up would be the inevitable dénouement. Fortunately, however, the tangle was finally unravelled and the whole situation reached a happy

conclusion. A pantomime, entitled "His Old Sweethearts," was the next item of entertainment, during which a certain tall Seniorette made an admirable "He," while the characters of "His" various heartbreaks were well represented by the other girls of the Year. After an enjoyable piano solo, current events were announced in a most novel form—the audience, the plain outsiders, were permitted to view an imagined reunion of Year '16 in A.D. 1921, when fond memory brought the light of other days around them—the days of their reign as Seniors. Their reminiscences ended with the Year yell, which was the signal for "Thy Praises, McMaster," and this famous song, given with its usual manly(?) force, brought the meeting to a close.

Anxious Senior.—Any sign of my moustache coming? Solicitous Sophette.—No, I think you must be going to take after your mother.

After an interval of some eight or ten years, McMaster again joined the Women's Inter-College Debating Union, accepted Victoria's challenge to prove that the public ownership of railroads would be in the best interests of the Dominion, chose two, Miss Ruth Macklem, '16, and Miss Alice Gregory, '16, from among the flower of her flock, and prepared for the verbal conflict. With their customary ardor and enthusiasm practically the entire Women's Student Body accompanied their representatives to the scene of action, where it was soon evident that our confidence in them had by no means been misplaced, despite the fact that the decision was pronounced against us. The eloquence, perfection of composition and delivery, as well as the carefully prepared arguments of our speakers, left nothing to be desired. Had the judges' verdict been ten times in our favor, our pride in them could not have been increased, nor greater honour done the University they represented.

The sudden death of Prof. M. S. Clark will probably exercise a greater influence upon the women of the University, especially those in the Modern Language course, than upon any other portion of the student body. With none was he more closely associated, since the majority of his classes were feminine in character, and by none will his loss be more keenly felt.

On January 28th, 1916, Miss Jean Mimms, '18, very delightfully entertained a number of her friends and classmates at her home, 75 Pearson Ave., in celebration of the passover of that

most dreaded college evil—"exams." Despite the fact that the original date of the festive day had of necessity been postponed, and that the weather steadfastly refused to furnish the would-be skaters with the all-essential ice, the merry-makers proudly refused to have their ardor dampened and an extremely pleasant evening was the happy result. After wits had been sharpened in various games, and the identity of the fair ladies present guessed more or less accurately with only a hand to guide, music became the next item of pleasure. And this, generously provided by Miss Marjory Latimer and Miss Alba Robertson, put the finishing touches to what will always be considered as a very pleasant picture to hang on "memory's wall."

Athletics.

EDITOR: J. A. LONG.

THE Jennings Cup Hockey Series is over for this year as far as McMaster is concerned. We applied for admittance into this series last fall and were drafted into group C along with Victoria, Senior U. C., Senior Dents and Knox. Our men fought a good fight, but a stronger team kept them from finishing the course as we would have wished.

McMaster, 6—Senior U. C., 3.—The first game of the season was played at the Arena on Sat., Jan 22nd, with Senior University College. The men on both teams were in poor condition and the play was somewhat loose. After the first two goals, scored by Fawthrop and Houlding, Lepofsky enjoyed a period of porousness, and U. C. retaliated with three counters. Things tightened up slightly then, and Fawthrop and Robb each found the nets before half time. The play was better in the second half, and the only goals scored were two more for McMaster, tallied by Froom and Campbell.

Line up U. C.—Goal, Dinsmore; defence, Stewart, Walters; rover, Robertson; forward, Niblock, Latchford, Firth.

Line up McMaster.—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Campbell, Houlding; rover, Froom; forward, Robb, Fawthrop, Chisholm.

McMaster, 5—Victoria, 1.—McMaster met Victoria at the Arena on Thursday afternoon., Jan. 27th. It was hardly as good

hockey as that shown in the previous game, and the play, as indicated by the score, was somewhat one-sided. A universal failing this year in college sport seems to be lack of training. When, near the end of the game, it became necessary for the "Vic." captain to remove a man to even up for Chisholm, who had gone off with a slight cut above his eye, his question was "Who's the tiredest?"—and his words illustrated rather accurately the condition of both teams. Of the McMaster goals, Fawthrop was responsible for three, and Froom for one ("Bert" Chisholm also scored). A number of the ladies of the University turned out to see the game. They deserve credit for the interest they show in the University's athletic activities, and for setting an example which so many of the gentlemen could fittingly follow.

Line up Vic.—Goal, Hardy; defence, Cooley, Sanderson; rover, Adams; forward, McDonald, Huycke, Long.

Line up McMaster.—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Campbell, Houlding; rover, Froom; forward, Chisholm, Fawthrop, Dodge.

Dents, 4—McMaster, 1.—On Feb. 5th the two strongest teams of the group met at the Arena, and Dents proved the stronger of the two. The game was the best in which our fellows have played this year, and although the winners got three of their goals in the first period, it was a strenuous fight, and the men worked hard all the way. The play itself was fairly even, but Dents got in closer and had greater scoring ability. The only McMaster goal was scored by Robb, in the second period. As Dents have won everything in the single schedule, this game puts us out of the running for this year, and now the scrub and year teams will have a chance to get busy.

Line up Dents.—Goal, Bishop; defence, Deans, Boyd; rover, Boyd; forward, Aljoe, Chartrand, Anderson.

McMaster.—Same as in game with U. C.

Owing to lack of material, caused by enlistments, Knox defaulted their games in this group.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A., '03.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by."

HIS quotation from the late Sam Walter Foss often comes to the mind of the Editor of this Department as he spends his days in the Registrar's Office, with the stream of student life flowing past his door five or six times every day as the bell rings to change classes. Day after day and week after week the stream flows back and forth, but every few months—they say it is only once a year, though it seems much oftener—a part of the stream leaves the old accustomed channels and wanders away beyond the confines of undergraduate life. After graduation, the force of circumstances tends to disintegrate the stream and, like the Nile, it divided into many branches, which find their way to the sea by separate routes. Changing the figure, we have no longer a Student Body, as we know it among undergraduates, but a disembodied spirit—probably the McMaster ghost, of which we have so often heard—disseminated and carried abroad by the separated members of the once corporate whole. That graduates should become simply isolated units, separated from the life of the University and from each other, would be most undesirable from all points of view, and among the various influences set to prevent such an effect, the Graduate Column holds a prominent place. The column belongs to the graduates and all are invited to use it. If you have a piece of news about yourself or another graduate, send it to the Registrar at old McMaster and he will do his part as editor and will pass it on to others.

Last month reference was made to the municipal activities of a number of our graduates, including D. B. Harkness, B.A., '99, M.A., '04, and S. R. Tarr, B.A., '95, M.A., '97, both of Winnipeg. The first steps have now been taken in the organization of a Citizens' League in that city, more than fifty prominent citizens having been enrolled. The purpose of the League is to make a systematic study of municipal affairs, to disseminate accurate information concerning them, and generally promote in a practical way better civic, economic and social conditions;

and also to co-operate with the city officials and with other organizations to secure efficient administration of civic interests. The League will carry out its activities through special committees and a general secretary. Committee findings, after careful study, will be reported to the full membership, and when passed upon will be given out to the public in an educative form. Among the seven names comprising the first special committee we find the two graduates above mentioned.

As is noted elsewhere in this issue, the University mourns the loss of one of the oldest members of the staff, Professor M. S. Clark (B.A. Ad Eund. '94), who passed away on February 4th. Professor Clark was on the staff from the inception of the Arts Department, twenty-five years ago.

Dr. R. A. F. McDonald, B.A., '04, M.A., '08, who is now Professor of Education at Bates College, Lewiston, Me., is the author of a book entitled "The Adjustment of School Organization to Various Population Groups," which has just been issued by Teachers College, Columbia University, as one of their series of contributions to education. The work deals with educational provisions for the deaf, for the blind, for the delinquent, the dependent, the feeble minded, the exceptionally gifted, etc. The work shows that it is the result of a large amount of research and investigation, and it will doubtless prove of great value to experts in the lines with which it deals. We congratulate Dr. McDonald on its publication.

L. S. Cutler, B.A., '14, has enlisted at Wetaskiwin, Alta., with the 131st Battalion. He is with the platoon being raised in Wetaskiwin, which will be quartered there for the winter. Cutler is a private and is acting also as clerk for the platoon.

Rowland Crowe, '10, reports that he finds Trail a bright town, and he is the only lawyer there; he thinks he could not have made a better move from Vancouver while remaining in British Columbia, and he looks forward to building up a considerable practice. He was formerly with Woodworth, Fisher & Crowe at Vancouver.

Rev. T. Ross Sorton, Theol., '14, pastor of Fort Frances Baptist Church, has enlisted and is now at Winnipeg taking an officers' training course. For the present he is still serving his church, coming from Winnipeg to Fort Frances each week-end.

A. R. Quirk and B. V. McCrimmon, both of the Class of '13, have completed the third year of their course at Osgoode Hall.

Rev. O. C. Gray, B.A., '05, B.Th., '07, is having a successful pastorate at Niagara Falls, 210 members having united with the Church during the past five years. His Advisory Board recently presented him with a gold watch as a token of good-will and appreciation.

W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., '98, has been appointed Assistant Registrar of Manitoba University, the position being a new one. Mr. Teakles was for some years a teacher in Woodstock College. He has been engaged lately in the life insurance business, but now returns to university work. Mrs. Teakles was Miss Elizabeth McLaurin, '01.

Rev. J. M. Cornwall, '00, resides at Ingersoll. For a long time he has been an invalid without prospect of restored health, but he maintains his cheerful disposition, and is an inspiration to all who visit him. On New Year's Day he sent a letter of greeting to the people of Ingersoll, which was very much appreciated by them.

C. S. Edwards, B.A., '06, was the spokesman of a delegation of teachers which recently waited upon the Board of Education in Edmonton to present a petition and protest against a proposed reduction in salaries. The deputation represented the United Association of City Teachers. As there was recently a cut of 10 per cent. in salaries, the teachers protested against a further reduction of 5 per cent. as proposed by the Board. Charlie presented some striking facts and statistics, comparing conditions in Edmonton with those in other cities and with other lines of public service. At the latest report the matter was referred to a special committee.

J. H. C. Graham, '15, besides being a business man of ability, as he is demonstrating in his work for the Life Underwriters' Association, is an accomplished musician, having been organist in his father's church, First Avenue Baptist, Toronto, for a number of years. At the recent annual meeting he was presented by the Church with a clock as a token of appreciation.

Professor J. J. Reeve, B.A., '94, now of Chicago, will have the sympathy of the alumni in the recent death of his wife, who was Miss Moyer of Toronto.

Joseph Wearing, B.A., '10, M.A., '12, recently offered to enlist as a private in Peterboro, but was unable to pass the medical examination. To the examiner Mr. Wearing stated that the reason he offered himself was because there are still several hundred men required to bring the battalion up to strength, and there are some who appear to be shirking their responsibility. Joe's brother Jim, who was at one time a student at Woodstock College, is now at the front with the Canadian Engineers. Another brother is in training at Barrie.

The friends of Mrs. Calvin Detlor (Gladys Jackson, Special Course, '11) will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her illness, which has lasted for seven months, during which time she has had two serious operations. Calvin is working up a good practice as dentist in North Toronto.

V. E. Gray, B.A., '11, M.A., '13, who is solicitor for the Trust and Guarantee Company, Toronto, is taking the officers' training course, and expects to receive a commission shortly.

Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '05, on a recent Sunday announced to his congregation at Bloor Street, Toronto, that he had enlisted with the 109th regiment. For many months he has been taking part in recruiting rallies, and he hoped that it would not be necessary to leave the pulpit to take up arms, but—to quote his words—"as the months have gone by without decisive victories it has become increasingly clear that the supreme duty of every able-bodied single man is to equip himself for military service if he desires to hold the title to manhood." Mr. Cameron has been given a commission with the temporary rank of captain. It will not be necessary for him to leave the pulpit at once, but by giving his summer vacation to active training he hopes by the fall to be qualified for overseas service. He will be granted leave of absence by the Church.

A recent number of the Winnipeg *Telegram* devoted a page of the illustrated section to portraits of officers of the Winnipeg Canadian Club. Among these we find the genial face of our friend S. R. Tarr, who is Literary Correspondent for 1916.

V. W. Price, '11, who was on duty in the summer at Kapuskasing Internment Camp, is now a machine gun officer in the 123rd Battalion.

D. L. Durkin, B.A. Ad Eund., '12, has been made a lecturer

in the Department of English in the University of Manitoba. He is a graduate of that University of '08, and has had experience since graduation as Y.M.C.A. secretary for a year on the Pacific coast, for a short time as high school principal at Carman, Man., and then for five years as principal of the academic department of Brandon College. His work at Brandon, both as teacher and organizer of student life, was most successful. His wife is also an ad eundem alumna of McMaster.

Capt. E. P. Lewis, '09, has become the medical officer of the 123rd Battalion.

Under the Commission of Conservation, Sir John Willison, Chairman of the Dominion Council, has appointed an executive committee of eighteen members to consider and deal with the resolutions of the recent Conference of the Civic Improvement League. This committee will also proceed with the drafting of the constitution of the League. Among the provincial representatives on the committee we find the name of Professor E. H. Oliver (M.A. ad eund., '06), as representing Saskatchewan. Dr. Oliver was for some years lecturer in History at McMaster; he is now Professor of History in the University of Saskatchewan.

Professor Douglas C. Macintosh (B.A., '03) has been promoted from the assistant professorship to the Dwight Professorship of Theology in Yale University. This is one of the marks of recognition which he has received from the publication of his recent book, "The Problem of Knowledge."

Miss Jessie I. Stenhouse, '13, is now vice-principal of the public school at Raymond, Alta.

Rev. C. R. Jones, Theol., '04, who was until recently pastor in Ridgetown, becomes associate pastor of First Baptist Church, Pontiac, Mich.

Arthur Hall, B.A., '13, B.Th., '15, is now located in Sedley, Sask.

Lieut. C. A. Grant, B.A., '02, was a welcome visitor at the Hall recently, when on his way from Edmonton to Montreal. He is with the Fifth Universities' Company, which will be leaving shortly for overseas to reinforce the Princess Patricias. Charlie made a very effective speech at the chapel service.

Miss Bessie Arkell, B.A., '11, is teaching this year at Smith's Falls Collegiate Institute, in the department of English.

Miss Anna Macintosh, B.A., '08, has resigned her position

as superintendent of Lowell House Settlement, Yale University, New Haven, Conn. She expects to enter similar work in New York.

Miss Annie Fraser, B.A., '10, is school mistress at Carlsbad Springs, near Ottawa.

Mrs. Ross Hamilton (Annie Windsor, B.A., '05) has been living in England during the past six months and is now located at Swansea, South Wales, where her husband is doing hospital work.

Miss H. A. Iler, B.A., '02, has resigned from the staff of the Chesley H. S. and is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. T. H. Marshall, who is now located in Rochester, N.Y.

Miss Hope Gray, B.A., '09, is now at Rosedale Ranch, Bittern Lake, Alta. Owing to the recent death of her mother she gave up her position on the Moulton College staff to be with her father.

Mrs. R. C. Bensen (Anita Waters, '07) is with her mother, 34 Mountain Park Ave., Hamilton, and is taking a complete rest before attempting to renew any old associations.

Miss Martha Fitch, B.A., '10, who taught mathematics at Lucan High School very successfully for two years, is now on the Moulton College staff, in the position she held before going to Lucan.

The fall meeting of the McMaster Alumnae Association took the form of a Red Cross Tea, held at the home of the President, Mrs. R. W. E. Burnaby, Bedford Park, on Saturday, Nov. 20th. A good representation of graduates, undergraduates of the fourth year, the Moulton faculty, Mrs. McCrimmon and the wives of the McMaster professors, were present and an interesting afternoon is reported. Mrs. Burnaby had the assistance of Miss E. M. Wagstaff, B.A., '12, Vice-Pres., in receiving the guests. Mrs. Glenn Campbell, B.A., '02, provided the musical part of the program. After a pleasant hour spent in the tea-room and in social intercourse, Miss Bessie MacMurchy gave an address on her recent experiences in hospital work in France. Miss MacMurchy spoke very highly of the generally recognized efficiency of our Canadian nurses and gave a graphic account of general conditions in the hospitals to which she was attached in Paris and at La Touquet. Her appeal was most urgent for greater sacrifice on the part of women in sending men to the front and in preparing comforts for those who are already in the trenches. The net proceeds amounted to twenty dollars, which sum has been forwarded to the Treasurer, No. 4 University Base Hospital.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart."—*Kipling.*

THE loss of war is surely not counted in terms of economic wastage, nor its full significance apparent even when the broken regiments return and the ships come home from slaughter. Neither is it all reckoned when we try to estimate the resources of vitality and mentality that have disappeared. There are moral and spiritual losses that cannot be reckoned. Who can conceive the inexpressible anguish of a woman's heart? The brave parting with loved ones, the anxious waiting, the mute despair of one heart can only be felt, never expressed. What can be said of ten thousand such!

IN DREAMLAND.

I dreamed last night he looked upon me fondly,
I felt his arm around my shoulders thrown,
And as I raised my eyes to find his meaning
I heard the softly whispered words, "My own!"

'Twas sweeter than the robin's song in spring time,
More welcome than the sun's first morning beam;
The memory makes my poor heart throb with gladness—
Poor heart indeed! since it was but a dream.

Then welcome sleep if so I go to dreaming
And be with him whom waking hours deny,
My heart must take the shadow and the seeming,
And dreamland words and looks must satisfy.

—L. E. B., BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

The following poem on Belgium by an undergraduate of Harvard won a silver medal and one hundred dollars, known as the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize:

"Wait, watch and pray!
The uneven candles from the altar burn;
The shattered windows blaze the last return
Of sinking day,
The evening sky
Lapses from battled crimson into dark
And to the altar tapers, spark on spark,

The stars reply,
And black above
The shot-torn rafters meeting overhead
Watch o'er the land's petition for its dead—
A grief of love
That never ends.
A nation, shrapnel-scarred and faint with war,
Humbled along the Church's stone-strewn floor,
In conquest bends,
Bends to receive
The sacrament of Christ, the blood of peace,
The benediction prayer of swift release,
Disdains reprieve,
Kneeling alone.
Belgium, bowed down, but not reduced, aspires
In hope to see the morning gild her spires
And dawn atone
For dark to-night,
When brothers slay from hill to distant hill
Or in the bayonet charge, white hot to kill,
Fall in the fight . . .
God grant the day
Break golden clear beyond the coming morn,
Wait—light in future glory will be born,
Wait—fight and pray."

While glancing over the magazines for the month we became interested in a story in *Acta Victoriana* entitled, "Sweet Caporal." We are not particularly fond of the title, but that may be because we prefer another brand ourselves. It is a very interesting tale of some noted corporals, historic and otherwise. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines just where the young Corporal Casey, with a great ambition in his heart, stands listening while the sergeant-major dismisses the parade:

"Sergeant-Major, dismiss the parade!" cries the officer commanding.

The great commoner steps out. His voice sounds forth, and the shades of the bulls of Bashan grazing in Queen's Park slink away in shame.

"Parade—Properly at ease, men!"

The dread quintessence of a thousand Joves is in that command.

"Dis-miss! Don't salute!"

Who would be a paltry colonel? Not Corporal Casey; he will be sergeant-major and dismiss the parade.

The story ends of course with Napoleon, whose shade, when called forth by Sir Oliver Lodge to meet the great Joffre, answers only to the name of the "Little Corporal."

Vox Lycei publishes the following:

A STREET CAR ROMANCE.

The crowded car swung round the street,
And swayed them; for a moment sweet
She touched him—for a moment fleet
That made his poor heart leap within.
She left the car, and, riding on,
He felt a strange, new feeling dawn—
A sense of something that was gone—
It was his watch and diamond pin.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

He asked: "How much did Romeo?
I always do forget!"
She answered: "That depends, you know
On what fair Juliet."

Old Lady.—Little boy, your mouth is open. Little Boy.—I know, I opened it.

Mr. Syme (after two hours' drilling).—Right about face. Voaden.—Glad I'm right about something.—*Vox.*

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE.

O England of our Fathers and England of our Sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day-dawn glory runs,
For Empire has been ours of old and Empire ours shall be,—
His grip is on the world to-day whose grip is on the sea.

O England of our Fathers and England of our Sons,
Above the roar of battling hosts, the thunder of the guns,
A Mother's voice was calling us, we heard it oversea,
The blood which thou did'st give for us is the blood we spill for thee.

O England of our Fathers and England of our Sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day-dawn glory runs,
For golden peace is drawing near, her paths are on the sea.—
He grips the hearts of all mankind who stands for liberty.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, in *Morning Post*, London.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines for January: *The Sheaf, University of New Brunswick Monthly, Acta Victoriana, Bessie Tift, Argosy, Trinity Review, Vox Wesleyana, Vox Lycei, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Acadia Athenaeum, Mitre, Midway, Wycliffe Magazine and Queen's Journal.*

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DEATH OF W. SYDNEY RICE.

CORPORAL W. SYDNEY RICE, of the 5th Universities Company, who was a member of the class of '14, died in Montreal General Hospital on Saturday, March 4th. Mr. Rice had been ill for three weeks with double pneumonia. He was much better on Saturday morning and was sitting up, but in the afternoon pleurisy set in and he passed away in the evening. A military funeral was held, the service being conducted by Dr. Denton of Olivet Baptist Church. The Company followed the remains to the station, buglers playing the Last Post as the body was laid on the train. The remains were brought to Toronto, and the funeral was held from the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rice, of 1645 Bloor Street West, representatives of the Faculty and the Student Body being in attendance. The service was conducted by Rev. H. R. Nobles, his pastor, assisted by Rev. Llewellyn Thomas and Captain Chaplain Gilmour. Captain Gilmour and five students, friends of the deceased, all in uniform, acted as pall bearers; the late Corporal's cap and bayonet were carried to the grave on the coffin. Mr. Rice was a member of class '14, but had not quite completed his work for graduation. Last fall he was undertaking his remaining work, but abandoned it to enlist, being the first man to offer his services when the 5th Universities Company was formed. His father is a sergeant in the 201st Battalion. Besides his parents, Sydney leaves two younger brothers and a sister; to all of these THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

THE SACRIFICE.

SECOND PRIZE—GRADUATE COMPETITION.

HAROLD RANSOM was fighting the battle of his life. He groaned aloud, as in pain, for his soul was torn with the fierce emotions that thrilled him. He watched the golden shafts of the rising sun illumine the eastern heavens with a thousand fingers of light, and he saw all nature waken to the new day, eager, joyous. But none of its transcendant beauty penetrated into his laden spirit. Sternly he faced the issue.

The call to serve the King was ringing through the realm. Passionately fond of the land of his birth, Canada, Ransom was equally proud of and loyal to his foster-mother, England, to which he had come the previous year to study at Oxford University. The thrilling and gallant stand of the brave Belgians at Liege, and their sufferings under the atrocities of the on-rushing Huns, had stirred within him an eager desire to take his share in the task of trampling under foot the hydra-headed monster of German militarism threatening to sway the world to its will.

Then came the call to arms, and he almost leaped to answer it. But no! his ready impulse was checked as readily as there flashed into his mind the thought of his aged mother, and of the great task to which he had set himself. Then, too, that other precious idol of his heart, his sweetheart, Helen Gray, rose like a phantom before him.

He recalled the picture of his boyhood home. His father, a Canadian manufacturer of some prominence, had died when Ransom was but ten years of age. His death was the result of a physical and mental collapse, following the failure of his business, precipitated by the knavery of a faithless partner. Though crushed by the blow, Henry Ransom was able to recoup the creditors of the firm from his own personal investments, but his health rapidly

failed. He died almost penniless, but with honor and reputation untarnished.

His only son Harold, the idol of an invalid mother, dreamed of the day when he would step forth into the world, to take his place among men, and in his boyish passion for his beloved father had laid upon his soul the obligation that he would one day write his name upon some high archway in the halls of fame, to obliterate forever the remembrance of the great misfortune. His gifted mind, coupled with a devotion to study, had won for him a brilliant college course, and a scholarship had opened the way for still further study at Oxford, which seemed to him the very threshold to the goal toward which he had directed his steps. And now, like a bolt from the blue, came the clarion call which, if answered, would cause his whole universe to totter upon its foundations.

To the two living and to the dead Ransom was persuaded he owed first allegiance. And yet! and yet! was the call of King and country to be ignored? Should he say he could not answer that trumpet note, demanding men—men with hearts of oak, men not afraid to die to preserve their loved ones in peace and liberty? In vain Ransom endeavored to justify a negative answer to the call. Of what avail would be his years of preparation and high ambition if the dear old Empire were overrun by a horde of German tyrants?

In his anguish he paced his room, the struggle unabated. Suddenly he halted, almost unconsciously, before his desk, attracted by the title on the open page of a song book, carelessly thrown down by a fellow-student. Glancing quickly over the page, he awoke from his brooding with a start, as his eye fell on the words:

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

A light broke upon him, and with a sudden firm resolve he clenched his hands. Then, with the words of the grand old "Battle Hymn" coursing through his brain, he turned to the door. The battle was fought—and won.

* * * *

The British army, though outnumbered, was stubbornly blocking the way to Paris. The Germans, still in the heat of a temporary triumph, were laying waste the sunny fields of France and Belgium, visiting upon the luckless civilians horrors often worse than death.

Ransom, appointed a Lieutenant shortly after his arrival in France, was appalled and sickened by the barbarous methods of warfare employed by the enemy, but he had no regret for having given his services to the cause of the Empire. As he thought of the terrible German atrocities, some of which he had witnessed, his blood boiled within him, and when he and his men had been able one day to surprise and annihilate a company of Germans, whom they discovered preparing to seize and murder a peasant family, he had fought with almost fiendish delight in the hand-to-hand battle which ensued. The knowledge that he was fighting for liberty and right, against the demon of oppression and wrong, uplifted him and gave him a reckless courage in the face of danger.

After a particularly bloody and hard-fought night attack, Ransom and his comrades had returned from the scene of conflict and were taking their rest in camp. The loss of many comrades had rendered them rather more taciturn than usual, but there was a tense alertness in their demeanor. A few nearby villages were as yet unoccupied by the Germans, and, though of little importance strategically, they offered a splendid opportunity for vandalism and outrage. Each was guarded by a reasonably strong force, but were an attack to be made reinforcements would be required at once. Hence the men had acquired an expectant attitude, even in their hours of rest.

The dawn was breaking in the east, when into view sped a despatch rider, his motorcycle trailing a long cloud of dust down the white road. To the Colonel he panted his message. Outposts had communicated the warning that a strong German force was advancing on the town of B——, and reinforcements were required at once. Immediately the regiment was in motion, forgetful of fatigue, and eager to be in the fray.

B—— was found to have been occupied already on the north,

the defenders having been forced back. With the arrival of the reserves the fighting resolved itself into street warfare. Part of the town was being pillaged, while the advance line of the Germans was engaging the defenders. Ransom, from the upper story of a house, where he led his company of men to more effectively pour in their fire, could observe in the distance the work of havoc. Terrified civilians were struck down, and women and children were driven from their homes, which were ransacked.

The fight wore on, but the British were being pushed back, overwhelmed by superior numbers, from the small part of the town still held. In order not to be cut off, Ransom saw he must order a similar retreat.

"Ready, men!" he called. "We'll have to take our chances down the street, much as we dislike to turn our backs to an enemy."

He ordered them downstairs and was about to lead the way into the street, when a woman's voice arrested their attention. Turning, Ransom saw the pitiful figure of a young woman, with a baby in arms and a child of four or five clinging to her skirts.

"Oh, sir, take us with you," begged the terrified young mother.

"Why, how did you get here?" asked Ransom, in surprise and alarm.

"I have been hiding in the cellar, sir, but I dare not stay to submit to those fiends."

"I will not," she added, fiercely.

Silent before the terror in her eyes, Ransom weighed the chances rapidly. To venture into the street, cumbered with a child, was courting death for them. But they could not be left alone. He called to one of his men.

"Tell Captain Henry we are unable to leave this house, and to send a relief party if and when possible."

He explained the situation briefly to his men. "It may mean death, but we can't leave them here alone."

To a man they volunteered to remain, with a ringing cheer for their gallant leader. The woman, sobbing her relief and gratitude, returned with her little ones to the cellar, and then began as brave a battle against fearful odds as was ever waged.

The general retreat had left the street clear, and the German commander, finding but one house defended, detailed a company to attack, while the remainder continued the occupation of the town.

Part of his small company Ransom separated for sharpshooting duty upstairs, while the remainder, led by himself, defended the front and rear of the house. The windows and doors were barricaded, and through small loopholes, the attackers were picked off, man after man. But as the hours wore away, the besieged were reduced in number until only a score remained to make a last desperate resistance.

Covered with wounds, but dauntless, they fought on. Above the din could be heard the roar of the distant battle. Ransom, hoping against hope for the relief which did not come, hurried below, where the young woman soothed her children.

"Here is a revolver," he said. "It may be best for you to use this."

"Thank you," she said. "I have no fear of death."

The heroes were making their final defence. Others had been killed or incapacitated, and the ammunition supply was almost exhausted.

"When your last shots are gone, men, wait for them. Then give them a taste of British steel," called Ransom. His lips set in a stern line, but his eyes smiled his contempt of any fear for whatever fate awaited him.

Together they poured in a last volley, and waited the German rush. It came, and each British hero wielded his bayonet with a savage frenzy. But numbers prevailed and the last of the brave defenders went down, Ransom and two others sinking together on a heap of dead and dying.

Then, loud and clear, a bugle note rang out, and a line of khaki-clad British poured into view. The relief had come too late. Yet —not too late, for the young peasant woman and her children, for whom the gallant stand had been made, were saved.

* * * *

In the quietness of a French hospital a nurse bent over Ransom

as he awoke, hours later, in his last consciousness.

"Did we save them?" she heard him ask feebly.

"Yes, indeed," she answered, her eyes wet with tears, for she had heard the story from another soldier less seriously wounded.

"I am going soon." The words came with difficulty. "But will you take my message? They will—understand."

With failing breath he repeated, while she wrote, the names of the two women dearest on earth to him.

"And the message?"

The thread of life was almost breaking, but the word "message" roused him. With a supreme effort he lifted his head, and the light that never was on land or sea shone on his face, as he faintly breathed the words that had inspired him, as they had inspired others half a century agone, to lay down his life for a great principle:

"As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

G. M. Goodfellow, '13.

ANCIENT GREECE.

Majestic ruins of Hellenic sway!
Thy matchless Parthenon, O Pericles,
Where Phidian horsemen stride the marble frieze,
Marks the proud triumphs of the grand array
Of ancient heroes; at Thermopylae
They met the Persians blackening o'er the seas,
Nor could such power affright Themistocles
At Salamis, hemmed close within the bay.

The spirit that withstood th'ambitious lord
At Marathon, when bold Miltiades
Flung, in a mighty shock, the cringing horde
From Hellas' shores beyond the shadowy seas,
Hovers above the heights where thou dost stand
Waiting the monarch rouse his native land.

C. J. Thoms, '16.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN BOLIVIA.

HE first impressions of La Paz, Bolivia, are usually obtained under unfavorable circumstances. Before you reach the altitude of 12,000 feet "siroche" or mountain sickness is pretty sure to get you. Those who have been seasick or who have observed this remarkable phenomenon in others, need only the assurance that "siroche" is a full cousin to mal-de-mer. We were just recovering interest in things terrestrial when the sleeping-car porter informed us—chiefly by signs—that we ought to be on the watch for something wonderful. We knew by our much-used time-table that we must be approaching La Paz, but, so far as we could see, there was only the stoney pampa, with here and there a group of pack animals, asses, mules, and llamas. Away in the eastern distance were the snow-capped peaks of the Cordilleras, but no sign of a city. Suddenly the train ran along the edge of an escarpment, and there, 1,500 feet below us, lay the red-tiled and corrugated iron roofs of La Paz.

All we had read and thought of it faded into insignificance as we beheld the real thing. Within an hour we had made our way down by the Electric Road that winds in and out along the face of the escarpment and were standing in the narrow, cobbled streets of the city.

La Paz was founded in 1548 by Alonzo de Mendoza, La Paz being only the portion of the long Spanish name which commemorates the fact that here a peace was made between Pizarro and his lieutenant, Almagro. In early times gold was found in the bed of the Rio de la Paz, and this in all probability accounts for the selection of such unfavorable ground for a city. The valley is very steep and the streets, which run at right angles to the city, make walking quite difficult at an altitude of over two miles. Since 1898 La Paz has been the capital of Bolivia in actuality, though Sucre is legally entitled to share in that honor. The developments in recent years indicate that La Paz will continue to be the capital.

In spite of the modern methods by which we reach La Paz, the ear fails to catch very much in the babel of new sounds. If the ear fails, then the eye is fairly dazzled with new sights. The houses are in many new styles. Some of the modern buildings have portions of cut stone; some have brick fronts, but the majority are "adobe." An adobe house is built of large sun-dried bricks laid in mud and plastered over with mud or stucco. At this altitude evaporation is quite rapid, and these houses last for long periods. A two storey house will sometimes have a wall three feet thick, so there is no danger from lack of strength. These houses vary in size from the one chamber, with low roof and no window of the Indian, to the very high ceilinged, many-chambered dwelling of the upper classes.

The majority of the streets are narrow and paved with small stones. This fact, and the natural steepness of many of the streets, makes vehicular traffic difficult and not very pleasant. A livery coupe, as a rule, requires four animals—horses, mules, or mixed. Much of the local transportation of goods is done by pack animals. Into competition with these the Indian enters. These "Cargadores" will carry a load of nearly 300 pounds for half a mile without making much fuss, except when you come to pay them.

The narrowness of the streets is relieved at certain points by the plazas and public squares. (No South American town or city could respect itself without its plaza.) These are usually set out with trees, a surprising amount of statuary, and a fountain. The principal plaza in La Paz has the Government Buildings on one side, the President's Palace and the unfinished Cathedral on another side, and some fine stores on the remaining sides.

A single track street railway traverses the principal streets and provides service for two classes of passengers. The fares are twenty and ten centavos, respectively. Some cars carry only one class of passenger; others are partitioned and carry both. The war and the consequent financial stringency in the Republic has prevented a much-needed extension of this service.

One of the most interesting sights in La Paz is the market. The manufactured goods required by the "Gringo" can be pur-

chased in the better stores. Meat and vegetables are best obtained from the market. The market-people are, without exception, Indians, and Cholos, as the half-breeds are called. In the meat market half of the butchers are women. They handle the lighter cuts of meat, and the mutton exclusively. There are many new sights here. We see piles of white material resembling rounded pieces of chalk. It is Chuno-potato, soaked and dried alternately, and thus preserved for future use. It is also preserved in a dark color. (I hope the Indians like it.) The women are the sole vendors of vegetables. They sit on a bench, with their legs crossed and on a level with their wares. When one considers that they are almost entirely destitute of book-learning, he is impressed with their native ability. Some of these women assume enormous proportions from the voluminous skirts which they wear.

The people on the street are easily divided into three classes. First, those of European extraction, who follow European customs in matters of dress. In the second class are the Cholos, or half-breeds. The men follow the Europeans, but the women are a class by themselves. They usually wear a high straw hat, with very little trimming. Their width of skirt is reminiscent of the crinoline, with this difference: it is quite deficient in length, being often twelve inches from the ground. This enables them to display a very fine long-top high-heeled shoe. The poorer Cholo women wear slippers, and many avoid the inconvenience of holes in their stockings by dispensing with them entirely. The variety of colors in some of the shawls worn by these women is perfectly amazing. Many of them are very beautifully wrought in silk and must be worth very considerable sums of money.

In the third class is the Indian—the burden-bearer of the community. In La Paz he is chiefly an Aymara. In his dress he is a curious mixture. He will wear trousers like a European, but he cuts a vee slit up the back of the leg, with the apex just behind the knee. On his head he wears a knitted cap, with laps covering his ears. When out of doors he wears a felt hat on top of the cap. Over his shoulders falls the many-colored poncho. This is usually a native-woven blanket, with a hole in the centre through which

he thrusts his head. Some of the younger Indians wear shoes, but the majority wear a heeled leather sandal, or go barefoot. The Indian has many of the qualities that are desirable in the future Bolivian. He is a plodder. The Latin goes and comes by jerks. Many of the Indian children have bright, eager faces, but the older people, by the use of alcohol and coca leaf, become dull and stupid. The use of soap and water, so far as their bodies are concerned, is practically an unknown art.

The Cholos and Indians, as a rule, speak or understand Spanish; but they use the native Aymara among themselves. There is unoccupied territory philologically among the Aymaras. They need someone to reduce their speech to writing, make a grammar, a dictionary, and get a place among the Immortals. The Indian was in better shape in many ways 400 years ago than he is to-day. Perhaps a better day lies in the near future. We believe it does.

ALEX. HADDOW.

METEORS.

A meteor shoots across the moonless sky
Trailing an instant glory o'er the gray,
Then in the night and darkness fades away
A transient gleam. Oh, would this mortal eye,
Taught with the wings of phantom light to fly,
Might track thee still far on thy starry way!
Learn whence thou art and whither thou dost stray,
Celestial wanderer, from thy home on high!

My soul is like a meteor in the night,
Offspring of some far undiscovered sun;
Resplendent with the glory and the light
Of those eternal hills from whence there run
Rivers of life that thunder, ceaseless on,
And God sits throned upon their awful height.

R. J. LANG, '16.

*McMASTER OVERSEAS.

The whole Sunday morning atmosphere was filled with a sweet peace as the padre, as they call me, made his way through the streets of London to Victoria Station to once more return on the "9.50" to the firing line in Flanders after a few days' leave. By nine o'clock many groups had gathered at Victoria, and every moment increased the number, until finally the whole scene became a study indeed. Two great long trains were standing side by side, with wide platform between and the powerful engines carried on a subdued conversation as if mindful of the seriousness of an interruption at these last few parting moments. A tall, serene, widowed mother is standing close by her stalwart son: he *is* her son, their eyes and features tell this, and to stand in silence is sufficient for them to understand their heart story. In the midst of a group of Tommies a half dozen girls begin to sing popular melodies and dance as they sing: a space is cleared for them as they endeavor to send their khaki friends away with sunny memories. The dancing is unnoticed, however, by the young officer who speaks in low tones to his comely princess who stands in silence gazing upon the ground. Now a dozen N.C.O.'s come, each carrying bulging haversacks, the product of much planning and cooking by loved ones who could not venture an open farewell. A father holds his baby girl with a tenderness that brings much caressing from the child as he converses with his anxious wife. The convalescent Tommy is cracking many a hearty joke with his three comrades who have been more fortunate in recovery from wounds and are now prepared to raise an argument with the Huns opposite their trenches. The general bearing of the boy walking with his father tells plainly of the mutual understanding that he is to be the man of the house and take good care of mother until father returns. The crowds keep coming: the officers' coaches are now full of luggage and every

*From a letter received from Capt. J. B. Grimshaw, Chaplain, C.E.F., France.

seat is reserved; the men with their kits are filling every corner of their compartments. Anxious glances watch the hands upon the great clock, minute by minute marking off the time; and they are nearing 9.50; the minute hand jumps to the 9.50; the girls are quiet, every officer, N.C.O. and man bids a hasty farewell, and steps into the train; doors are slammed by the train officials and eager khaki fills every window; a fox terrier makes one desperate attempt to get aboard; the station guard blows his shrill whistle and waves his flag; the engines break off their subdued, idle conversation. The eyes of many a watching friend become beautiful glistening diamonds set in a smiling face. A young officer, not yet well enough to return to the trenches, stands with feet apart and wistful face as he wig-wags with extended arms a "good luck old pals" to his departing comrades, and soon dear old Victoria Station, with all its magnificent scenes of heroism, is left behind and out of sight.

Victoria Station has again said good-bye and good luck to another great consignment of British power: some going to the front for the first time and others knowing full well to what they are returning; but every one going to register his protest against the great machine and system that knows no mercy.

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock
And Jesus on the rood:
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration
And others call it God."

From Corp. G. M. Philpott, 26th Bty., 7th Bde., 2nd Canadians, B. E. F., Divisional Artillery.

. . . . Doug. and I have a tent together here in a corner of the firing line in Belgium. We are on the horse lines, Happy is on the guns. Weather and mud are a fright here, and we are a rather dirty and ragged pair.

We left England shortly after Christmas and have been pretty busy ever since. It is some game. All day long the guns are roaring, and it played havoc with the horses at first. Every clear day we see aeroplane flights; they are quite interesting. But, best of all, is to hear the shells come "screamin' and yellin' " from the other way and burst not far off, with "some big bang," sending stone, dirt, smoke, etc., about one hundred feet in the air. It makes one feel rather queer, believe me, especially when they begin to get closer. You can hear them coming a long way off, but it doesn't take them long to arrive. We are getting more used to it every day, but, of course, have not seen it very bad yet. However, I am still far from being comfortable when they are sending such messages. I have not been up in the first line trenches yet. I was going up the other night in charge of two telephonists to keep in communication with the infantry, but they changed and sent Corp. Galloway instead. The first night he got there he was picked off by a sniper and died shortly after. I think you knew Gord. Galloway—a friend of Kel's and Carl Farmer and a Varsity graduate. We begin to realize more and more that a real war is on, and that the Germans are really trying to make us cash in our checks. Those snipers—we hear them all along the line. Those guys have shooting down to a science. They get more in the dark than in the day time.

. . . . In a way you would be surprised at the country around here. You expect to find everything blown to pieces. But no! the people live all around, go on peacefully with their farming, and you see some old farmer plowing right behind the second line trenches. You will see a house with the upper storey blown off,

while down below the people live as unconcernedly as if they were on the corner of the McMaster tennis court. . . .

Up on ——, a certain well-known hill, there are some famous cartoons and caricatures made by B——. It is claimed they will be priceless after the war. One particularly, is very good. It is a picture of "Tommy" standing in the middle of No Man's Land, between two lines of trenches, where it is certain death to stand, with an expression too funny to describe. The officer is yelling from the trench, "Come back here, you fool!" "Not on your life," says Tommy, "there is a wasp in the trench." . . .

By the way, if any of you fellows get a chance of a commission take it, but for heaven's sake get up the work well first. I've seen so many inefficient officers that should be in a cradle, that it makes me feel like murdering them. The N.C.O.'s do all the work and get all the blame if anything goes wrong. However, the officers have a heavy responsibility, and I'm rather glad I came first as a private, but I shall grab a commission if the Germans are kind enough not to send any of their lead my way. . . .

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE.*

ELYING upon the writer's indulgence, I shall try to express what I think to be the essential position of Professor Macintosh in his work, entitled: "The Problem of Knowledge." I shall only mention, in passing, the author's approach through an elaborate historical sketch and a review of present day writers (pp.13-310) to the constructive part of his work (pp. 310-496). In this historical review, the doctrines of many philosophers, ancient and modern, are critically examined and classified according as they represent

*The Problem of Knowledge. By Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Ph.D., New York, The Macmillan Company, Pages I-XVIII; 1-503. Price $2.50.

one or more of the various phases of dualism, idealism or realism.

Ordinary experience has no problem of knowledge which one creates as soon as certain questions emerge. Perception of and judgment about an object are commonly accepted as real and true and acted upon accordingly. If I know, I know, and am satisfied to act upon what I know. But does the object perceived or thought of exist when no one perceives or thinks of it? Do I know all the object perceived or thought of, or only a part of it, a part being unknown ? Is my perceptual and conceptual knowledge different from the object which is wholly or in part unknown, yet exists independent of my knowing act? How much do I as subject contribute to the perceived object, what is furnished by the independent object, and how are these contributions from two different sources brought together in the unity of the object immediately and mediately known? Besides, what is the relation of my judgment about the object to my sensations and perceptions?

By such distinctions, one becomes unfaithful to confident, ordinary experience and creates the problem of knowledge, the assumption being that, in order to be true, knowledge must be of reality, but what and where is reality, and what is its relation to the perceiving, judging act of the knowing subject who has to make adjustment to this reality? Several positions are possible with a multitude of variations which may be regarded as species of dualism, idealism, realism and perhaps pragmatism. The author attempts to synthesize the acceptable features of these divergent views in what he calls "critical realistic epistemological monism," treated, first, from the standpoint of immediate experience, secondly, from that of mediate experience, the two being closely related, and, finally, the position taken is applied to scientific method.

The distinctive features of "critical realistic epistemological monism" seem to appear in the treatment of immediate experience (chap. XIV, XV.), and may be presented, in my own words, as follows: When, for example, I perceive an apple, (a) an independent real object-in-itself consisting of (1) primary qualities and (2) an unknown part, (b) stimulates, by means of the primary qualities, the sense organs (the unknown part apparently not

being active in this process), in response to which, (c) the subject (soul-in-itself?) *creates* the secondary qualities such as color, etc., and (d) the tertiary qualities of value and purpose. Certain distinctions of value and purpose are made, but both agree in holding a relation to the object different from that of the secondary and primary qualities. The created secondary qualities (e) "reveal" (p. 323) the primary qualities of the independent real object of which I am (f) "immediately aware," or of which I have an "intuition," as reality. These secondary qualities are (g) imposed upon the real object as the possessor of the primary qualities in the position and spatial relations belonging to it (p. 324). This act is made possible (h) by *a priori* forms and categories of the subject which are the inherited habits of response acquired by earlier generations of beings primarily without these *a priori* elements in adjustment to these real objects, ch. XVI. Hence the immediately perceived object is a unity of several factors in consequence of which it is both the subject's conscious state and yet identical with the real object in itself. It is neither dualism, idealism nor realism, but "critical realistic epistemological monism."

Mediate knowledge, that is reflective knowledge, rests upon while it enlarges to some extent immediate perceptual experience of reality. Constructive thought is constantly subject to the tests (1) of consistency and (2) of practice as we deal with reality "revealed" in perceptual experience. Scientific method is an application of these principles and may be regarded as giving knowledge of reality (Part II, especially chaps. XIX and XX).

The distinctive feature of the theory lies, I think, in the "monism" of immediate and mediate experience, on the one hand, and the independent reality in itself, on the other. The author's eirenic motive to establish peace between the dualist, idealist, realist and pragmatist, not to mention the pronounced agnostic, is commendable. Their quarrel concerns such questions as the following, whose enumeration may serve to make clear the nature and scope of the author's discussion: Are we justified in assuming, in behalf of "common sense" and "science," reality independent of any experience finite or infinite? Is a part of the real object-in-

itself unknown? Can we know that this unknown part is without knowing something of it? May it not be possible that this unknown part may sometime negate all that we have formerly taken as true, should it perchance become active so as to reveal its true nature? How are the secondary, tertiary and primary qualities and the unknown part related to the unity of the object immediately known in perception? If this unity of the empirical object is a "realistic monism," what need is there of "an immediate awareness" or "intuition" of an independent reality? How can the secondary qualities be both produced by stimulations due to the primary qualities of the object-in-itself and at the same time creations of the subject without making the secondary qualities effects of two causes by hypothesis independent of each other? What about the use of the casual relation, and with it of course the category of substance, apart from experience applied to the real object so far as its primary qualities act as stimuli, and, by implication, to the subject-in-itself which creates the secondary qualities? Is the reality of self found in this implied soul-substance and cause-in-itself or in self-conscious fulfilment of ends? Does this "immediate awareness," this "revealing" of the primary by the secondary qualities, consist in anything more than being vividly felt which accounts for the sense of realness attaching to it? If our forms and categories are inherited, having been generated in beings primarily without them in adjustment to real objects consisting of primary qualities and an unknown part, supposing that such beings could make such adjustments, what assurance is there that the forms and categories are not still developing with the possibility that present knowledge will ultimately yield its character? Besides, if these forms and categories have been developed in practice, why are not deductions by means of them reliable without requiring a second appeal to the tests of practice to attain that degree of certainty which shall impart to these deductions the quality of being true? If the appeal is again made to practice, must we not once more fall back upon an "intuition" or "immediate awareness" to know when such a sufficient degree of certainty developed in practice has been reached?

On the other hand, may it not be possible that the concept, reality, is itself a category applied by the subject to certain forms of experience and that in its application, independence and permanence are also predicated of the real in the sense that repeated, relatively identical experiences of the same reality are possible, not only for the individual but for others, and that these acts of the subject involve also evaluating, purposeful attitudes towards this present and to be experienced reality? Why not use an "immediate awareness" to give the final stamp of truthfulness to some such idealistic interpretation of reality, and of knowledge in relation to reality?

It would be gratifying if the endless disputes concerning such questions as above mentioned were made by the author's "critical realistic epistemological monism" to vanish from the sphere of philosophy. Philosophers would then be able to give themselves to other occupations, for the problem of knowledge has been the chief speculative theme since the controversy of Socrates with the Sophists.

To have written such a work as this, in which so much skill and broad scholarship are manifest, is to have accomplished a task possible only to a master of such a subject. It speaks for itself. Mere praise and commendation are inappropriate. The book is just what one who knows the writer would expect. It moves in a realm never entered except by those who are willing to grapple with great themes and to labor patiently for constructive positions with the hope of ultimately satisfying mind and heart.

J. Ten Broeke.

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VOL. XXV MARCH, 1916 NO. 6

Editorial Notes.

Our Honour Roll, it will be noticed, is this month omitted. Enlistments since last issue which have come to our knowledge are contained in "Our Graduates." In the final number—next month—a complete list will be published. Accordingly, we again ask the indulgence of our readers in soliciting any news which they may be able to give. Any information thankfully received, from the bare name of a recruit to the fullest details of his martial career.

One of the greatest of Canadian internal problems is the racial unification of all those diversified peoples who have flocked within her borders from the four corners of the earth. One better realizes the difficulty of the task when it is remembered that within our

Western Provinces are solid plantations of European settlers of considerable size, largely inaccessible to Anglo-Saxon influences, and apparently unchangeable in language, thought and custom. And the seriousness of the problem is still further accentuated when it is known that foreign-born men of influence within such communities have indulged the wish and expressed the hope of having upon Canadian soil "a little Ukrainia," or "a little Galicia."

The ultimate solution of the problem lies, doubtless, in the educating of those children "who speak a language other than English." In that task McMaster students have occupied no inconsiderable place. The work of instruction in an unknown tongue and among circumstances far from congenial, is by no means easy, although frequent amusing incidents afford a partial compensation for the tedium thereof.

The following letters, written by a Galician boy whose total time at school consisted of less than one year, and who had, outside of school, no opportunity of learning English, may be of interest to those who have taught so-called "foreign" children, and perhaps to others. What Canada has meant to one family is shown by the fact that, whereas the parents cannot read or write in either their own or the English language, the proud boast of the father is—"My Wassyl, he read Ruthenian paper, he read English paper too." The spelling and phrasing are exactly as written by "Wassyl." Punctuation is supplied for the sake of intelligibility:—

Sept., 1913.—Dear Kenyon,—I got your letter two days ago. I am sorry because I hope (thought) you will not write to me letter. I am going to school again three weeks ago. There is now Ruthenian teacher in Rivington S. D. and he teach us very well like you, but he use a strap every day and Steve, Nikolai, and Demytrius said you was better teacher. When you was teacher they say you too much fight, now they say new teacher too much fight. He is very angry when boys make bad things and bad words. He know when they swear to him in Ruthenian, you not know. John and Demytrius do not forget. Nikolai and George

forget. Nikolai do not know $5 + 5 = 10$; $3 \times 5 = 15$ and he not know to spell *cat*. Write to me very soon and tell me about the weather, did (if) there was very hot days there as here.

March, 1914.—Dear Kenyon . . . It is in Sask. very, very cold and is very much snow, three or four feet high, and the trustees do not find the teacher and now they are finding him. In February was very great freeze, maybe 75 degrees. Write to me did you will teach again in Rivington S.D. I am very sad that I not go to school because I have all forgetting English language and the trustees cannot find the teacher and the children will forget the English language very much because they know something and now they will forget what they know. Write to me did (if) it was very cold in Ontario, and how long you will go to the university and did you was now married.

Jan. 4, 1916.—Dear William,—It is long time since I write to you letter. I write to you but I do not know what it is the matter that you not get it. The children that you teach are all going to school and some can read and write well and some not well. I do not go to school two summers because my father is sick on kidney disease. We got here Ruthenian teacher this summer. Ruthenian people say that they are now very glad that they are in Canada and I am very glad too. Some people go to the war from here and two are in the casualty list dead. If you will go to the war and when you come you write to me a letter and please send to me your picture. I am now not very good on Kuproskies that they lie that I say that you was no good teacher and I say that you sleep in school. I say that you not sleep and that you was good, good, good teacher, and wise and true and all good. Your sincere friend.

Wassyl Sandul.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. MCGREGOR, '16.

NO two people in the world are exactly the same! Having boldly stated such a truism, we feel justified in saying that the *interests* of no two people are exactly the same. All of which goes to prove that the more people you meet, and meet on terms of intimacy, the wider will become your interests, and the broader your general outlook. The foregoing no doubt does not bristle with wisdom, but it is absolutely true, and to this extent may be said to be unique. What we really want to say, we shall now say immediately—if you want to widen your interests and broaden your outlook, then live as much as possible around the Hall, or in other words, when you return next year, room in. In this way you have a real chance to meet people on terms of intimacy—and people worth while meeting, too. As an example of real intimacy, we may state that this editorial has just been interrupted by the entering of two of these very people. They have left now, but our collar is rather out of shape, and our coat is rather dusty. Yes, indeed, we have actually had a fight—casualties: two collars completely put out of action and one shirt badly wounded. Without a doubt, it certainly sounds gruesome, but we are now on intimate terms. But to speak frankly and in all sincerity, we believe that a man, to truly develop himself socially and mentally, must get on terms of real intimacy with at least *some* others with whom he can freely talk, sympathize, or even in a good natured way, fight. This is what makes friendship real and worth while. The man who does not "room in" may possibly be able to form real friendships, but he is working at a decided disadvantage. It is our candid opinion that the man who does not live in residence for at least two years

of his college course has missed fully 25 per cent. of the advantages which the University has to offer. Think it over!

There are no jokes in "Around the Hall" this month—as usual. We thought it might be well to warn the joke-hunters (of whom there are not a few) and save the fruitless turning over of pages in an empty search.

Sir George E. Foster in Castle Memorial Hall, February 29: Fifty years divide you lads and lasses here to-night from the man who stands before you. You are here with youth and hope and springing fancies on the threshold of that mysterious and unknown, but attractive, world; I have entered the Autumn woods where the leaves are falling and the flowers are dying and the sun is slowly westering—but not so slowly either, towards the night. And so from my weight of experience I may be able to pass on to you a few thoughts which will make your life richer and fuller. *Have high ideals*: you will find them the *open sesame* to an honorable and great career. Keep truth within your ideals, and honor, the spurning of all forms of baseness; gentleness, more to be prized than rubies; service, the effort to make others better; sacrifice, that blessed and sacred discipline of life; and Godliness, which alone lifts us through the passing years from the earthly to the heavenly.

All men are at once repelled and attracted by the war. We turn in horror from that death and carnage which deprive us of our best and noblest manhood, and at the same time, we are attracted by the spiritual qualities of sacrifice and heroism everywhere displayed. The one bright feature of this war is that it involves spiritual forces as wide as the world—spiritual principles which were born with the birth of man and can never cease so long as man tends Godwards. And thus it is that we reconcile ourselves to that holocaust of humanity which for nineteen months we have endured.

When peace bells ring once more, the world will be mightily changed from what it was on August 1, 1914. For of one thing we are sure—we shall not lay down our arms until we have won; and the German nation, which before the war stood with one foot solidly set upon the continent, and the other overseas upon her great colonial possessions, will have left to her no discernible territory beyond her continental borders. Her merchant marine will have been swept from the seas, and her navy rendered ineffective for the future. She will have to face a deep heart-hatred which it will take generations to overcome. Seven millions of Belgians

reinstated in their own land will face her as a wall of adamant—a wall built up with the stones of ruin and cemented with the blood of women and children. What an awful thing it is to excite in a nation such an attitude of hate!

How shall the British Empire emerge from its convulsions and confusion? With a unity hitherto undreamed of and a rapidly developing power. Whatever be our theories of Imperialism, the Empire is at least one in heart. The whole Empire, taught by the exigencies of war, shall learn co-ordination and co-operation in the arts of peace and in the duties of defence. She will develop on sea and continent the great trust committed to her for self and humanity. What other changes may come no man can tell. Class distinctions have faded in view of eternal verities and in the presence of naked manhood. Will class and party strife arise again? Will labor organization give place to simple, struggling individualistic enterprise, or will a wise discrimination mobilize all our forces for their proper task? We have not yet begun to think of what conditions will be, and of the great and numerous problems which we will have to undertake.

We desire to thank Sir George for the entertaining evening which he gave the students, and to apologize to all for the mutilated abridgement of his address which is reproduced above. Other contributions to the programme were violin, vocal and reading selections by Miss Marjorie Latimer, Miss Nellye Gill and Miss Helen Symonds, all of which were exceptionally fine.

The Annual Oratorical Contest of this University was held Friday evening, February 25th. H. A. Innis, President of the Debating Union, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with a few remarks on the high place that oratory should hold in the time and attention of students. Subsequent events showed that his advice had been heeded even before given. The five contestants and their subjects were:

H. E. Wintemute, '19—"Failure."
W. T. Steven, '18—"Courtesy."
H. Wilson, '17—"Imagination and Achievement."
J. A. Parker, '16—"A Forgotten Hero."
A. J. Coles, Theo.—"Sovereignty of Thought."

Rev. T. Eakin, Principal Gandier and Prof. Matthews were the judges. Principal Gandier, in giving the decision, congratulated the speakers on their high standard of excellence. Each had surpassed the others on particular lines, but as each couldn't win the prizes, first place was given J. A. Parker, '16, and second place to H. Wilson, '17. Prof. Keirstead presented the prizes.

A very pleasing musical program was also provided. The Kreisson string quartette with their violins, and Miss Minerva Perry, L.T.C.M., on the piano, made the evening more enjoyable. It ought not to be omitted that while the judges were coming to their decision, P. P. Ziemann entertained the audience with somebody's maiden oration.

Skating parties, sleighing parties, etc., have been indulged in by every year. We append below the records of all but the Juniors. We are seriously considering the publishing of a supplement to THE MONTHLY, such supplement to contain most of the social activities of Year '17, but until this pamphlet appears, we will only throw out the blanket declaration: "The Juniors are still carousing." The skating party that is, it is the skating party that was, and the skating party that shall be, it is the skating party that is and was; however, there is a "pleasing variety" in the way these affairs are written up, so we submit them as reported and leave the readers to guess the culprits.

Freshmen.—Old Orchard Rink was selected, probably because there was plenty of room. There was a good turn out of the year, all the ladies having been invited. Of course, everything went the same as usual at the rink, everybody skating in a large ellipse and keeping up a conversation about goodness only knows what. The party then adjourned to Hunt's on Spadina Avenue. Some very dainty refreshments were served and then speeches called for. The chaperones complimented the committee of management for their excellent arrangements and gave a few pointers about etiquette. A few others spoke, but could really add nothing to what the first two speakers had said. Altogether, it was quite a success.

On the evening of February 23rd, the maidens of Year '18, mindful of the fact that 1916 is divisible by four, sallied forth with their various partners at Aura Lee Rink. After mobilizing such great courage as to invite the gentlemen, they felt quite unequal to the task of going after them, but were kind enough to wait outside to meet them.

Each member of the party who had previously been the happy possessor of a man's name was then required to take unto himself a new name of the feminine gender, and was gallantly taken to the rink by his feminine escort. The ice—well, to put it mildly—was rather poor. However, a few rather comical mistakes helped to liven up the evening.

After skating eleven bands, the merry party proceeded to Hunt('s) for something to eat. Then the kind entertainers escorted the gentlemen to their own homes where there were a few lingering farewells.

And what do you think of this?—Sophomore Sleigh-ride.—Acting upon the assurance of Shakespeare in his immortal "Jingle Bells," and despite the critical condition of the Observatory thermometer, which had suffered a serious relapse and was gradually sinking on the evening of February 28, 1916, a score or more members of Year '18 hardened their hearts, buttoned on their sweaters and faced northern blasts, lured toward the home of Miss Lillian Dexter by the prospect of a sleigh drive. The capacious van (small "v") arrived with its accustomed punctuality and, after assuming its lively burden, sped with imagined rapidity over the snow-bedecked streets of the great metropolis. Fain would we tell of civil snow battles that marked the degrees of progress on our journey, of dauntless youths for whom the thoughts of measles had no terror, of ladylike disputes over the rightful possession of rugs, of kind regard manifested on behalf of the fatigued equines, of continual, if temporary, separation of head-pieces from their accustomed resting-places, of music calculated to provoke the vituperations of all chance auditors, of stern rebukes for the misguided use of familiar appellations, of unsolicited exhibitions of athletic prowess, and of subdued murmurings from the occupants of the foremost seats; but casual mention of such occurrences must here suffice.

Ere the hour of ten did strike, returned the happy party to its starting-point. Lost and found articles were hurriedly gathered, Ben Hur dismissed, and the fire-side sought. The problem of simultaneously pleasing the palate and appeasing the appetite was admirably solved. Games were indulged in, culminating in a provision for the final disposal of our mundane appurtenances in the event of our unexpected demise. The gathering then broke up, firmly imbued with the conviction that, according to present indications, the need of Year '18 for such documents was still far remote.

The Seniors finally took advantage of Leap Year and the ladies arranged for a skating party. Ravenna Rink was about as far away as they could get, and accordingly they went there. The ice was good and the company very much so. These two factors combined resulted in a pleasant outing, concluding at Ernsmith's for lunch. They almost neglected to conclude at Ernsmith's, for

the excitement appeared to have run away with everybody's sense of direction and for a short space of time they were lost in the great city. By keeping a stiff upper lip, however, they located themselves. Everybody arrived home safely, all the ladies being accompanied.

The Lit. meeting of February 18 provided some very interesting items. The ladies of Year '16 staged very acceptably "Our Aunt from California." The plot was simple, but the whole thing was quite worth while. Miss Enid Farmer played a couple of very pleasing violin solos. We should like very much to hear from Miss Farmer again in the same capacity. A reading by Mr. Houlding and a selection by the quartette were passable when taken together. The quartette was quite pleasant.

It is interesting to note that the first and second Carter Scholarships were won by M. C. Hooper and Miss H. Wilkins respectively, both now of McMaster. These scholarships are worth $100.00 and $60.00, the examinations having been written in June of last year. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to both.

The Second Annual Skating Party of the McMaster representatives of the Ottawa Valley was held at Aura Lee on February 24. After skating, the party went to the home of Prof. I. G. Matthews where some more revelry was indulged in. Such a party as this has many commendable points about it, for it brings into close contact members of all years. There were representatives present from every year, from Theology, and even from the Alumni. May there be a third Annual!

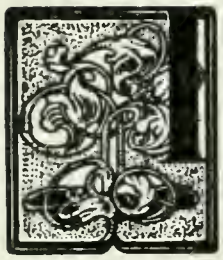
Chapel Visitors.—On February 18, Rev. Jesse Gibson, Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, spoke to the students and presented the claims of the Society. He referred particularly to the beginning of the Society, its relation to Baptists and its present field of work.

In 1804 a number of men gathered in London to plan how they could supply Wales with the Word of God. Aroused by the enthusiasm of Robert Hughes, a pamphlet was issued, which brought six hundred men together who gave birth to the Society, with the purpose "to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment." Mr. Gibson said it should be of special interest to Baptists to know that the leader of the movement, the writer of the pamphlet and the constitution of the Society was a Baptist minister. In closing, he asked for the sympathy and prayer of the students for the Society in its attempt to fulfil its interpretation of the meaning of Pentecost.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MELBA I. CAMPBELL, '16.

"When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through Ravina blows the gale."



S my fare paid all right?" said he to her, and having received a favorable answer, promptly returned in triumph to his comrades on the rear platform, several of whom (O ye, of little faith) had already disembarked. For the relief of your curiosity, we shall freely admit that the Senior-ettes' Leap Year skating party was the occasion of the above surprising question. For once, conditions were reversed and the female members of the Senior year tasted the hitherto unknown sweetness of gayly going the rounds of all available partners for the various bands. "May I have the pleasure of a skate with you?" they boldly questioned, the well-known phrase sounding strangely on lips accustomed merely to the demure and monosyllabic "yea" or "nay." Firm believers in originality, the hosts of the evening piloted their guests westward to Ravina Rink, lending careful assistance over troublesome car step or dangerous crossing, being united in their efforts to return their charges unharmed from their unwonted festivities. Despite the fact that a few stragglers almost lost their bearings in the bewildering maze of city streets on the return journey, the original number at length assembled in one of West Toronto's refreshment parlors for a season. Then

"They stemmed a car, and near or far
They went in their dispersement.
The price was great, but in each mate
They found their reimbursement."

Owing to the shocking destruction of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, Thursday, February 3rd, the business of the day was transferred and an emergency session held in Castle Memorial Hall, Bloor Street West, Toronto. As the hour was late and many issues were to be dealt with, the most important bill was brought before the house and carefully considered, clause by clause.

Mr. Marshall, speaker for the house, read aloud each document in his usual manly and sonorous voice. The Government

was supported by Years '17 and '18, while the Opposition was still more strongly upheld by Years '16 and '19. Amid these circumstances, most vital issues were dealt with in a very learned manner, which clearly displayed years of strenuous exertion, careful thought and a vast amount of dictionary knowledge.

It is interesting to note that the clause which demanded a greater expenditure of energy and force than perhaps any other is set forth in these words: "Should breakfast be served after 8.15 lectures?" Immediately the opposition endeavored to prove that a very grave offense would be committed if any of the Freshettes, when hurriedly turning a corner in the Science Building, should by chance embrace a professor with sticky fingers, thus rendering him comparatively unfit for the future lectures of the morn.

Mr. Speaker from Wilkiusville seemed quite at home either sitting or standing, and could speak equally well with or without his acquired moustache. That the strength of the Government must have been severely taxed during the preceding night, was perfectly evident from the almost unlimited number of yawns, sneezes and snores in which they found it necessary to indulge. The house was extremely fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Hammond as page, since he performed his various duties both willingly and well, displaying admirable impartiality both in providing members of the Government with substantial looking hymnals with which to smooth and sooth their ruffled spirits, and those of the opposition with the rather more appropriate fiction of noticeably light weight. To the intense and unconcealed delight of its adherents, the Government carried the bill and parliament was adjourned until other and perhaps more suitable quarters could be obtained.

Items of Interest.

The essential absent-mindedness of a learned professor was most fittingly demonstrated by one of the members of our own staff (Science Dept.) not long ago, who serenely set out for the scene of his labors in blissful ignorance of the presence of a shining white envelope firmly inserted in his hat-band. That his wife must have been well aware of the tendency of the average male to carry letters about in pockets for days at a time, is evident from this precaution against forgetfulness, which, however, would have proved fruitless had it not been for the timely appearance of the Chancellor and his consequent exclamation of surprise.

AMBITION.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Hurrah for Year Sixteen, and three cheers for its representative, who so proudly bore its oratorical banner to victory on Friday evening, February 25th. It is now three times in succession that the winner in this contest in eloquence has been chosen from the illustrious Senior year, to the infinite pride and satisfaction of its various members. Three times and out, they say. Well, perhaps it is to the advantage of the remaining students that it will of necessity be "out" for this successful band, which has delivered its final blow—now it can afford to be magnanimous and give others a chance.

The door to success is always labelled "Push!"

Some of McMaster's men will have to give more money to missions this year than they have ever done during their whole lifetime if the statements inserted on the mission-money card can be accepted as promissory notes.

A heart-felt wish of certain McMasterites:

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,
To see some folks before they see us."

Venerable Deacon (announcing the coming of a certain "Mac" theologue the following Sunday): "And our dear brother will speak to us out of his wide experience. . . ."

The following Sunday, the dear brother from McMaster arrived, according to appointment, and announced his intention of speaking on—Love.

Overheard in the phone box (previous to the Seniors' Leap Year party). The Leap Year Gallant: "May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the party this evening?"

Sweet-voiced Senior: "Well, just wait a moment till I ask mamma."

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."

For the benefit of the ignorant, or shall we say of the interested, be it known that Miss MacNeil's physical culture class still exists. She teaches magical antidotes for all diseases, peculiarly common to college girls, sleeplessness, sleepiness and, above all, worklessness. It will pay you to come and obtain a cure free.

Greek Prof.: "How would you 'punish a boy' in Latin?"
Bright Youth: "I would punish him with Latin, sir."

The necessity for enlightening the members of the Freshman year along an entirely new line was made apparent when a fair Ninteenette was heard to remark, "I don't like the American national anthem at all—I do think they might have found something more suitable than Yankee Doodle."

No Music Here.—An old lady was compelled to carry an ear trumpet with her wherever she went. Upon visiting a small church in Scotland not long ago she was watched very suspiciously by the sexton until she reached her seat. Then, as if he could stand the suspicion no longer, he went over to her, and shaking a warning finger emphatically, he said: "Madam—one toot and you're oot!"

On Thursday, February 17, as old Sol was sending a good-night smile across the snow-piled fields near York Mills, he blinked and gleamed till his face grew fiery red. Far to the east he had spied a jolly sleigh-load speeding toward beckoning lights. "Wish I were a Juniorette," he said, and sank beneath the horizon. The sleigh passed onward joyously. It passed the little church. It passed the school and the school yard gate, on which of old the hostess had swung many care-free hours away. On, on went the sleigh. Then the horses turned and a dog dashed out to greet them. A blaze of light, and a babel of sound! They had arrived at the home of their hostess, Miss Elsie Mulholland. It were not meet, we feel, to pause here and picture the bounteous board around which the travellers soon were seated. Quickly did the interim pass until the jangle of sleigh-bells was once more heard. The climbing moon surveyed the departure of the merry crowd calmly, for at that great distance the lustiest yells and the loudest sounds are faint as the music of the spheres.

Y.W.C.A., February 11th.—Our meeting this afternoon was made very interesting and instructive by the efforts of our own members. Six short papers were read dealing with conditions in foreign lands. Miss Ruth McEown directed our attention to

Arabia, giving us several timely hints regarding the culinary art of this particular country. Miss Evelyn Smith described her African brothers and sisters, whereupon Miss Marjorie Dunlop brought forward many interesting facts concerning Japan. Christian work in Turkey was explained by Miss Marjorie Moore, Persian conditions by Miss Edna Haviland. Lastly, Miss Louise MacLaurin gave a concise summary of the political, social and religious status of Bolivia. During the afternoon Miss Alba Robertson and Miss Alice Gregory delighted their audience with a vocal duet—"Be Thou Nigh."

February 25.—The Y.W.C.A. held its regular meeting in the chapel at four o'clock. The Scripture lesson was read by Miss Etta Brooks, and Misses Robertson and Gregory favored us with a vocal duet. Those in attendance on this particular occasion were especially privileged, since none other than the Chancellor himself was the speaker of the afternoon. The fact that, in spite of the multiplicity of his duties, he found it possible to be with us even for a short while, could not fail to be deeply appreciated by the members of the association. Of a certainty, his stirring and impressive address will not quickly be forgotten by those fortunate enough to hear it.

Athletics.

EDITOR: J. A. LONG.

THE editorship of this department is an unusually "hefty" proposition this year—the principal weight lying in thinking up something to write about, and the rest in spreading out the acquired material to something like respectable proportions. This month we must occupy the minds of our readers with the absorbing study of inter-year hockey, of which no less than two games were necessary to place the respective Years in their proper positions. Both matches were perpetrated at the Arena, and while they may not have been as "fast" as some of the professional exhibitions which the Arena is accustomed to witness, from the standpoint of genuine excitement, they take second place to none.

Seventeen, 6; *Sixteen*, 1.—The first game was played on February 12th, by the strongest competitors for highest honors. Little can be said beyond the fact that the teams played hard, and kept the referee busy restoring the repeatedly disturbed equili-

brium of peace between the opposing ranks. However, the Juniors had the better balanced and more effective organization, and their aggressiveness, stimulated, no doubt, by the rooting of enthusiastic Juniorettes, was sufficient to carry them to the victory indicated by the above score.

Seventeen.—Goal, Orth; defence, Masse, McIntyre; forward, Lepofsky, Robb, Fawthrop, Baker.

Sixteen.—Goal, Mallory; defence, McLarty, Bates; forward, Chisholm, Fox, McGregor, Parker.

Referee—R. D. Campbell.

Theol., 2; Nineteen, 1.—Youth and age battled for supremacy on February 17th, and the contest was close and exciting. It was juvenile enthusiasm against mature experience; lay abandonment against clerical dignity, and it was anybody's victory. At the very beginning of the game, Theology's line-up was weakened by the injury of Metcalfe, one of their strongest and most orthodox players. The rest of the performance was staged with six men a side. At full time the score stood 1—1, but the match continued, and about a minute later the "elders" scored the winning tally. The Freshettes attended *en masse.*

Theol.—Goal, Long; defence, Houlding, Campbell; forward, Smith, Richardson, Reeds.

Nineteen.—Goal, Sinclair; defence, Froom, Quirk; forward, Dodge, Clarke, Thomas.

Referee—Chisholm.

Year Eighteen defaulted their games in this series, and as Theology defaulted to Sixteen and Seventeen, the order stands: Seventeen, Sixteen, Theol.

Matthews Cup.—For the first time in its history, the Matthews Cup for inter-year athletic competition has been won by Theology. As a rule Theology lacks any semblance of class spirit and organization. If a special effort were made each year to instil unity and enthusiasm into this cosmopolitan aggregation, it would do much to benefit the life of the University. The points gained by the various years are as follows:

	Theol.	Sixteen.	Seventeen.	Eighteen.	Nineteen.
Field Day	3	5	1	0	0
Soccer	5	1	3	0	0
Rugby	5	3	1	0	0
Hockey	1	3	5	0	0
	14	12	10	0	0

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

IT is a natural and universal failing of human nature to speak of "the good old days," and the expression seems to imply by contrast an inferiority in the present. As in other respects, so in this, we find college life an epitome of that of humanity at large, and the graduate of a few years ago usually feels that things have somewhat degenerated since the good old days. This is doubtless due to a lack of acquaintance with the present. When the graduate revisits the University, he finds the members of the Student Body mostly, if not entirely, strange to him, and the unknown never seems as good as the known. Members of the classes of the "nineties" probably felt for a while that the "naughties" were a lot of upstarts, and the "naughties" doubtless looked askance when they saw the alumni ranks being joined by the "teeny" classes. Of course, this attitude is never an intentional slur, but a natural tendency of human nature, and as the years slip by and the graduates make places for themselves in the world, and win their spurs in the battle of life, the feeling of superiority on the part of the older graduate wears off, and one of equality takes its place. But why dwell on a frailty of human nature? Merely to use it as a background against which to state the fact that the quality is not deteriorating. While every class has its own individuality, they all possess the fine sterling character that inspires confidence. The "teenies" are just as fine a lot as their predecessors, and we expect that the "twenties,"—the first class of which will appear about the halls next autumn,—will still maintain the same high standard, and perhaps carry it even higher. So instead of "the good old days," we shall speak of the good days—past, present, and to come.

It is with pleasure that we record that the excellent work done by the previous editor of this department has been recognized in a tangible way. The Publication Board and a number of graduates united in presenting Mr. Cranston with a handsome camera.

Miss Elsie Ashall, '13, is now on the staff of the Riverdale Public Library, Toronto.

Last month we reported the appointment of Professor Oliver

as Saskatchewan representative on the Executive Committee of the Civic Improvement League. We now learn that Dr. W. J. A. Donald is an Ontario representative on the same Committee. McMaster is well represented on this Committee.

Rev. E. T. Newton, '11, formerly pastor of Chatham, has settled with the church at Carlton Place.

Among the graduates recently reported as entering service in the war are the following:

Rev. J. M. Warner, '04, pastor of First Baptist Church, Woodstock, is training in London and expects to be attached to the 168th Battalion.

Rev. W. S. McAlpine, '95, pastor of the church in Delta, and second Vice-President of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, has enlisted as a private in the 156th Battalion.

F. W. Waters, '09, pastor of Innerkip Baptist Church, is training in London.

W. C. McKee, '14, who graduated at Brandon College, and who has been studying law in Edmonton, has enlisted.

A. H. Bogue, '14, has given up a good position in the Civil Service to become Pay Sergeant in the 216th Battalion.

Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., *ad eund.*, '96, recently tendered his resignation as pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, with the intention of devoting himself to literary work. His church has persuaded him, however, to reconsider, and he has now decided to remain with them, which decision has brought great delight to his people.

The Canadian Journal of Music published in their February number a full page frontispiece portrait of Ernest J. Farmer, '03, who is rapidly coming to the front as a musician. The Journal speaks of him as "A brilliant pianist, a very successful composer and a theoretical teacher of rare originality and a special gift of imparting knowledge and constructive routine to budding talents, with his sphere of artistic activity and general recognition broadening from year to year." Ernest began his studies under Dr. Vogt and received the A.T.C.M. at the same time as he took his Arts degree in McMaster. He completed his musical education in Leipsic, Germany, at the Royal Conservatory, and after his return taught at the Toronto Conservatory and later at the Hambourg School of Music. He is the author of a number of compositions which are very highly spoken of.

S. Jethro Graham, '13, has been appointed one of the Mathematical masters in the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, where he will be a colleague of Carl S. Browne, '12, who is also in the Mathematics Department. Carl has been making a reputation for himself in Peterborough as an efficient and popular teacher, and also leader in all the sports connected with the school.

J. C. Henderson' 14, is now teaching Mathematics in Meaford High School.

C. N. Curtis, '10, is now preaching in Brookston, Indiana. Mrs. Curtis was Miss Hope Simpson of the same year in McMaster. It is with regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis' two sons, the younger having passed away last fall and the older in January.

Brandon College has a vigorous C.O.T.C., officered by McMaster graduates. E. A. Miller, '06, is Officer Commanding, with J. R. C. Evans, '13, as his Lieutenant and D. A. McGibbon, '08, as second Lieutenant. We understand that the majority of the male members of the Faculty and Student Body, as well as some ex-students, have joined the corps.

Since affiliation with Brandon College a few years ago, graduates who received their degrees at Brandon have been organized as the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Society. According to the latest news, it was expected that at the meeting of the Baptist Union of Western Canada in January, arrangements would be completed for the Alumni Society to be represented on the Senate of Brandon College, and we understand that plans are under way for the holding of the election.

Alex. Haddow, B.A. '13,, B.Th. '15, who went to La Paz, Bolivia, last fall, writes that he is temporarily teaching Science in the Methodist school there. He has recently moved into a house of his own and is beginning to feel at home in his new quarters. His address is Casilla 402, La Paz, Bolivia.

F. C. Madill, '13, has left the teaching profession, and is now editor and proprietor of the Stouffville *Tribune*, of which he took charge at the beginning of the year.

Carl Farmer and Clarence Hope, both of '15, who have been connected with the military Y.M.C.A. at Kingston and Galt respectively, have resigned their positions and have enlisted in the Divisional Signallers Company.

E. T. Bell, '13, is now on the staff of Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Rev. E. Cameron, B.A., '03, B.Th. '06, has returned to Louisville, Ky., to complete the course for the Th.D. degree in Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He expects to return to Canada in the spring.

A. Winser Ross, B.A. '07, M.A. '09, is principal of King Edward High School, Vancouver.

February is a short month, which fact perhaps accounts for the number of items in this department being smaller than usual. It is fortunate that this is Leap Year, for the extra day brought in some of the items above. The Editor of the Department solicits the co-operation of the Alumni, and he is glad to report that he is receiving it. Items of news of all kinds, relating to graduates, will be gratefully received.

Here and There.

EDITOR: R. J. LANG, '16.

"Verse a breeze 'mid blossoms straying
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee;
Both were mine, life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy."

—*Coleridge.*

A NUMBER of years ago London was somewhat surprised by little poems that appeared in various papers and magazines signed by "London Hermit." This man was a rather curious personage and delighted in his eccentricities. He said he liked to specialize in "Songs of Singularity." He called the following an "Ossianic outburst in O natural by Orpheus Ogden of Orkney":

Ocean! O one omnipotent, our own!
O'er oozy outlets oftimes o'erflowing.
Outbreaking odoriferous ozone,
Ourselves ostensibly obedience owing.

Oh, often otherwise! Observe o'erhead
Opacity obnoxiously obscuring,
Ocean on ocean on our orb o'erspread,
Omnipotent, o'erwhelmingly outpouring.

O ospreys, otters, oysters, opaline,
Offspring of ocean's odd organizations,
Own Ogden's odic offsprings outshine
Ovid or Ossian's obsolete orations.

Vers libre, in contrast to the more regular metre of the great masters, is much in vogue among certain of the younger poets. Like everything new, it lends itself to parody. An American writer has discovered that the business world is full of unrecognized poets, in proof of which he cites the following familiar notice which he prints in *vers libre*:

Children
Under five years of age
Will be carried free
When accompanied by parent
Or guardian;
Five years of age and under twelve,
Half-fare;
Twelve years of age
Or over,
Full fare.

We have tried each month to select some of the best verse dealing with the war that came to our attention. The two following poems seem worthy of recognition:

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

"Somewhere in France"—we know not where—he lies.
Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies!
We may not visit him, but this we say:
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace—a vast, sufficing calm!

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.

Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind,
What we in his fair life were wont to find,
He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith:
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)
From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

—*John Hogben.*

BATTLE SLEEP.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be
  Thou visitest where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
  From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard bloom the roof trees stand,
  The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple boughs above the sand
  The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
  To the low arch of twilight's close,
And just as night about the moon grows grey,
  One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing,
  Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame seared lids the cooling vision bring.
  And let some soul go seaward with that sail.

—*Edith Wharton* in the CENTURY.

When recitation days are o'er,
And bedspread's warmth hath come once more,
I'm going to wind my old Big Ben,
And when at morn he starts to roar,
I'll break it gently on the floor,
And gloating go to sleep again!

RESTFUL.

I wisht I was a little rock,
  A-settin' on a hill,
And doin' nothin' all day long
  But just a-settin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
  I wouldn't even wash,
But set and set a thousand years
  And rest myself, by gosh!

It was after the Christmas banquet, and toasts were in order. The toastmaster arose to introduce a prominent professor and said:

"Gentlemen, you have just been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. Now you will give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

The cavalry instructor was lecturing severely a particularly wooden-headed recruit. "How many times have I got to tell you," he asked, "never to approach horses from the rear without speaking to them? One of these days they will be kicking you on the head, and then we shall have a lot of lame horses on our hands!"—*The Sheaf.*

There always seems to be just a touch of sadness in any reference a writer makes to that period in his life when the unearthly glamor that clings about an old belief faded into the light of common day. Education and culture do bring their reward, but nevertheless that sense of loss remains. This is the theme of *The Oxen* by Thomas Hardy:

THE OXEN.

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
And elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few believe
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
"Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

—*Thomas Hardy.*

We have presumed to select a few random verses from Swinburne's Mater Triumphalis in the hope that they may suggest the beauty of the poem to some who perhaps have not read it:

Mother of man's time-travelling generations,
Breath of His nostrils, heartblood of His heart,
God above all Gods, worshipped of all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law, Thou art.

Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder
Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
The sea is dumb before Thy face, the thunder
Silent, the skies are narrower than Thy wings.

We have known Thee and have not known Thee; stood
beside Thee,
Felt Thy lips breathe, set foot where Thy feet trod,
Loved and renounced and worshipped and denied Thee
As though thou wert but as another God.

All old grey histories hiding Thy clear features
O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's tales,
Creeds woven of men Thy children and Thy creatures,
They have woven for vestures of Thee and for veils.

I have love at least, and have not fear and part not
From Thine unnavigable and wingless way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said Thou art not,
Nor all Thy night long have denied Thy day.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

Dead.

Corporal W. Sidney Rice, '14, 5th Universities Company, died of pneumonia at Montreal, on March 4th, 1916.

Wounded.

HARKNESS, SERGT. L. C., '08, 17th Batt. N. S. Highlanders.
MOYLE, PTE. W. D., discharged from hospital and invalided home.

Prisoners of War.

RUTHERFORD, PTE. A. S., '14, Giessen, Germany.

A*.

Members of Faculty and Graduates
On Active Service at Home or Overseas.

ALLEN, PTE. H. H., '15, 81st Batt., Toronto.
ANDERSON, LIEUT. W. K., '14, 109th Batt., Lindsay.
BLACK, GUNNER E. G., '13, 41st Battery, Overseas.
BROCKLEBANK, LIEUT. S. H., '14, 70th Batt., London, Ont.
CAMPBELL, STAFF-SERGT. E. D., '12, C.A.M.C. Training School, Sandgate, Kent, England.
CRAIG, PTE. J. D., '07, 53rd Batt., Edmonton.
CUTLER, PTE. L. S., '14, 151st Overseas Batt., Wetaskiwin, Alberta.
DAVIES, J. H., '14, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
DAVIES, SERGT. G., '15, Prov.-Lieut. 99th Batt., Winnipeg.
GILMOUR, CAPT. CHAPLAIN J. L., Professor of Church History, Exhibition Camp, Toronto.
GRANT, LIEUT. C. A., '02, 5th Univ. Co., Overseas.

*Enlisted before January issue of THE MONTHLY.

GRIMSHAW, CAPT. CHAPLAIN J. B., '03, 3rd Brigade, C. F. A., 1st Div. C. E. F., France.

HOWES, PTE. J. E., '12, 29th Batt., France.

LAUCHLAND, CAPT. L. C., '00, Medical Officer 129th Batt., Dundas.

LEWIS, CAPT E. P., '09, R.A.M.C., Medical Officer 123rd Batt., Overseas.

McLAY, CAPT. S. M., '03, R.A.M.C., 72nd F.A., 24th Div. B. E.F., France.

McWILLIAMS, TPR. T. F., '14, No. 107385, M.G.S., 2nd Regt. 1st C.M.R. Brigade, C.E.F., France.

MOYLE, LIEUT. H. B., '06, M.B., R.A.M.C., England.

MULLOWNEY, CAPT. CHAPLAIN H. S., '09, 2nd Grey Batt.

PHILPOTT, CORP. G. M., '15, No. 89155, 26th Bty., C.F.A., C.E.F., France.

PRICE, CAPT. V. W., '11, M.G. Officer 123rd Batt., Toronto.

SMITH, LIEUT. R. E., '00, Rawalpindi, India.

WALLACE, CAPT W. S., M.A., (Lecturer in History), 139th Batt., Cobourg.

WARE, Pte. N. J., '08, Fifth Univ. Co., Overseas.

WILLCOCK, LIEUT. R. E., '12, 71st Batt., Woodstock, Ont.

WILLIAMS, BOM. R. E., '13, No. 83028, Hdqrs. Staff, 4th Brigade, C.F.A., 2nd Div., C.E.F., France.

WILSON, PTE. A. P., '16, C.A.M.C., Montreal.

YOUNG, R. W., '01, R.A.M.C., England. (Information wanted.)

Undergraduates.

CHISHOLM, PTE W. A., '17, Div. Sig. Corps, Overseas.

DEARBORN, PTE. L. E., '18, R.A.M.C., (returned).

EBERSOLE, PTE. E. O., '18, 123rd Batt., Toronto.

FIELD, PTE. F. W., '17, Div. Sig. Corps, Overseas.

GUIOU, SERGT. G. W., '18, 3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., France.

HICKS, PTE. W. L., '18, Div. Sig. Corps, Overseas.

IVES, PTE. C. L., Theol., No. 1013, No. 4 Univ. Base Hospital, Saloniki.

JONES, PTE. W. J., '18, No. 475507, 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., England.

McBAIN, PTE. D., '18, 5th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., Montreal.

MACKENZIE, PTE. C., '18, No. 475383, P.P.C.L.I., C.E.F., England.

McCOY, LANCE-CORP. F. G., '18, No. 100133, Sign. Res., C.R.E., France.

NEWTON, PTE. L. P., '18, No. 475974, 3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C. L.I., C.E.F., France.

ORSBORN, CORP. V. E., Theol., Colt M. G. School, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.

PINNOCK, PTE. H. C., '18, No. 475992, 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C. L.I., Shorncliffe.

PRICE, BOM. W. D., '16, No. 89721, 26th Bty., 7th Bde., C.F.A., France.

PRICE, LIEUT. S. L., '16, Carlyle, Saskatchewan.

ROSSER, CAPT. G. L., Theol., 139th Batt., Warkworth, Ont.

SPARKS, PTE. H. S., Theol., No. 58075, M.G.S., 20th Batt., 4th Bde., C.E.F., France.

Students in Former Years.

BARTLETT, PTE R. D., 5th Univ. Co., Overseas.

DUNN, PTE. C., 92nd Batt., Toronto.

FAIRCHILD, PTE. J. H., 26th Bty., 7th Bde., C.F.A., C.E.F., France.

McCORMACK, H. A. (Information wanted.).

RYRIE, SUB.-LT. J. G., Royal Flying Corps, London, England.

SANDERSON, PTE. M. A., 4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I., England.

B*.

Graduates.

ATKINSON, LIEUT. R. G., '16, 116th Batt., Uxbridge.
BOGUE, PTE. A. H., '14, Overseas Training Co.
CLENDENAN, LIEUT. D. G., 159th Batt., Haileybury.
EATON, J. W., '19, 14th Battery, Cobourg, R.S.A., Kingston.
ELDER, LIEUT. J. A. D., '17, Sig. Officer, 147th Batt., Owen Sound.
ELLIS, G. H., '13, R.S.A., Kingston.
FARMER, SPR. C. V., '15, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
GILBERT, LIEUT. B. E., '16, Sig. Officer, 118th Batt., Berlin.
GUNTON, G. E., '19, 14th Battery, Cobourg, at R.S.A., Kingston.
HOPE, SPR. C. P., '15, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
JAMIESON, PTE. J. D., '16, 166th Batt., Toronto.
KENT, LIEUT. J. P., '18, 95th Batt., Toronto.
LESTER, LIEUT. A. J., '15, Sig. Officer, 134th Batt., Toronto.
McALPINE, REV. W. S., '95, PTE., 156th Batt., at P.S.I., Kingston.
MORRISON, SPR. J. D., '14, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
MOYLE, CAPT. R. D., '08, R.A.M.C., England.
SORTON, REV. R., Theol. '14, Winnipeg.
SPENCER, SPR. W. G., '14, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
TROTTER, B. F., '15, accepted for Imperial Commission, now in England.
WARNER, PROV.-CAPT. REV. J. M., '04, London, Ontario.
WATERS, REV. F. W., '11, London, Ontario.

Undergraduates.

MASSON, PTE. H. G., '19, 43rd Battery C.F.A., England.
McDONALD, PROV.-LIEUT. D. G., '19, 162nd Batt., Parry Sound.
McKAY, PROV.-LIEUT. W. L., Theol., 160th Batt., Tiverton.
McKISSOCK, LIEUT. W. E., '16, 182nd Batt., Whitby.
ORTH, C. C., O.A.C. Battery.

*Enlisted since January issue.

RAITHBY, REV. WM., '08, 114th Batt.
RIDDIFORD, REV. W. C., Theol. '04, Chaplain.
SMITH, PTE. M. A., '19, Medical Corps, 134th Batt., Toronto.
STECKLEY, R., '14, Calgary, Alberta.
WARREN, PTE. C., Army Service Corps, Toronto.
BATES, SPR. J. E., '16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
BROWNLEE, SPR. H. M., '17, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
CAMPBELL, SPR. R. D., '16,, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
CHISHOLM, SPR. A. W., '16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
CLARKE, SPR. G. A., (Arts '15), Theol. '17, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
DAVIS, SPR. J. W., '14, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
EBERLE, SPR. J. H., '18, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
FOX, SPR. J. H., '16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
FRASER, SPR. R. M., (Arts '15), Theol. 16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
HOULDING, SPR. L. M., (Arts '15), Theol. '17, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
KENYON, SPR. W. A., (Arts '15), Theol. '17, Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
LONG, SPR. J. A., (Arts '15), Theol. '17, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
McINTYRE, SPR. C. M., '17, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
McGREGOR, SPR. R. R., '16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
STEVEN, SPR. W. T., '18, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
VAN SLYKE, SPR. J. G., '18, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.
VEALS, SPR. H. J., '16, 4th Div. Sig. Co., Ottawa.

In Militia.

CAMERON, PROV.-CAPT. W. A., '06, 109th Regt., Toronto.
VINING, PROV.-LIEUT. C., '19, London.

Former Students.

NOBLES, PROV.-LIEUT. C., Theol., 1912-13, Toronto.

THE WHITETHROAT.*

(By the late Theodore Harding Rand.)

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada,"

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part!
Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown.

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

*See Editorial Note. Listen to the song of the whitethroat and you will hear notes that may be easily interpreted as "Canada, Canada, Canada." For this reason it is sometimes called the Canada bird.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

First Prize in Oratory Contest.

THE Indian is no longer a factor in the world's progress. He has become a mere plaything in the hands of fate. He is not the subject of great praise or the recipient of high honor. Yet we owe much to him. When our forefathers first landed on the Atlantic Coast he gave them food and shelter; when France fought against us, the Indian struggled to uphold our principles and to support our cause; when the States threatened our freedom in an hour when Britain was putting a tyrant in the shackles of restraint, at a moment when we were unprepared, he died to keep Canada under the flag of the three crosses.

To-night I wish to tell you the story of one who had the blood of a savage, the brain of a genius, the heart of a martyr; one whose purpose, courage and endurance made him the champion of his nation's liberty, the hero of many battles, the timely ally of our own Empire: Tecumseh.

He was born during the eventful years of border warfare. In the dark and disastrous year of 1784 an American was captured by the Indians and brought to Mayville. In the centre of the village rose the stake. Around it were piled the faggots. Tied there hand and foot the captive was at the mercy of the savages. The tall and stately Tecumseh was a spectator of this cruel scene. What had the whites done for him? At four years of age he saw his father killed, at twelve his home sacked and burned, and the day before this his brother struck down at his side in battle. All this was the wicked work of the whites. Why should he not rejoice to see a white man die, to hear his cry for mercy, to taunt and jeer in the very moment of his death? What did he do? The first blaze startled him. The

first cloud of smoke pierced through with flashes of flame thrilled him, and the next moment Tecumseh leapt forth, cut the thongs and set the captive free.

Who was this boy? I would call him Lincoln, the orator, but Tecumseh had a greater task. I would call him Garibaldi, the statesman, but Tecumseh worked among savages. I would call him Napoleon, the military genius, but Tecumseh lacked all Napoleon's faults.

The first important event in this dramatic life has been reached. We turn our eyes to his country to see a sight sad and pitiful. The slow but insinuating encroachments of the whites had forced the Indians beyond the Alleghany Mountains. In three centuries they had adopted European customs, become a prey to European diseases, and been degraded by the use of liquor. Instead of the stalwart warrior with a head to plan and an arm to execute vengeance on the oppressor of his country, the puny besotted wretch was willing to barter himself, his children, and his country for a few drops of fire-water.

Exploiters had made settlements in the land sacred to the Indian people. It was their happy hunting ground, their holy land, in which from time immemorial no dwelling had disturbed its serene silence. The Indian was faced by a definite issue. He must retreat or fight; he must lose the most productive and most fondly cherished of his possessions or hold it by force of arms. A council was held. The flame kindled by encroachments, fanned by unjust dealings, made to glow by numerous murders, burst into that great conflagration which made America tremble for more than twenty years. There was an awakening. From the pine forests of the north, where every breeze murmurs of liberty, from the rolling prairies of the west dedicated to Freedom since Creation's dawn, there rose one savage battle cry. War followed. As a result of it the Indian lost his hunting-ground forever and found his very existence threatened.

These were the tragic conditions when Tecumseh appeared upon the scene. Schooled in the injustice of oppression, endowed

with a splendid gift of eloquence, he stepped into the field equipped for the mortal fray. To his marvellous mental gifts he added no less marvellous physical qualities. He had the eye of an eagle, the voice of a silver bell, the face of a god. Great was the force of his personality; mighty the influence of his oratory; but the greatest power was his lofty theme, liberty. It put fire in every word, enthusiasm in every sentence, conviction in every speech. His was not the studied solemnity of Webster, not the ornamental rhetoric of Choate, not the scholarly eloquence of Gladstone. It was the spontaneous outburst of a great soul inspired by the loftiest motives to which human nature is susceptible. Freedom was his inspiration, patriotism his guide, sincerity his motive, reason his ruling power.

To his splendid gift of eloquence he added a clear and penetrating mind, strong and sound judgment, calmness and temper in deliberation. The cause of all the Indian suffering he found in the encroachments of the whites. On the horizon he could see the shadowy outlines of another war. Imagination pictured to him his people scattered like leaves before the autumn blast. In vain were his words to arouse the people to the impending danger. His clarion call went forth: "To preserve our liberty we must form a confederacy of all the tribes." All this was hard to comprehend. The Indians have been driven from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, from the Great Lakes to the prairies, from the prairies to the Rocky Mountains, and this history has made his words prophetic. He united the tribes of the north into one strong confederacy, enlisted the sympathy of the south, and gave his people for the first time the spirit of nationalism, unity and power. Then while he was away in the south the Americans attacked and destroyed the union, the result of his ten long years of arduous labors. Tecumseh's grief was extreme. Nevertheless misfortune had not dimmed his noble spirit nor silenced the fearless expression of his opinion. Would he submit and be a slave? Never! All nations have been slaves except the Indian, who walks the plain as free as the air he

breathes, knowing no superior in creation but the ever blessed Spirit who made him, always ready to give his life but never his liberty.

Tecumseh did not want war. To the last he strove for peace. Not one act in his whole life would lead us to doubt this desire. He never broke his word. Peace was his policy, unity his foundation of power, liberty his purpose.

Were I to stop here the story would be incomplete. Great as was our hero in council, it is not alone in political affairs his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. I must speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's call, all directed to his country's good. Where shall I begin? Will you go to the banks of the Miamis to see the young warrior in the forefront of the battle defeating the army conducted by a leader experienced in the art of war, or will you follow him as a chieftain to Fort Recovery, where to an undisciplined horde his presence gave the stability of courage and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or will you view him as Brigadier-General of the British army at Detroit, where he assuaged our suffering, limited our privations and upheld our threatened cause? Shall I carry you to Fort Maigs where five hundred Kentucky soldiers had been captured? With the objects of their hate before their eyes, the Indians, burning with eagerness, thirsting for revenge, were about to commence their cruel work. Before the thundering command of Tecumseh his braves fell back. One raised his knife to strike a prisoner. Tecumseh's sword flashed through the air and the next moment that Indian brave fell dead at his feet. Roman justice? Yes! but five hundred soldiers were saved, and remember, he hated them with a perfect hate.

At Moraviantown, after retreating over fifty miles, deceived by his ally General Proctor, realizing the great importance of resistance, he assumed command of our forces. A superior number of American forces charged. With the spirit than won Waterloo, that taught the Germans at Mons and the Marne that

Canada is the home of the brave and the free, Tecumseh leaped forth to do and die. Proctor fled. He left the unfought field, his forces, and his ally; while this heroic warrior with the courage ever shown by his nation and his race breasted the storm of a crushing battle charge. When the roll was called after the battle Tecumseh was not there. He was dead. Not satisfied with his death the Kentucky soldiers whom he had saved mutilated his body and left it unburied on the battle-field.

> "Unbounded courage and compassion joined
> Proclaimed him good and great,
> And made the hero and the man complete."

During thirty years, no work tired him, no danger daunted him, no defeat discouraged him, no victory unbalanced his poise. Mounting above all the evils of his people, not ambitious for wealth or power but eager for service, he bore the burden of his nation's destiny. He was patient in adversity, calm and cool in the hour of victory or defeat. He was confident in himself, his nation, and his cause. Vice shuddered in his presence and virtue always felt his fostering hand. Of all his many virtues there is none more admirable, none more venerable, than his mercy.

Now, Canadians proud of our race, come back with me to the commencement of our history and select what character you please. Let him be a Frenchman or an Englishman; let him have a brain the result of seven generations of culture; let him have the ripest university training; let him have the better education of practical life; crown his temple with the silver of seventy years and show me the man who has left a greater and more glorious monument than this unhonored savage. And yet for almost a century we Canadians, we who owe so much to Tecumseh, did nothing to mark the spot where he fell in defence of our liberty. About five years ago the citizens of Thamesville erected a small, unadorned and unattractive slab of granite and placed it in the corner of a wheatfield as a tribute to his greatness.

To the world Tecumseh is unknown. By Canadians whose homes he defended and for whose cause he died he is almost

forgotten. But if the arrears of fame are ever paid and the debts of praise are ever liquidated, as they will be in the just hands of time, the muse of history will write in golden letters, as an example to posterity, the unfaltering and altruistic purpose of this far-sighted statesman; the compelling and persuasive power of this superb orator; the undaunted courage, the skilful generalship, the humane solicitude of this dignified soldier; the simple majesty, the unswerving devotion of this pathetic martyr to a lost cause.

"Rest, warrior, rest, though not one dirge is thine
Beside the wailing blast. Time cannot in oblivion merge
The light thy star has cast. Whilst heave yon hills to the sky,
Whilst rolls yon dark and turbid river,
Thy name of fame can never die.
Whom freedom loves will live forever."

J. A. Parker, '16.

LINES.*

From off the mount of youth, one autumn day,
Upon the world he gazed, stretched far and near.
The harvest, ripe and wide, below him lay;
The rumbling clouds of Time rose dark and drear;
Humanity bowed down in dull despair,
No reaper came, and he seemed not to care.
He turned away, he left that scene of strife,
And heedlessly walked on—a wasted life—
While those he could have lifted from a Hell
In weakness strove to rise, but striving, fell.
Oh God! Give us a longing, make us crave
The human touch, that we may help to save
Our fellow men—and teach us, Lord, to see
True joy in service, in sacrifice for Thee.

G.M.P., '15.

*The writer of these lines has been at the Front in France for some months.

LE BRAVE CANADIEN.

You not know me? I'm habitant,
Was leev en bas Sherbrooke.
Me name eet ees Alphonse Parent:
De moder say I look

De sam figure her ole grandpère—
He fight Americain.
W'en Ethan Allen pass on here,
He geev heem wan good tam.

Hees name ees call, Alphonse Lajoie,
So w'en I'm born garçon,
De fader say: "Mon fils, hooraw!
Alphonse Lajoie Parent!"

De oder day I'm on de town
For see officier,
An' mak eet w'at you call recruit.
I join la grande armée.

W'en I come home, de moder cry
An hour or two, mebbe,
Den stare at me an' laugh, ma foi!
Dass some surprise for me.

But w'en mon père, he see me dress
All up en militaire,
He say: "Dass ole Alphonse, I guess."
Den he commence for swear

An' call les Boches some good strong name—
You know, I won't tole you—
He tell me go an' keel dem all,
Dass job for me to do.

Mon père is educate, savant.
He read journal anglais
Jus' sam' de French, so Bourassa
Can't pull heem all hees way.

De fader say: "Le jeune Armand,
An' Asselin also,
Dey alway spik wit' habitant
For tole heem not to go,

"An' los' hees life across de sea
In fight for l'Angleterre
Agains' de German peop', sapree!
Dass not for heem to care

"How quick de Kaiser jomp on shore
Down by de Saint Laurent,
Cause w'en hees come, we have encore
Wan free brave Canada.

"I'm very sure dass some beeg talk
From Armand an' de res',
But if de German win, dey'll walk
Some oder way, I guess.

"De Nationalist mus' quite forget
Our pauvre Alsace-Lorraine.
Ees freedom dere, I lak to know,
Wit' rule of Allemagne?

"An' wass all dis de paper say
'Bout dat Von Bissing man?
He shoot de Nurse Cavell, —sacré
I lak for lay ma han'

"On fusil to and hold enquête
Along wit' les Belgiques.
I'll put rope roun' hees German neck
W'ich mak heem feel ver' sick.

"Moi, I'm de ole man now, baptême!
Was close on seventy year.
De arm an' leg won't stan' de strain;
It's bes' for me stay here

"W'ile you marchez for help de French,
En France across de sea,
To drive de German from de trench
Back to his own contree.

"Dere's chance for you to get Guillaume,
Was Kaiser en Berlin,
An' tak' heem to hees oder home,
Dat place call St. Hélène.

"Encore it ees bien necessaire
Crown Prince mus' be exile.
Dass way for feex up whole affaire.
I'm sure le bon Dieu feel

"Jus' sam' dat way about de war;
Hees sure dat liberté
An' loyauté en Canada
Was grow wit' les Anglais.

"Mon cher Alphonse, eet ees for you
Toujours be brave an' fight,
An' don't forget prier bon Dieu
For mak' affaire come right."

So w'en mon père was spik lak dat,
Ma ches' swell beeg, bien oui!
I say: "Les braves at Langemark
In ver' sam' class wit' me."

Some fine ouvrage at St. Julien,
Also at Festubert,
But who keel douzaine German men?
Dass me, w'en I come dere.

De war finish, I see le roi,
An' tell heem, "pas trop mal,"
W'en he hask me, "Comment ca va?"
Den, mak' me "General."

An' w'en I'm back en Canada,
I mak' de Nationalist sing
Mos' every day, "Vive George," haut voix,
"Hooraw! God Save de King."

THOMAS WEARING, '09.

A TRAGEDY OF THE BLUFFS.

2nd Prize, Undergraduate Story Competition.

I.

IT was evening in the West. The day had been warm and now the sun took a last glimpse before he gradually disappeared from view behind the mountain. To the north a great ridge marked the banks of the North Saskatchewan: to the east a vast stretch of level country spotted with bluffs of poplar and spattered with patches of green which marked the grain fields of the hardy settlers; to the west the coulee dipped and far across on the other bank stretched the sand hills covered with clumps of poplar. In the bottom of the coulee nestled a string of lakes joined by a little creek which made its way to the great river to the north. Here and there a mallard flew along the lakes and settled down in a favorite nook for the night. A great white pelican drifted lazily on the bosom of one of the lakes. The sun lingered as though to cast a benediction on God's own country before leaving it to the chill of the western night.

With the approach of darkness a doe left her fawn hidden in a thicket and set out for the rich pastures along the coulee bank. The little fawn crouched motionless in the brush; its spotted side could scarcely have been distinguished from the patched grey of the bushes. Not even the coyote who passed by divined its presence, or if he did he had no relish for the sharp hoof of the mother. The doe walked carefully to the pasture, looking this way and that for enemies and always on the alert for the least sign of alarm from her treasure in the bushes. There she quietly ate her evening meal.

The larder of the settlers was bare. They had had no fresh meat for a month. The old longing for the chase was upon them. So it was that four of them saddled their horses, packed

the tent and started, with a night's provisions, to hunt fresh meat. Deer were out of season and a heavy fine was the penalty for shooting one. However, no one felt it a serious offence to shoot a buck and carefully smuggle it home in the early morning. Everyone swore, especially one old hunter, not to shoot a doe, as that was a crime not only against the law but against any man's principles. They separated at the bank of the coulee, two going by the ford and two by the bridge across the stream. Each pair watched for deer. The horses walked quietly and not a word was spoken. Every bluff was scanned. At the least sign of game they were ready to shoot. The old hunter and his partner crossed by way of the bridge and were just ascending the bank of the coulee. There in full view was a doe. She ran and the man shot. He missed, then slipped from his horse, ran to a higher view and shot again. This time she slackened, looked back piteously, and bleated. He shot again and she fell. It was her speed against the speed of a bullet; her wit against man's steel, and she paid the price.

The man cursed when he found what he had done. Not for money would he have shot her, but the sight of a fleeing animal overcame all scruples. His impulsive spirit subdued his better self. There she lay, a poor little animal who did the best she knew, who in her last agonies fled toward the fawn in the bushes. But the steel knew no feeling. It was a man's instinct and a tragedy of the bluffs.

They left her where she lay and rode on to meet the other two men near an old bear's cave where they were to camp for the night. It was at the head of a draw which ran back from the coulee. One set up the tent and arranged for the night while the other three went to bring the deer.

A western horse does not love the scent of deer. The brown cayuse was led up and the deer almost placed across the saddle when—that sniff of deer. The horse broke away and only by hard work and much pulling did they get him again. Further efforts to put the deer on that horse's back were useless. The

next horse was led up with his eyes blindfolded. The carcase was again lifted to the saddle, again the whiff of deer, the horse wheeled, doubled up, and, with all the force he could muster, sent man, deer and all reeling to the ground. He was unconscious and, for all they knew, dead. "Was this the revenge for his slaughter of the innocent doe?" was the thought which struck the old hunter. In a few minutes, however, he revived and no one thought of placing the deer on that horse's back.

Another plan was tried. The deer's legs were tied together and a pole run between them. The ends of the pole rested on the saddles of the two horses. This was a success for about a dozen steps when the pole broke and the carcase dropped between the horses. The third horse was called into action and luckily enough the deer was placed on the saddle without further accident. They returned to the camp where a cheery fire and a pail of hot tea awaited them.

The night was cold, the stars shone out of a clear sky. Only the yapping of a coyote broke the stillness. Two or three more joined and soon they started as if on the trail of some animal. A scuffle was heard and the campers knew another tragedy had been enacted. The little fawn had waited for his mother. The sun had long disappeared, it still waited; the cold, silent night came on and still it waited. Through the night patiently it waited. Then the coyote came back; he sniffed the air and knew there was trouble. Something was wrong. The others joined him. The deer family was wiped out. The tragedy was complete.

A slight flush of rosy light tinged the eastern sky. It was the early dawn. A white-throated sparrow warbled "Sweet Canada" from the bushes. The earth began to stir and to throw off the chill of the night. The horses stood tethered to the trees shivering with the cold. The men had tried to sleep, but sleep they could not. Someone monopolized all the blankets, someone pulled the tent down and someone had fleas. No one know who, but everyone had strong suspicions. Everyone was cold, someone was bit, and no one slept. The fire furnished better hopes, but afforded small

comfort. With one side approaching zero and the other side nearly scorched, it necessitated frequent turnings which were not conducive to anything like sleep. All welcomed the approach of the morning, if it only meant relief from the tortures of the night. The deer was packed up, the tent wrapped, and early in the morning they started in single file for home.

Below lay the coulee filled with mist and far over on the other side the sun was just making his appearance. The whole earth was bathed in radiance. Away on the left bank a log shack seemed to sit on the edge of the earth, a mere speck in the great expanse of country. To the north, the mist hung heavily over the river, to the west a great hill reared its head to catch the first rays of the morning. Along both sides patches of grain, tinged with the gold of the coming harvest, told of the thrift of Galician settlers. It was a great picture painted by the hosts of heaven, beauty unadorned with the ornaments of civilization, except in the homes of the pioneers, which only served to gild the painting.

II.

The summer had been short and snow had fallen early in September. A strange sight greeted the eye, the green leaves of the trees drooping under the snow. The stooks were still standing, capped with snow, waiting to be threshed. The settlers had been busy gathering in the results of the summer's work. The husband of the household was aware that the larder was getting low and for threshing he knew the men wanted meat. The snow made deer hunting easy, for now the tracks were visible. The five-year-old son had looked forward to the time when "dad" would bring home a deer. He crept up on his father's lap and coaxed and coaxed for a deer. With the falling of the snow he renewed his coaxing with vigor. His child mind could conceive of no greater happiness than to see "dad" ride up with a deer strapped on behind the saddle. Then in the evening by the old box stove he would listen to "dad" tell how he shot the deer, and wish he had a gun to shoot one too.

The father and the old hunter arranged that they should go up by the river about ten miles distant for moose. They travelled for about five miles and saw no sign of either deer or moose. At length they came across fresh deer tracks and farther on a moose track. Here they dismounted, tied their horses, and walked, watching for further signs of the moose. When they were close enough they dropped to their knees, and crept along; then they laboriously pulled themselves over the ground until they were within firing distance of the patch of grey in the bushes. The moose was lying down after a hard night's travel, little suspecting the hunters on his trail. Unfortunately some deer were also resting in the same neighborhood, and, having sensed the hunters, they made good their escape as well as frightening the moose, who rose and raced off before the men had a chance to shoot.

The men went back for the horses and followed. At the beginning of a long stretch of thick timber they separated to meet again a quarter of a mile farther west. Both were on the alert, since to shoot a moose was considered no small accomplishment in the settlement. The old hunter proceeded what he thought to be a quarter of a mile in the thick brush and waited. Then he heard a crackling and plunging in the brush. There was an open space ahead. He sighted for that, for a moose would have to pass through, and the moment a living animal crossed it he would shoot. He shot. A stifled cry of pain told him it was not the moose he had hit but his partner. What had he done? Why had he not looked? What made him shoot without thinking at what he shot? How could he take this dead man back to that wife and little son? The spectre of that woman and child left husbandless and fatherless haunted him. There they would stand waiting for daddy with the deer, and now there was no "dad" any more.

The tragedy was complete. The weak and innocent suffer and are trampled underfoot. The impulsive, the irrational, survive at their expense. It was the survival of the unfit.

H. A. Innis, '16.

THE SLEEPING GIANT.

STRETCHING out some twenty miles from the rugged north shore of Lake Superior is the long rocky promontory called Thunder Cape, and at its southern extremity lies the famous Sleeping Giant.

The Giant is a great mountain of basaltic rock whose reddish-brown cliffs rise up almost perpendicularly for eighteen hundred feet above the water, but are in places broken down into the rocky slopes where a few small birches or jack-pines have found a foot-hold. Its almost inaccessible summit is a great bare tableland, where gray lichens clinging to the smooth surfaces of the rocks and green moss and bluebells in the crevices are the only vegetation,—here are the haunts of the fish-hawks and seagulls.

From times prehistoric the Giant has been one of the outstanding landmarks of the Northland. In Algonquin legend it is the body of the Giant Nannibijou who dared defy the great Manitou and was in punishment turned to stone,—and truly from the distance it closely resembles the reclining body of a man. In the days of exploration, Duluth tells of passing beneath the lofty cliffs of the Giant in his little barque, and there trading with the Ojibways. In the early nineties Silver Islet, lying at the foot of the Giant, brought this district again into prominence through its fabulous wealth in silver, and now that the mines have been abandoned, the old mining town, its houses hidden among the birches above the stony shore, and the towering cliffs of the Giant rising in the background, has become one of our most charming summer resorts.

Once in a while some city-bred holiday-maker at the Islet is adventurous enough to climb the Giant. The expedition usually turns out far more difficult than it at first appears, and many give up in despair when they get about half way up the cliffs.

First comes a five-mile walk over a narrow trail through the bush, and then comes the climb,—and such a climb,—an Alpine adventure in miniature! There is only this one place where an ascent can be made. Here by struggling through the thick growth of brambles and shrubs covering a long steep slope of loose shale, a broad valley is reached, overshadowed by huge grim rocks on either side. This is the neck of the Giant. Now follows a hand over hand struggle over rocks, small cedars and birches, up an almost perpendicular cliff which forms the Giant's shoulder,—and finally the summit is reached.

Then what a view! Brambles, scratches, bruises and torn clothes are forgotten, and one is held spellbound by the glorious sight which unfolds itself before him. To the south and west stretches the great blue expanse of Lake Superior—never peaceful, flecked with foaming white-caps. Beyond, the great Isle Royale and the Minnesota shore are dimly outlined on the horizon. To the north and east lies Thunder Bay. It lies in the shadow of the Giant,—deep blue, calm, and peaceful. In the distance are the gray hills of the Canadian shore, and Pie Island with its high, rocky summit. Below, the reddish cliffs plunge down into the green forest and the white surf silently beats against the rugged shore. Above, is the bright blue sky from which the sun sends brightness over all.

Standing here in the strong cold breeze, the gulls sailing around or balancing themselves in mid-air, one receives a new outlook on life. Narrow every-day horizons break away, and this vista of sea and land, stretching out on every side to meet the sky in the misty distance, gives a glimpse into the greatness of God.

O. H. McDonald, '19.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.*

HOSE who hear Chancellor McCrimmon speak are invariably impressed with a sense of the apparently inexhaustible fountains of knowledge from which his eloquent periods flow. Whatever the theme may be he always shows an easy mastery of practically everything of value that has been thought or said about it. His new book, "The Woman Movement," is a striking illustration of his grasp of the important phases of the woman question and his familiarity with the extensive literature dealing therewith. Within the space of slightly over two hundred pages he has given a comprehensive view of the subject, and has gathered together an amazing amount of pertinent and enlightening information and has set forth a multitude of interesting facts in clear and orderly fashion. His purpose evidently has been not so much to discuss the right of women to mark ballots as to supply a basis of historical and scientific fact for intelligent consideration of the pros and cons of this and allied questions. With such a book as this at his disposal no one can have any excuse for superficial judgment on what is surely an important and a complex matter. During the stress of war the problems involved have been temporarily shelved, but after the conflict has come to an end they will emerge into as great, if not as sensational, prominence as they had before August 4th, 1914. Then this dispassionate statement of facts will be of genuine service to those who assume to shape public opinion and to those whose duty it will be to give a verdict on the claims of women to a larger share in the government of nations.

The present volume is divided into four parts, each of which exhibits one broad aspect of the question. In the first the author gives a rapid survey of the status accorded women from primitive to modern times, and then traces the evolution of the woman's

*The Woman Movement. By A. L. McCrimmon, Philadelphia. The Griffith and Rowland Press.

rights movement in Europe and America, including an account of the suffrage agitation during the last generation. In the second he supplies authentic information as to the educational, legal, and economic position of women in various countries, pointing out the measure of their success in securing greater equality with men. The third part is devoted to a skilful resumé of the arguments employed, especially during the last century, to justify their claims. In the fourth part the biological, emotional, and intellectual differences between the sexes are scientifically treated. A specially valuable feature of the book is the inclusion of quotations from historical documents and from the utterances of great thinkers. A select bibliography enhances its value.

In the final chapter Chancellor McCrimmon states some broad conclusions to which his study of the subject has led him. While open-minded to all the legitimate demands of women, he nevertheless leaves it to be inferred that his attitude is cautious rather than radical. He does not think that a solution for all the problems will be found simply by granting women the suffrage. He rebukes those who sneer at Christianity because Christians have not been fair to women, reminding them that they are confusing the teaching of Christ with the dogmas of ecclesiasticism. He insists that the duty of motherhood is as permanent as the race, but at the same time holds that woman should have the right to test her powers, to seek a generous culture, and fit herself for economic duties. He pays unstinted tribute to the moral beauty and religious faith of woman, and is generous in his recognition of her large contribution to civilization. To the present reviewer his position seems one that is likely to commend itself to the great majority of reasonable men and women. Those who desire to arrive at a discreet judgment in the light of relevant facts will do well to read and digest this interesting volume.

M.

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G. VANSLYKE, '18 MISS E. WILKINS, '17 MISS J. MIMMS, '18
R. W. E. CHRISTIE, Subscription Department

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Editorial Notes.

In a recent lecture on the Poetry of the Empire, Sir Herbert Warren, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, quoted the late Dr. Rand's poem "The Whitethroat." For the information of the present generation of undergraduates it may be said that Dr. Rand was the second Chancellor of the University and that after his resignation in 1895 he spent five fruitful years as Professor Emeritus, lecturing on English literature and Education. Though many of his poems were first printed in THE MONTHLY, it was in a volume entitled "Song Waves" that "The Whitethroat" first appeared. It is hoped that the present re-printing may induce some undergraduate lovers of poetry to seek acquaintance with "At Minas Basin" and "Song Waves" (both published by William Briggs), the two volumes in which Dr. Rand collected the products of his pen. If his work can be publicly commended at Oxford, it ought not to be forgotten at McMaster.

Patience a moment—we shall soon be gone. Volume twenty-five lacks now only the Graduation issue and for that redeeming number we can claim no credit. So, while the time remains, let's shake hands and part—friends, if possible. We have bored you, offended you, said untrue things about you, perhaps, and for these courtesies you have paid us your good moneys. For that we thank you. We thank also all our Associate Editors and Assistants, and especially the Manager and Assistants of the Business Department, and H. A. Innis, who has proof-read the two final numbers. Before departing let us present to you such of the new staff of THE MONTHLY as we have been able to choose:—Editor-in-Chief, A. H. Richardson; Around the Hall, O. H. McDonald; Women's Department, Miss E. Wilkins, Miss J. Mimms and Miss H. Wilkins; Here and There, R. Harris; Athletics, J. F. Twiss; Our Graduates, E. J. Bengough; Consulting Editors, Professors McLay and Matthews. Success to them in the coming year.

IN MEMORIAM.

Malcolm S. Clark, M.A.

To prove the worth of thy true modesty
Might well employ a better pen than mine,
And yet to none would I that task resign,
Longing to pay my tribute unto thee,
Confession late of one who sought to be
On terms of closer sympathy, and fine
Links of true friendship with a soul benign,
Mind rich with lore, and heart from envy free.

So was it not to be. The subtle thief
Called Death has reft me, wretched, of this boon,
Letting "I fain would" wait upon "I will,"
And cut so off from friendship's afternoon,
Relinquishment of which now makes my grief
Keener, yet calmed with hope to meet thee soon.

DAVID REED KEYS.

Correspondence

Dear Professor ———:

I wish to thank through you the McMaster Monthly Board for their generous gift of a No. 3 Filmplate Premo Camera to Mrs. Cranston and myself. We appreciate even more than the camera the goodwill which prompted this kind but wholly unnecessary recognition of the services we were able to render in connection with the "Our Graduates" column. It was a labor of love for our Alma Mater, and no thought of reward ever entered our minds. We were glad to do our bit for the dear old school, and were amply repaid for what work was involved by the many letters of appreciation received. The credit was not all ours by any means, as many other graduates assisted greatly by sending in news items. The editing of that department was not altogether a burden—it had its delightful as well as its laborious side—and it was not without regret that we made up our minds to pass it on to somebody else.

The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon an Elisha who promises to surpass anything that stands to our credit. The Monthly Board is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of Mr. E. J. Bengough, B.A., to chronicle the doings of the graduates. It is a satisfaction to see how spendidly he is carrying on the work. In his capacity as Registrar of the University he comes in contact daily with sources of information which were seldom available to us, and should every month be able to make the Graduate Column more and more interesting. Judging from the January and February numbers, there is no fear as to the splendid future of this department.

I wish also to thank Mr. Joseph Wearing, M.A., for his generous tribute. He was one of those who stood most loyally behind us, and never a month passed without several news items being sent in by him. If all the other graduates were as faithful as he, the "Graduate" column would occupy the whole Monthly. Mr. W. A. Kenyon, B.A., the present editor of The Monthly, has also been a most helpful contributor.

Again I thank you on behalf of Mrs. Cranston and myself for your thoughtful and most delightful gift, which is nevertheless accepted under protest.

J. Herbert Cranston.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. R. MCGREGOR, '16.

WE present herewith our last copy. We can almost feel the sigh of relief this fact will surely bring. Our readers—or perhaps we should say subscribers—have been very patient with us. Wisdom is not our strong point—the only requirements which we have emphasized as being necessary for ourselves was a plentiful supply of ink and an abundance of paper. Given these few essentials, the furnishing of copy has been, we are afraid, merely a blending of the two into a printable mass. However, we have not received a very large number of censuring letters and must thank the subscribers for their forbearance and patience. Next year, under the able editorship of Mr. O. H. MacDonald, the department will give more news and less foolishness, less verbosity and more real information.

Fyfe Day.—Roy Bensen, '06, returned missionary from India, spoke to a rather small number of students on Friday, March 17th. This address, together with devotional exercises and the reading of the minutes, took the place of the final Fyfe Day of the year. Mr. Bensen gave us a very interesting account of the religions in India at present and his view of conditions there was very optimistic. The people of India are extremely religious, but need to have the truth of Christianity pointed out before they can see the way to the realization of the highest life.

In fulfillment of the half-prophecy made in these columns a few months ago, Theology actually got away with the debating championship. Year '16 opposed the promulgators of religion on the evening of March 10th. Theology was represented by J. H. Moore, B.A., and E. Watson; Year '16 by A. W. Chisholm and R. R. McGregor. We refuse to print the subject—it was *awful.* Theology, although used to handling subjects dealing

with matters not of this world, also showed ability in talking on an everyday question. Year '16 are proud to have been defeated by such a weighty question—for how could they die better than facing fearful odds?

In accordance with custom Year '16 gave itself a banquet. The success of the evening was due chiefly to the energy of the vice-president, who very thoughtfully notified the proprietor of the Little Blue Tea Rooms that he (or she) would do well to lay in a stock of provisions. The menu cards were neat and dainty and, moreover, they were correct. The food was so quieting that speakers were allowed to rave in the face of only feeble protest. Miss Marshall, taking advantage of the fact that 1916 is a leap year, seized Time by the forelock and proposed—the toast to the gentlemen. The Year was quite pleased to have its honorary president present, and to hear a few words from him. The literary attempt of the evening was rendered by Miss McEown, who "reminisced" for a space of time extending over one year; as we listened old sores were opened and former joys renewed. The tables were then pushed against the wall and the crowd made merry. By different socializing games all were made to enjoy themselves. So concluded the Fourth Annual Year '16 Banquet.

The Annual Athletic Banquet held on the evening of March 10th, was as usual, a success. (Anything going by the name of *banquet*—which implies the immediate presence of foodstuffs—is unavoidably a success). The usual custom of presenting prizes and badges was observed as in the days of yore. The speech of the evening was given by Rev. J. D. Morrow, pastor of Dale Church, who emphasized the athlete's need of grit and determination if he wished to make a success of athletics or anything else.

Mr. Roy Weaver, '10, addressed the Social Science Club on March 30th on "Journalism as a Profession." Mr. Weaver spoke out of personal experience and pointed out many of the opportunities which such a course would offer. His address was well worth listening to and proved a fitting close to a good year's work.

The Junior Collation Banquet was held and celebrated despite all difficulties. To enumerate the toasts would be tedious, and to refer to the speakers would be to invite a show of partiality.

Suffice it to say that almost without exception the speeches were good. (This statement, the reader will notice, commits no one to anything). The main thing was that it gave the Junior and Senior Years a chance to go over old experiences and heal old bruises. From this point of view the banquet was worth any trouble it may have entailed, and although it was quite informal, it was none the less enjoyable.

The halls have taken on rather a deserted appearance since the departure of about twenty of the men for Ottawa where they are training for Overseas service. Their departure on the night of March 20th was the signal for quite a celebration at the Union Station. A large representation was down to see them off. This send-off was certainly appreciated. The men in Ottawa have not forgotten it, nor will they for some time to come. From all reports they are as happy as ever and are upholding the good name of McMaster in a land of strangers. They may be addressed c/o Divisional Signallers, Lansdowne Park, Ottawa. Their names will be found in the Honour Roll.

The Literary Society has carried on its meetings as usual. A satisfactory feature has been that the programmes have become better as the year advanced, the last three being of a particularly high calibre. A characteristic of all the programmes of the year has been the reading of the minutes by R. R. McGregor. The sarcasm, and in some cases almost veracity, of these records, has largely aided in making these meetings of the Lit. more enjoyable.

March 17th.—The meeting opened with a piano solo by Mr. McGregor, followed by an encore. Mr. J. E. Bates, in his own malevolent style, maltreated several innocent members of the Lit. by the almost humorous remarks he made in his paper on "Current Events." Miss Hammond, '17, favored the meeting with a solo which was heartily encored. Following this was a play given by the Freshettes. The old maids, under the spell of Leap Year, made heartrending proposals to a certain Mr. Smith. We were very much pleased with the lacrimonious outbursts of one who acted as maid. The meeting was very enjoyable throughout.

March 24th.—This might properly have been called the nomination meeting. However the results of the poster contest were announced and a post-mortem address, written by Mr. Ben-

gough, who acted as judge, was effectively delivered by Mr. Kemp. Mr. McGregor then noisily endeavored to palm off on different members several old posters for which the Lit. had no further use. As usual he was quite successful. Different candidates, with a confidence verging on the border of audacity, harangued the members of the literary society on their respective merits. Miss Latimer and Miss Mimms rendered a delightful piano duet.

March 31st.—Election night. The culprits of the last meeting duly met their reward, some being elected and some having "also ran." We noted a tendency to corrupt the otherwise clean and wholesome methods of procedure of the Lit. Several members deliberately bribed by peanut shells with a few odd peanuts the voters. We could not refrain from mentioning this, and we think if the good name of the Lit. is to be kept such practices must be checked. We didn't get any peanuts.

The Monthly Board reported an exceptionally good year despite depressed conditions generally. The report of the Literary Society also showed a very healthy condition. Other features of the evening were a piano solo by Miss A. Robertson and a piano solo by Meldrum Fawthrop. Both were excellent.

We hesitate to publish the list of officers for the different years. Seldom has the Monthly been confronted with such a formidable array of officers. In some of the years, so far as we can find out, no one was left out. They remind us of the Kentuckian army, where every soldier was an officer.

Year '16 can successfully claim to have escaped this accusation. Pres., F. W. Kemp.

Year '17 constitutes the most flagrant example. Hon. Pres., Dr. Matthews; Pres. H. H. Wilson; Vice-Pres., Miss C. M. Farmer; Sec.-Treas., J. F. Demaray; Hist., Miss Hammond; Orator, F. W. Rayfield; Bard, Miss Wilkins; Con. of Soc. Com., Miss Edgar; Musician, J. M. Fawthrop; Rep. to Lit. Soc., Miss Cooke; Rep. to Student Body, C. J. Baker; Cor. to Dev. Com., S. Mclean; Miss. Study Teacher, R. H. King; Y.M.C.A. Rep., R. H. King; Track Captain, G. W. Robb; Tennis Captain, W. S. Way. To Year '17 we extend our sincerest sympathies.

Year '18 has been more merciful. Hon. Pres., Dr. Donald; Pres., M. C. Hooper; Vice-Pres., Miss V. Latimer; Sec., R. W. E. Christie; Orator, M. C. Hooper.

Year '19 has decided to become sophomores under the following officers: Hon. Pres., Dr. J. B. Tingle; Pres., O. H. McDonald; Vice-Pres., Miss M. Moore, Sec.-Treas., J. B. Smart; Orator, J. W. Cohen; Historian, Miss G. White. We congratulate the reporter upon having extorted this valuable news item from the aforementioned Year. We remember asking them ourself and they thought we were a spy.

The elections, like every other department of university life, have taken on a more serious aspect than in previous years. There were serious difficulties to meet. On the one hand there was the necessity of filling all the offices and on the other hand the danger of giving one person too many offices. However, since this dilemma has been solved and all the offices filled, we trust that there will not be many of them to fill over again next year.

The Literary Society elections, held on the evening of March 31st, resulted in the following officers for the coming year: Hon. Pres., Chancellor McCrimmon; Pres., W. A. Robertson; Vice-Pres., M. C. Hooper; Second Vice-Pres., Miss M. Grimshaw; Rec. Sec., S. Lepofsky; Treasurer, G. W. Farmer; Cor. Sec., O. H. McDonald; Sec. of Com., J. Smart. The President expressed himself as being satisfied with his executive.

The Student Body finds itself ably manned for the next year by the following officers: Pres., S. G. Cole; First Vice-Pres., J. A. Gunton; Second Vice-Pres., W. S. Way; Sec., H. N. Racicot.

The spiritual necessities of the University will be met by the following officers of the Y.M.C.A. next year: Pres., I. S. Reeds; Vice-Pres., E. A. Massé; Treas., Dr. Trotter; Cor. Sec., H. E. Groom; Rec. Sec., G. W. Farmer.

Those who will assume command of the Athletic Executive are Hon Pres., Dr. Kierstead; Pres., G. W. Robb; First Vice-Pres., C. J. Baker; Sec., H. N. Racicot; Treas., F. Hartley; Bus. Man., J. M. Fawthrop.

The following have undertaken to carry on the work of debating: Pres., F. W. Rayfield; Vice-Pres., H. N. Racicot; Sec.-Treas., O. H. Thomas; Rep. Student Parliament, J. F. Demaray.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MELBA I. CAMPBELL, '16.

"The student life is over
With its varied wealth of cheer,
But the memory of its pleasures
Will live for many a year."

R so felt the members of the Senior year as, with mingled emotions, they gathered yet again around the festive board at their fourth annual banquet; an institution peculiarly their own, and rightly deemed one of most especial interest. Once more that sage and marvellous manuscript known as the Class History was unfurled before our reminiscent eyes; once more we lent attentive ear as the lives, achievements and assemblages of thirty-six valiant gentlemen and fair ladies were cleverly proclaimed. Once more the customary toasts were proposed, and once more received enthusiastic response. Thus in pleasant revelry the evening drew steadily to a close, yet leaving in compensation still another beautiful picture to hang on memory's wall. Nor could it fail to remind us that we have reached the forking of the ways, where we, whose paths thus far have had a single destination, must now branch off each in his own direction, though never forgetting that we cannot buy with gold the old associations. But if time has fled forever beyond recall, all has by no means escaped our grasp.—

"Past joys and sweet rememberings,
True friendships, golden years of gain;
All these to keep, and these to prove
The years have not been lived in vain."

W.L.S. Meeting of March 3rd consisted of the last "Year Programme," given by the girls of '19. The first item of interest was a Swedish love song, given from behind the scenes, by Miss Eva Swedelius. This song was rendered much more effective by the appearance of a winsome little maiden dressed in the Swedish national costume, who stood before the audience during the singing. Following this came the play, entitled "The Misses Pringles' Leap Year," which was very cleverly and brightly presented by all the characters, from Lucinda, the maid, to Deacon Smith, the "man." The current events paper, composed by Miss

Lois MacLaurin, next held our interest and attention, after which Miss Beatrice Caplan read a very clever and witty document entitled "The McMaster Ghost Out for a Stroll," in which the names of the majority of the students were interwoven with the eerie tale. A little sketch, "Before an 8.15 Lecture," was a huge surprise to all, and especially to the Sophettes, who for once saw themselves "as ithers see them." The last item on this extremely interesting programme was a chorus, a parody bearing the ominous title, "Freshmen vs. Sophomores." While the judges were deciding which Year deserved the banquet, which is the reward of histrionic merit, Miss Ada Found, B.A., gave a stump speech, impressing on our minds the absolute necessity of knitting socks for our soldiers. After Mrs. Campbell returned and gave judgment in favor of '17, the meeting was closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster."

Of late weeks elections have been the order of the day in and about the Ladies' Room, and the future of the various women's societies is assured by the choice of the following officers for the year 1916-17:

W.L.S.—Honorary Pres., Mrs. McLay; President, Miss Elsie Mulholland, '17; Vice-President, Miss Margaret Eaton, '18; Secretary, Miss Gladys White, '19; Pianist, Miss Alba Robertson, '19.

Y.W.C.A.—Honorary Pres., Mrs. Matthews; President, Miss Olive Clarke, '17; Vice-President, Miss Evelyn Smith, '18; Secretary, Miss Marjorie Moore, '19; Pianist, Miss Grace Taylor, '18; Advisor, Chancellor McCrimmon.

Women's Athletic Association.—President, Miss Bessie Cooke, '17; Vice-President, Miss Hazel MacCallum, '18; Secretary, Miss Lois MacLaurin, '17.

Women's Student Body.—Head-Girl, Miss Winnifred Grindell.

The Y.W.C.A. was singularly favored on Friday, March 10th, by the presence of Miss Ellis, Principal of Moulton College, who had kindly consented to be our speaker for the day. She dwelt upon the increasing place and importance of women at the present stage in the world's history, and strongly urged us to be unanimous in our lives and increasingly thankful that amid these constantly changing conditions we are founded on Christ and cannot drift beyond His love and care. Although we may sometimes feel as if the foundations were slipping from beneath our

feet, we need fear nothing, provided our centre is firmly and surely attached to Christ, whose guiding hand will unerringly lead us, be the pathway ever so rocky. The members of the Y.W. cannot fail to be deeply grateful to Miss Ellis, whose inspiring address will live long in the memory of her hearers.

The Freshies report a very delightful evening on Friday, March 31st, which was the occasion of a Year '19 party with Miss Eva Swedelius as hostess. Following the mirth and merriment inseparable from such a gathering, several of the male guests lent very gallant assistance at the dishpan,—a somewhat novel feature and one perhaps worthy of emulation.

That Hunt's has been well patronized by pleasure-seekers from the halls of McMaster would probably be admitted even by the owner himself, provided the numerous skating parties of the past year were not beyond his ken. A skating party is by no means a necessary excuse for visiting this establishment, however, or so thought Miss Etta Brooks, vice-president of the Freshman year, who promptly hailed her entire flock of freshettes in order personally to conduct them to the above-mentioned scene of so many McMaster frolics, where she lavishly entertained them out of the fulness of her heart—and purse as well.

The finger writes, and, having writ, moves on, but the editor of this department cannot resign her task without acknowledging the willing and efficient service of the various reporters. To Miss Elsie Wilkins, who has been chosen as her successor, we extend our heartiest wishes for a successful year. Her undoubted merit warrants the prophecy that under her leadership the department will increase in efficiency and interest.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR : E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A

WITH this number the department of "Our Graduates" closes for the season, making way next month, in common with the other regular departments, for the appearance of Class '16, who will occupy not only the centre of the stage but the wings as well. Before laying down the quill to put up the shutters, the editor desires to express his appreciation of the co-operation of the graduates who have contributed items of news to the department. That many hands make light work has been the editor's experience during the months he has had charge of the compilation of material. During the coming summer many things will happen, and McMaster men and women will have their share of achievements and experiences. Many of our readers will remember the chapel visitor who once described the progress of the alumnus through the various processes of graduation, ordination, co-ordination, and subordination, to which list another speaker feelingly added insubordination. In the first issue next fall we shall doubtless have many an ordination (with or without prefix) to record. The editor will welcome news of such events and of any others of interest. Meantime we display below the offerings of the present month, trusting that among them each will find something to his taste.

G. E. Grattan, '15, has taken a position as chemist in the munition factory of Canadian Explosives, Limited, near Parry Sound. His address is Murray Wilson Club, Nobel, Ont.

Dr. S. M. McLay, '03, went to the front from England when the war broke out. He was in the trenches last summer and has spent this winter in the hospital at Boulogne. Recent word informs us that he has returned to the trenches with the 72nd Field Ambulance, 24th Division, British Expeditionary Force. At present he is Field Medical Officer to the 2nd Leinster Regiment, an Irish regiment which had its birth in Canada about fifty years ago, when the first battalion was formed and was known as the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadians. Sam's friends will be interested in knowing that he is to be married at the end of April in London to Miss Florrie Bartlett, of Woodstock, Ont.

D. A. McGibbon, '08, M.A. '11, a Professor in Brandon College, took an active part in the recent referendum campaign in Manitoba. He was out speaking several week-ends, besides being head of the Press Committee in Brandon and doing an amount of canvassing and collecting of funds in connection with the campaign. D. A. is also on the Patriotic Fund Press Committee and on the Executive of the Canadian Club at Brandon.

Chester New, B.Th. '06, B.D. '07, another of the Brandon staff, also took a prominent part in the prohibition campaign, canvassing and speaking at different places, and having charge of one of the polls on voting day.

H. L. MacNeill, '94, is President of the Brandon Canadian Club and also conductor of the City Orchestra.

Ralph Willcock, '12, who is a lieutenant with the 73rd Battalion, formerly Classical Master of Woodstock College, was married on March 8th to Miss Emily Ruse of the township of Ancaster.

G. H. Ellis, '13, who was Science Master at Woodstock College until last fall, when he went into industrial chemistry in London, has now gone to Kingston to take a course in the artillery school.

The McMaster Alumni in Chicago recently held a gathering, at which, we learn, they had a chicken dinner followed by an informal chat and by a more or less set programme. There was talk of forming an organization, but it was felt unwise to have too hard and fast a scheme; so for the present the only steps taken were to appoint a representative to communicate to THE MONTHLY information of interest concerning the graduates in Chicago, and also a committee of two to arrange for at least one meeting each quarter. T. R. Wilkins, '12, was appointed to the position of correspondent, and we are indebted to him for most of the items of Chicago news set out below. At the meeting above referred to three resolutions were adopted, which are of interest to graduates elsewhere, and which we take pleasure in passing on. They are as follows:

"Be it resolved, that this branch of the McMaster Alumni place on record its sympathy with the University and with the family of Professor Clark in the loss which they have sustained, and hereby pay tribute of our appreciation of the many years of faithful service rendered by him to our educational institutions.

"That we also place on record our appreciation of the work which Mr. Wallace has done in the department of History and send him God-speed as he enters the service of the King.

"That we record our opinion of the great value of the work done by the Canadian Literary Institute and continued in McMaster University, and that we register our conviction of the place of the small residential college and join in the tribute paid to it by the late Cecil Rhodes in his decision that the scholarships which bear his name should be connected with such institutions."

At the winter convocation of Chicago University, held on March 21st, J. B. McKendry, '10, received the degree of M.A., and E. E. Sayles, of the same class in McMaster, received his B.D.

Rev. Thos. Wearing, B.A., '09, M.A. '14, has received and accepted a unanimous call to Coaticooke, Que., to supply for the regular pastor, Rev. D. W. Terry, B.Th. '97, who has gone overseas to take up Y.M.C.A. work with the soldiers.

E. W. Parsons, B.A. '99, M.A. '03, who is a Professor at Rochester Theological Seminary, has been laid up for a few weeks with appendicitis, from which we trust he will soon be fully recovered. He has been appointed Rochester representative at the 25th anniversary of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, which will be held in June. Dr. Parsons took a prominent part in the recent inauguration celebration at Rochester, being Marshal of Ceremonies.

H. H. Newman, '96, known in his student days as "Hack," has been appointed a Dean in the undergraduate school in the University of Chicago.

R. E. Freeman, '14, our Rhodes scholar, left the University at the beginning of this month for England, where he intends to enlist for service in the war. It will be recalled that Ralph's younger brother Billie was killed in Flanders about a year ago.

T. R. Wilkins has been appointed to the summer staff at the University of Chicago, and will deliver a course of lectures on "The Pedagogy of High School Physics." Mrs. Wilkins (Olive Cross, '12) is taking work in English in the University of Chicago, and also devoting a great deal of time to vocal training. She recently made her debut in concert work at Park Ridge, Ill.

Rev. C. R. Jones, Theol. '04, is now settled as associate pastor with Rev. R. M. Traver, in Pontiac, Mich. He has charge of two chapels as well as having certain duties in conjunction with Mr. Traver. He reports that he finds his work very pleasant.

Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A. Ad Eund. '94, has retired from the Field Secretaryship of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Sarnia, where he takes up his work at the beginning of April.

W. A. Ashmore, B.A. '13, B.Th. '15, recently took the pastorate of the Bruce Avenue Church in Windsor. On March 2nd Mr. Ashmore was ordained. Those taking part in the ordination exercises were all McMaster men—Rev. N. R. McLeod, '14, of Louisville; Rev. S. E. Grigg ,B.A. '00, of Detroit; Rev. E. S. Clifton, B.A. '13, of Harrow; Rev. B. Davies, Theol. '90, of Essex; Rev. J. T. Marshall, B.A. '00, of Chatham; Rev. D. D. Burtch, Theol. Ad Eund. '94, of Leamington.

Rev. Ralph E. Smith, B.A. '00, B.Th. '03, who was granted leave from his mission work in India in order to enlist, left Cocanada on October 5th last and began training at Rawalpindi in Northern India a few days later. He reports that in the six or seven weeks of training there, he learned a great deal about military life and affairs, more than he thought would be possible in so short a time. At the end of that period he was posted to the 80th Carnatic Infantry in Colombo, Ceylon. After three thousand miles of travel he reached Colombo, and was put in charge of No. 2 Double Company. Ralph remarks that this was a very responsible position for so junior an officer as he to hold, but as officers are very scarce, responsibilities have to be assumed. The 80th regiment is one of the oldest regiments in the Indian army, having been formed in 1777, and as most of the men know Telugu Ralph felt at home among them. There were several reasons, however, why this regiment would not likely be sent to the front, and it was therefore a pleasure rather than a disappointment to Ralph when he received word in the course of a few days to proceed back to Rawalpindi, where he was attached to the Supply and Transport Corps. He expects to be sent to the front in the course of a short time.

Rev. N. A. Harkness, B.A. '04, is prospering as pastor in Wolfeville, N.S. He recently gave a week's special services to the students of Acadia and its colleges.

Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A. '06, pastor of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, recently spent three weeks in the Maritime Provinces, holding evangelistic meetings among the students of the various universities, and also addressing recruiting meetings. He visited Mt. Allison, Dalhousie, Acadia and New Brunswick Universities. In Halifax he met Rev. A. B. Cohoe, B.A. '98, who is giving a large part of his time to recruiting and other military work, having been relieved from his pulpit for one service each Sunday for this purpose. Mr. Cameron reports that enlistment is very brisk at Acadia University where 60 per cent. of the men have joined the colors. President Cutten is one of the active recruiting agents in the province, and by a recent report we learn that he has also enlisted for overseas service.

Rev. F. G. Poole, B.A. '12, is pastor of the church in Dauphin, Man. Under his leadership the church is growing steadily, and its position in the community is being strengthened.

Rev. C. Waddell, B.A. '15, is the successful pastor of the church at Norwood, Ont. The work of the church is prospering, and last year closed with a balance on hand in every department, which is quite a record in these days.

Rev. H. L. Kempton, B.Th. '03, was recently presented with a purse as a token of the appreciation in which he is held by his church at Crescent Heights, Calgary.

As noted elsewhere, Rev. D. W. Terry, B.Th. '97, is going to the front to take up work among the Canadian soldiers.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., of Westmount, for ten years Chancellor of McMaster University, and Joseph Wearing, of Peterboro, will give addresses at the 25th Annual Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America to be held in Chicago on July 6 to 9 next. These two are the Canadian representatives on the program.

Among the party of McMaster students who recently enlisted for the 4th Divisional Signal Company, and who left for Ottawa on March 30th to continue their training there, were the following graduates:—C. V. Farmer and C. P. Hope, of the class of '15, who have been for the past year engaged in the military Y.M.C.A.; W. G. Spencer, B.A. '14, who was on the staff of Sudbury High School; and J. D. Morrison, B.A. '14, who was taking a course at Rochester Theological Seminary. Among the

party were the following graduates, all of whom were pursuing their courses in Theology at McMaster up to the time of leaving:—J. W. Davis, B.A. '14, President of the Student Body; J. A. Long, B.A. '15, Vice-President of the Student Body; R. M. Fraser, B.A. '13, B.Th. '15; G. A. Clarke, L. M. Houlding and W. A. Kenyon, all of the class of '15. On a recent Sunday they conducted the service at the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Ottawa, of which Rev. C. R. Duncan, B.A. '08, M.A. '10, is pastor. A report in one of the local papers speaks highly of the addresses and prayers, noting especially the enthusiastic singing of the McMaster hymn.

Miss Marie Harris (B.A. '08) is teaching in the High School at North Bay.

Mrs. J. L. Sloat (Blanche Shields '07) has been appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Board of Ontario West.

Miss Rebecca Stenhouse (B.A. 1912) has come east again to teach, and is now located at Winchester.

Plans for the Spring meeting of the Alumnae Association, to be held about Commencement time, are well under way and the executive hope that the graduates will turn out in goodly numbers. The out of town members are especially urged to plan to be present. The usual annual business meeting will be followed by an attractive programme, reception and light refreshments. Let every woman graduate who can possibly do so, be there and help make this reunion one of the best yet.

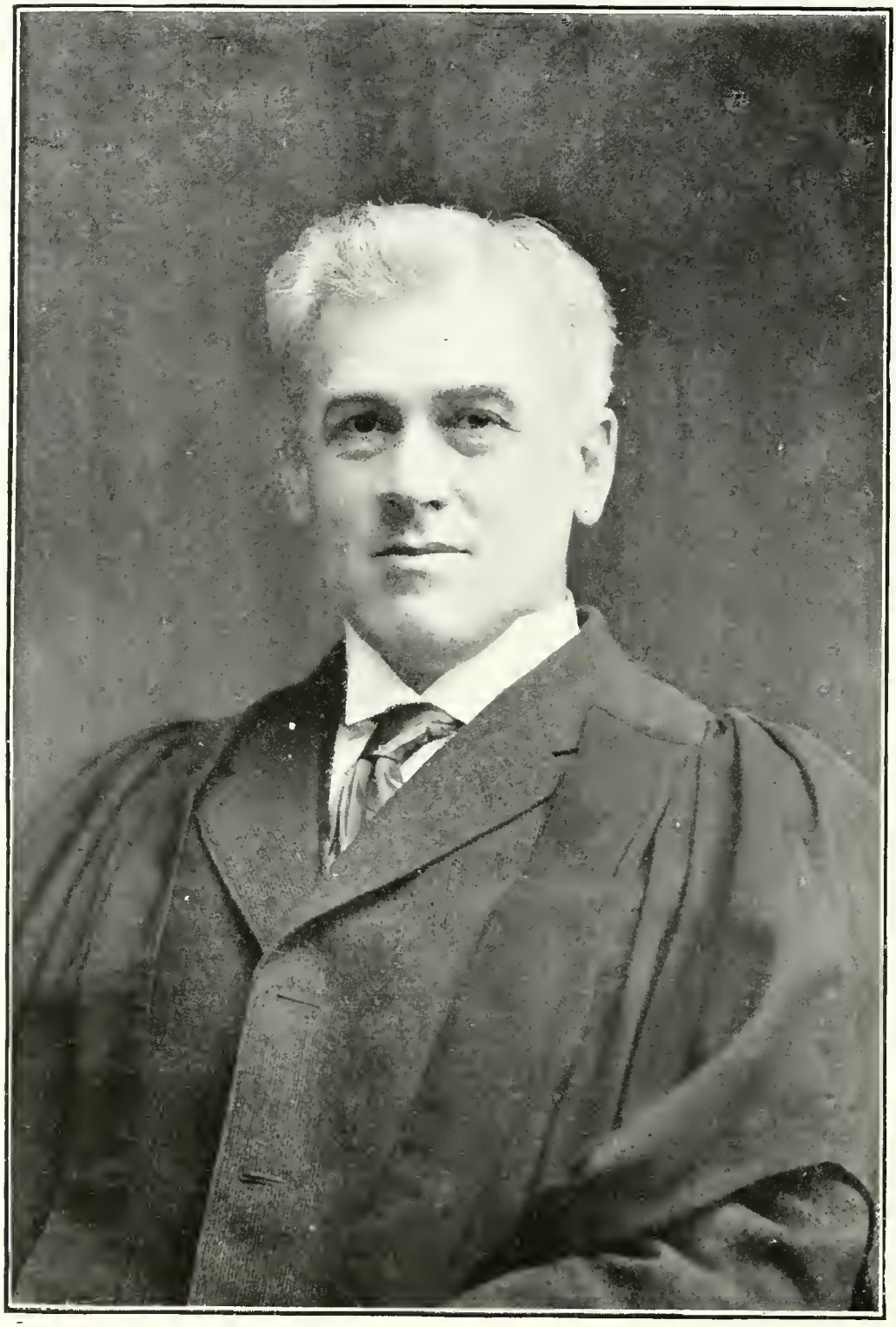
Miss Lucy Rankin (B.A. 1910) has given up teaching, for a time, at least, and is at home this year.

E. Dwight Gray, '11, is an engineer with the Imperial Oil Company, Toronto. His specialty is road materials in oils, artificial asphalt, etc. His work gives him a considerable amount of travelling in investigating conditions, attending good roads congresses, etc. Dwight has had considerable experience in roadway engineering, and is well qualified for the responsible position which he now holds. Mrs. Gray was Miss Minnie Currie of '13.

The Imperial Varnish and Color Company, Toronto, has three McMaster men in its employ as chemists. These are H. E. Mihell, who was with the class of '04, G. C. McEwen, '07, and J. A. Weir, '05.

A Toronto branch of the Alumni Association has been organized with J. B. McArthur as President and W. H. Firstbrook, Secretary, and an Advisory Council consisting of Professor McLay and Rev. H. R. Nobles. The organization was effected on the occasion of a banquet held at McMaster Hall on April 7th, when about sixty of the alumni living in Toronto gathered to enjoy an evening of good fellowship and to listen to several excellent addresses. One of the principal speakers of the evening was Rev. R. C. Bensen, recently returned from India, who spoke ity for sacrifice, the new spirit of co-operation, and the spiritual insight which grasps the underlying principles of the present conflict. The gathering also listened with pleasure to Chancellor McCrimmon, who gave some reminiscences of college life, and who spoke of the dependence of the university at this time upon the co-operation of her alumni. Ralph Freeman, the newly appointed Rhodes scholar, was present and made a few remarks. About sixty men comprised the company, and it was noticeable that among them were preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, business men, engineers and industrial chemists.

It is found that there are about 140 McMaster men living in Toronto and its vicinity, and it is expected that such gatherings as the one above described will become regular events.
on "India and the War." He gave a thrilling account of the loyalty of India in the present crisis, and spoke at some length of the growing national feeling in that country, outlining some of the social and religious movements which are taking place there. Rev. John MacNeill spoke on some of the characteristics of our social life which have emerged during the war, and which augur well for the future, for instance, the unprecedented capac-



A. L. McCRIMMON
CHANCELLOR

OUR CHANCELLOR'S MESSAGE

THE Graduating Classes of 1916 go out to face a world convulsed with strife. The sacrifice of human life, the transgression of sacred treaty rights, great breaches of international law, barbaric practices which use men as mere things and women as less than things, a domineering world ambition and brutal attempt to satisfy that ambition—the symbols of life seem to proclaim the instability and superficiality of modern civilization.

The world has listened to the pratings of its pessimists in every dark era of its history. Amid the crash of empires and the heydays of rulers "who would hold the world in fee," Christianity was attacked and civilization impugned.

As you leave your Alma Mater remember there are some things which abide: that God still rules the universe; that the sacredness of human life and reverence for human personality must ever rise from the ashes of vicarious sacrifice; that, although men may at times allow the passions of their souls to run riot in savage ways, the ties of human brotherhood shall yet bind them together the world over.

The object of your life is to seek the eternal purpose of God, to honor all human existence, to send your heart's sympathy toward the brotherhood of man, to think clearly, love intelligently, sacrifice patiently and build well life's "dome of many-colored glass," that it may have eternal value in the economy of God.

A. L. McCRIMMON.

The Faculty

J. H. Farmer, B.A., LL.D.
Dean in Theology

W. S. W. McLay, M.A.
Dean in Arts

Peter Sinclair Campbell, M.A.
Professor of Greek

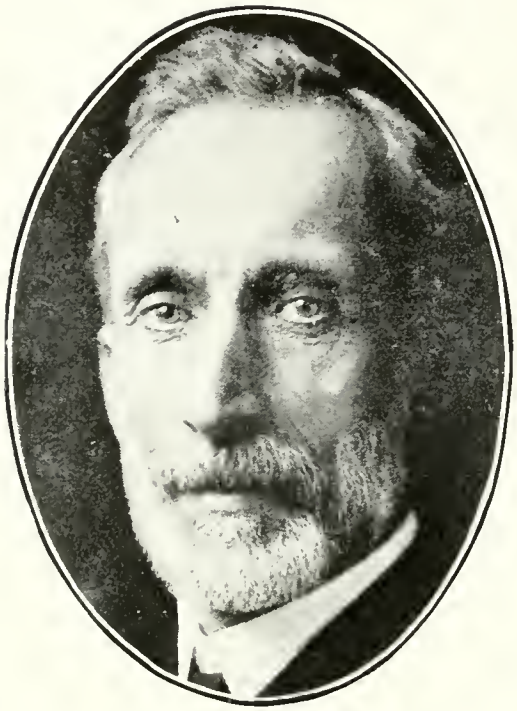
* Malcolm Sinclair Clark, M.A.
Professor of German
* Deceased, Feb. 1916.

James TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics

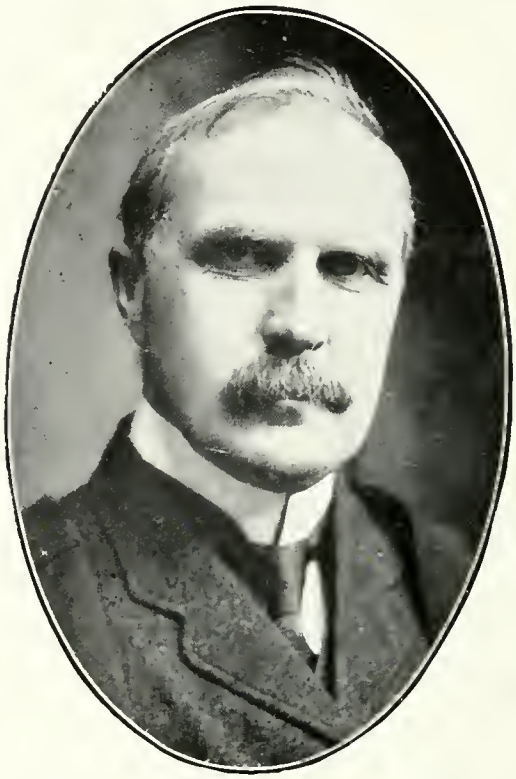
Robert Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Biology, and Curator of Museum

Elias Miles Keirstead, M.A., D.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics

William Findlay, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics

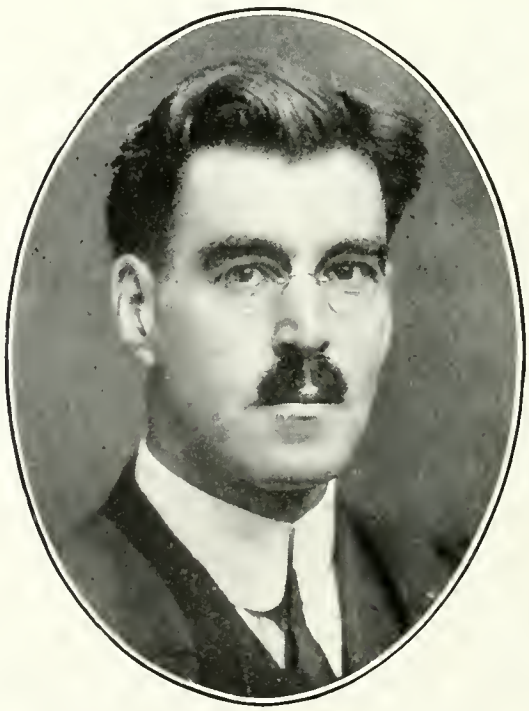


Thomas Trotter, B.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology



Joseph Leeming Gilmour, B.A., D.D
Professor of Church History

J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry



Isaac George Matthews, M.A., B.Th., Ph.D
Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic and Old Testament Theology

Glenn Howard Campbell, M.A.
Professor of Latin

William Stewart Wallace, M.A.
Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek
On Active Service.

William Harvey McNairn, M.A.
Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy

Bernard Franzen-Swedelius, Ph.D.
Professor of French

Henry Franklin Dawes, M.A.
Professor of Physics

William John Donald, B.A.
Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology

Paul Wilhelm Mueller, B.A.
Lecturer in German

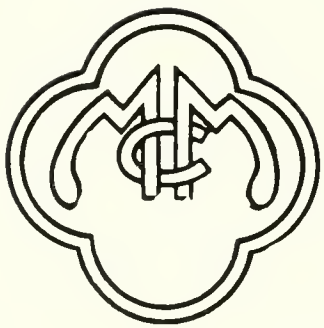
Henry Adelbert White, M.A.
Acting Professor of English, 1912-13

William Eli Norton, D.D.
Special Lecturer on Missions

John Gilbert Brown, B.A., D.D.
Special Lecturer on Missions

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B.
Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking

Elven John Bengough, B.A.
Registrar



The
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"One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men."

I.

In setting forth the annals of such an illustrious year as '16, I realize the utter inadequacy of the English language, but like Green I shall endeavor to compose a *short* history embodying only those things I deem to be of world-wide interest.

There seems to have been a general congregating of the best of the land to McMaster Hall to form this awe-inspiring year. We had our first academic experiences in the registrar's office. Truly we used much ink and considerable paper, but we felt greatly relieved as our burdens rolled away. In the first chapel service many of us made the acquaintance of the McMaster Yell and Hymn 804. Next morning many anxious inquiries were aired, some rushing frantically from the chemistry laboratory asking for 37; others vainly searching the basement for a subterranean S11; none of the men experienced much difficulty in finding the dining-room—except for breakfast.

The second term in this series may be called the Freshman Picnic. With Prof. and Mrs. G. H. Campbell as chaperons, we journeyed to Long Branch, where we became slightly acquainted.

On Friday evening of this same eventful week all attended the opening Literary Society meeting. When the programme was over and the promenades began, happy was the Freshman who had even two of his promenades taken, for the ladies were much like the piece of cake of which the proverbial small boy made the remark, "It was all right, what there was of it." Some of the number seem to have experienced difficulty in making the return trips through the unfamiliar streets of Toronto.

The Sophomores now showed us their better side, for they catered to our mundane wants at McConkey's. Many satirical remarks were made concerning us; but the ample fare fully repaid all sense of injury. Two Freshmen had to stand the ordeal alone, and throughout the evening they remained aloof, solitary and morose.

Our first real class party was made possible through the kindness of Dr. Farmer. After a feast of music and games we enjoyed refreshments. I regret that I must make this next statement, but my conscience bids me tell. One of our supposedly honest members purloined some candy, which he took home in his pocket. No name will be divulged.

It has come at last! Founder's Night and all the decorations! Our room was 33 and we had a lovely wood scene with two boy scouts to mind our camp fire, and to keep a large iron kettle from boiling over. In the corner we had a grand river, and just beyond it a rugged pine cliff with a mellow full moon just rising. In our river we had some real live gold-fish—I believe this was an innovation. The sportive gold-fish were not very visible, however, for one of our zealous members put his foot in it—or rather some gravel. By chance this gravel was not water-washed when it was put in, but it soon became of that variety; and the water, as if in disgust, became a sombre, murky hue. We also had in our room a tent and four life-like stars twinkling from a green sky.

We all turn out in our "glad rags" to the "Literary Banquet," the great social function of McMaster. After attending to the outer man, we listen to Demosthenaic oratory intended for the inner man . . . . We revel in the speeches, for we are indeed educated college students. When the evening was brought to a close, we all lachrymosely left the empty festal boards, although one person could not bear to leave them in their entirety and succeeded in "conveying" two oranges.

With only a few paltry months left we decided to have a sleighing party. One of our members was kind enough to place his household goods at our disposal for the night. The plans of action were hurriedly drawn up on account of an erratic winter. For the seeming luck of having snow for the ride we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bates, who ordered it for the occasion. . . . After roaming the streets for some time we repaired, full of joy and expectancy, to our kind member's place of abode. Here a gloomy evening was spent. A few ancient games

were staged in a slovenly manner and the whole atmosphere "a solemn stillness holds." When these games had been perpetrated on the unsuspicious throng a few scanty provisions were circulated; finally the service closed with McMaster and Year '16 dirges. The evening had some good points, as is evidenced by the fact that most of the guests left at an early hour the next morning. This revelry so affected many that they could not rise from their slumbers in time for an 8.15 the next day.

Our lectures are over at last, and to-night we are celebrating! Again the festal boards are spread before us and again they become empty only to be replenished and again re-emptied. Now that all have eaten

THE CLASS IN SPECIAL PHILOSOPHY.
Left to right, standing—P. G. Buck, J. S. Hall, M. Tyndall.
Seated—H. A. Innis, Prof. Jas. TenBroeke, H. J. Veals, S. G. Cole.

all they can, and some have filled their pockets with the fragments, we prepare to listen to some toasts and speeches. While the historian is setting forth his humble efforts a low murmuring is heard. The Sophomores swoop down upon us in full force, just as those ill-omened Harpies did so many years ago. But alas for them! They are too late! The boards no longer groan beneath their weight of foods—we have taken up their task, we are having a good time; so they return ignominiously to plug. The breaking-up process continues slowly, for it will not occur again in such a way for some time; and, perchance, some familiar faces will be wanting.

"Studious of ease and fond of humble things."

II.

Probably everyone will agree that Founder's Night, perhaps our greatest college function, was even more of a success than usual this year. The various rooms were, of course, beautifully decorated, and second to none save the Juniors' was the artistic yellow tea-room at the sign of the Chinese Dragon.

With laughter, fun and frolic the first term of the college year sped by with astonishing rapidity, and almost before we realized it the January exams. were upon us. Our days at this season were spent in a vain endeavor to accomplish two things at one and the same time, namely: enjoy ourselves and prepare for the conflict in January. Our nights truly cannot be said to have been accompanied by calm and peaceful sleep, to say the least.

THE CLASS IN SPECIAL SCIENCE.
Left to right, standing—J. A. Gunton, J. H. Fox, H. A. McLarty, J. E. Bates.
Seated—W. S. Mallory, R. R. McGregor.

No sooner had this semi-annual horror gone down into the annals of history, than the 'Sixteeners determined to take advantage of the universal spirit of relief and jubilation to celebrate with the Year Skating Party.

Although the weather man, apparently entering into league with some of the professors, whose private opinion was that more work and less play might be more to the point, endeavored to rob the occasion of its usual joys, *i.e.*, fine weather and good ice, nevertheless a goodly portion of the Year assembled at the appointed hour at Varsity Rink. The dauntless Sophettes, in defiance of the elements, appeared in picturesque attire—toques pulled down, collars turned up, scarfs wound round,

coats buttoned tight and skates strapped on—prepared for the worst. After the bands were duly skated and a vigorous game of tag indulged in, we repaired to "Headquarters," where numerous varieties of delectable viands were set forth for our consumption.

In February the Sophettes began to weary of this modern everyday life of ours, and, moved by the sentiment of "Backward, turn backward, Oh Time, in thy flight," accomplished this apparently difficult task by presenting "Cranford Dames" at Women's Lit. The enthusiasm with which it was received was proved by the fact that the prize (a bouquet) was awarded to the successful actresses. It is worthy of notice that our vice-president, as a happy relief from the thraldom of present-day

"DADDY."

fashions, for one evening, at least, achieved her heart's desire—a hoop skirt.

The second term found Year '16 fairly bursting with pride on two noteworthy occasions—when we were discovered to be the proud possessors of the Inter-Year Debating Cup and to be leading our own loved college as well as those (minor) satellites about us in oratory.

From this recital, it might be supposed that life to the members of Year '16 is one long series of never-ending joys. But, in order to eradicate this entirely erroneous opinion, we would like to say that in the brief intervals of peace and quiet a few lectures have been

attended, a few notes have been copied, a few problems have been solved, a few hours have been whiled away in the "lab.," and, alas, a few examinations have been written, and, though the prospect is not alluring, more are to follow. However, 'tis not alone scraps, good times and stars that have brought our Year into the limelight. Actresses, pluggers, athletes, debaters and orators have each and all played leading parts.

III.

Early in October, 1914, the Year developed among other things a constitution. For the benefit of those who do not know, it might be stated that this constitution is very much like all other constitutions—a thing capable of all interpretations or no interpretation at all according to the spirit moving the propounder of it. It is valuable as a kind of blanket to throw over the smoking embers of any long drawn out discussion.

The time for the first debate approached. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Wilson were selected to influence the judges to the correct view of the resolution, and, as a matter of course, it follows that Year '16 won. After the debate, Hunt's confectionery store was visited by many of the members of the Year, and an awful debauch took place, one couple spending as much as thirty-five cents. Of course this one case was the climax of extravagance, and Mr. Price has been warned to be more careful of his finances in the future.

The curtain of 1914 falls silently and the stage is set for the next act. 1915 comes in with gloomy aspect (the orchestra will kindly furnish soft music). Exams. are on and times are serious. . . . . However, exam. time does not last forever, and finally our strugglings are over and the placid waters of another term are entered.

Once again we were in the social whirl, and the Year had a skating party. For unaccountable reasons the weather could not be found on the night planned. Everybody blamed everybody else, till at last it was discovered that the fault lay with the weather man. A deputation went down to the meteorological office, saw the weather man personally and ordered up some A1 extra hard ice for the next week. The order was delivered and the party came off a week later than was originally planned. Little Vic. was the scene of the skating. . . . It has been figured out by careful calculation that 9.846 cubic feet of perfectly good air were used up in conversation, which was entirely unnecessary. Not that conversation in itself is unnecessary, but that one person should tell another that the ice is rough is stating too obvious a truism to need remarking upon. Similarly the state of the weather is evident to anyone of average powers of observation, while the fact that there are many

people on the ice is most painfully evident to those who are not expert in cutting corners. Of course when these generalities are excluded from the conversation it leaves an awful blank, but surely we should learn to have ideas to draw upon and not try to "make talk" without them. Still, this is a matter for the individual to decide. The writer admits to be as bad an offender as any. But, to resume the thread of the discourse, we find that the text is the skating party. After the skating party, we adjourned to Balmoral Avenue on an invitation from Miss Campbell. Here the remainder of the evening was spent in revelry. Midnight saw the departure of the party for home.

The next event was the sleigh drive. The night turned out well, as did the members of the Year. The result was a full bus load. It will be sufficient to remark that Mr. McLarty was not present—the reasons for his absence are not to be divulged, but the fact of the matter was that he—well, better let him explain himself—he knows most about the circumstances. After a drive around the city the bus returned to 114 Hazelton Avenue, where divers mirth-provoking games were indulged in. . . . . If reports be true there were people entering the front door of the college at irregular intervals from 12.30 to 3.15 a.m. The 3.15 arrival was tightly grasping a ten-cent piece, and as he entered the door he was seen to draw it out, look at it fondly, and mutter—"Saved, by gosh!"

The Oratorical Contest furnished another opportunity for a '16 triumph. The speeches were all of an exceptionally high character, but Mr. Cole of Year '16 certainly merited his victory. His speech was a credit to himself, to the Year and to the University. If next year's orator can keep up to the standard set this year, the reputation of '16 will be the envy of all competitors.

The representatives to the various societies were fully alive to their duties. The Literary Society reports that Miss MacLaurin's services were much appreciated. The Social Committee weathered the storm of the resignation of nearly all the ladies, but by careful steering managed to finish the year with all sheets to the wind. Mr. Cole, as representative to the Student Body, was firm in repressing all manner of rebellious spirits. Of the Track Captain—Mr. Gill—we can say no more than was said of the deceased cow-boy: "He done his durndest, no angel done more."

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

IV.

In October, Mr. Fox gathered his little flock together and entered upon his duties as president of the Senior year. Quite undaunted by

the fact that we were the Senior year, and accordingly the model for other years, we proceeded on our way in much the same fashion as in previous years. The year picnic, however, was in some respects a slight departure from picnics of previous years. The preliminaries were the time-worn and approved of preliminaries of year picnics, but with the advent of inclement weather matters assumed a militant trend.

. . . . . .

Our homeward way was cheered by funereal dirges wailed out by the merrymakers under the able leadership of Mr. Buck and Mr. McGregor. The pathetic rendering of the sad refrain,

"The boys that go to Long Branch
Must come back alone,"

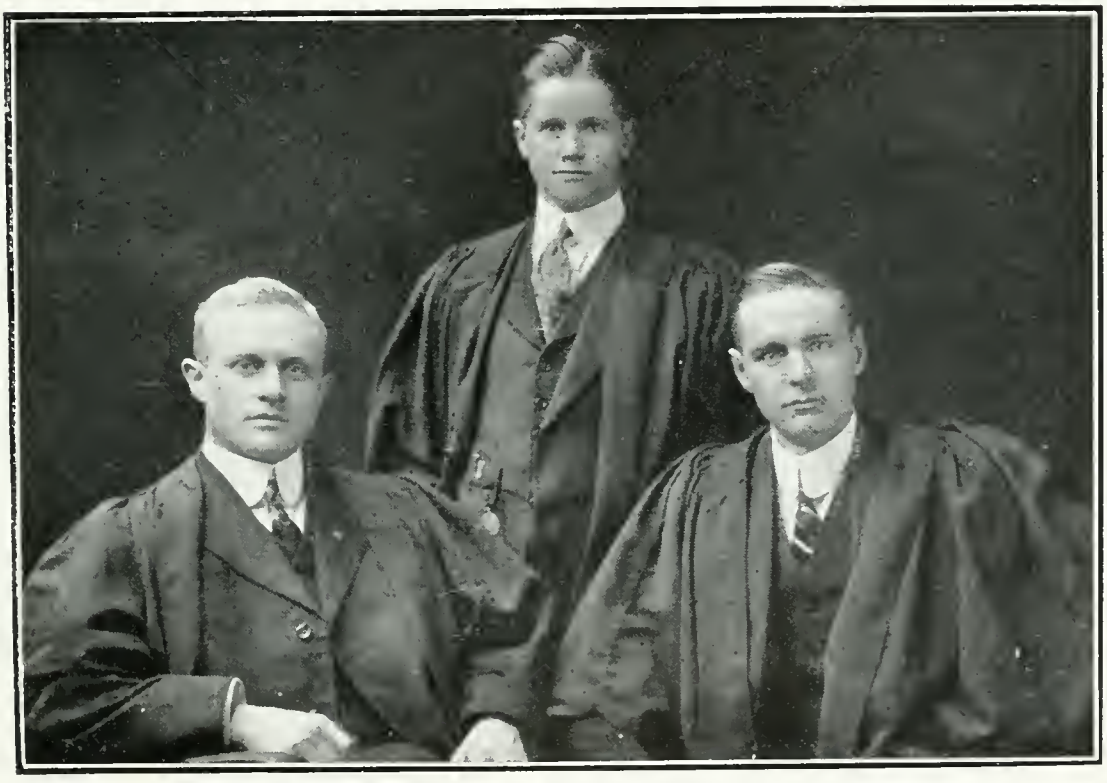
WINNERS OF THE INTER-YEAR DEBATING CUP.
Left to right, standing—R. J. Lang ('13-'14), S. G. Cole ('13-'14), P. P. Zieman ('14-'15), F. W. Kemp ('13-'14). Seated—V. S. Stevens ('14-'15), J. S. Hall ('14-'15). Also J. E. McCauley and A. P. Wilson debated in '13-'14 and '14-'15 respectively.

will linger long in the memory of the seemingly unimpressionable ladies.

Field Day. The dull clouds and chilling blasts only emphasized the exceeding cheerfulness and characteristic optimism of Year '16. And in very sooth should we not be cheerful and optimistic? Was not Joseph Edgar Bates at the head of Year '16 athletes. The lack of athletes within our ranks of Year '16 has been deplored, but who is that tall, lithe youth

yonder who lightly vaults the pole, swiftly runs the race, and with calm, assured demeanor out-jumps his fellows? Who is yon stalwart youth, short of stature, great of brawn and muscle, and exceedingly swift of foot? Can one regard the marvellous feats of Bates and McKissock and then deplore the lack of athletes in Year '16. . . . Year '16 bore away the majority of the laurels.

The interest in debates was this year as other years, very keen. Mr. Innis, as president of the Debating Union, arranged an interesting and instructive series of inter-year debates. Year '16 was victorious in the first debate with the Junior year. We were represented by Mr. Fox and Mr. Bates. The second debate was with Theology. Mr. McGregor and Mr. Chisholm presented very forceful and conclusive arguments, but



WINNERS OF THE INTER-YEAR ORATORICAL CONTEST.
Standing—J. A. Parker ('15-'16). Seated—P. P. Zieman ('13-'14), S. G. Cole ('14-'15).

were excelled by the guileful loquacity of the Theologues. Although we were not victors, we were a close second and justly proud of our representatives.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Leap Year! Probably you have thought that the fact has been overlooked by the illustrious members of fourth year, but any who happened to have their curiosity sufficiently excited by the sounds of irrepressible mirth issuing from the Ladies' Room, to take a surreptitious peek into the aforementioned sacred precincts, would

have witnessed a most weird and impressive ceremony. Nine young and guileless looking damsels were lined up, their eyes fast closed and whole attitude indicative of breathless suspense. "Why, why?" asks the surreptitious onlooker. Then he perceives a hat before which each maiden pauses solemnly, draws forth a slip, rushes to the corner and reads her slip, then gasps out, "Oh, girls, just look at what I drew." Then followed much animated discussion as to ways and means, as to the most approved and correct formula to be employed when asking a coy young man to go to a skating party. The telephone proved a blessed medium and the would-be escorts were spared the confused blushes of the men they desired to escort, the hurried, eager consultations with fond reluctant mammas, and any undue elation in their acceptances. On March 9 the escorts and those to be escorted proceeded to Ravina Rink. Never were more petted, ladylike creatures taken skating . . . The party wended their several ways homeward at a rather late hour.

The Oratorical Contest again was won by Year '16. This is the third time that we have carried away the laurels of oratory. Messrs. Ziemann, Cole and Parker have represented us. "A Forgotten Hero" was the subject of the winning oration, but henceforth the title is a misnomer. Tecumseh will no longer be a forgotten hero after Mr. Parker's brilliant treatment of this subject. The fact that he turned to Canadian lore is very commendable, and we hope that in the future many McMaster students will give more attention to Canadian heroes and literature.

Junior Collation,—words are inadequate to describe this eventful evening. For the first time in the course of our college career the ladies were permitted to enter the college dining-room. After a most sumptuous repast, toasts were in order. While eloquence flowed from the lips of the gentlemen, the ladies knitted most assiduously. Every part of the evening's programme was perfectly worked out, and it was with greatest reluctance we finally departed homewards.

Far be it from us to conclude the history of Year '16 without mentioning the share that her members have taken in the stirring events of national life. Last year we held our class banquet earlier to wish godspeed to Mr. Price, who is now with the Imperial forces in England. Since then four members have enlisted for overseas service. To-night we have with us five of our number who leave in the immediate future to join the Signaller's Corps at Ottawa. Five of our ablest and best young men have felt the stirring appeal for help and have answered the call of King and Country. In the past four years they have proved themselves capable and agreeable fellow students. We are *proud* to be represented by them in His Majesty's ranks.

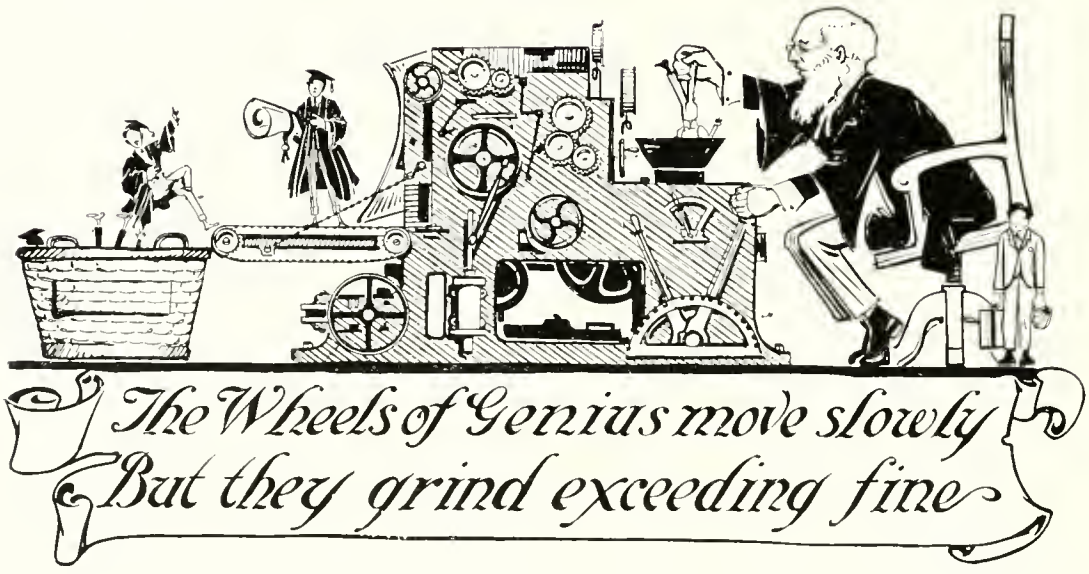
And so to-night, incredible as it may seem, yet it is a fact that we are gathered together for our last banquet as Year '16. Four years have

passed lightsomely or laboriously since we first identified ourselves with Year '16. Lightsomely to those of us who have not allowed a college calendar to interfere with our education, laboriously, perhaps, to those of us who have followed "the stern path of duty and found its stubborn thistles bursting into glorious purples which outredden all voluptuous garden roses." To-night will be a milestone in our journey of life; to-night will mark a division point where, perhaps, we meet "that tide in the affairs of men which leads to life eternal"; to-night we come to the cross-roads of our existence, we will continue along the broad highway of knowledge and life; duty will lead each into various by-paths, but to each may the realization come that

"All of worth that in this clay abides,
The leaping rapture and the ardent flame,
The hope, the high resolve, the faithful guides,
All, all is Thine and liveth in Thy name.

"Yea, let me live my life, its meaning seek,
Bear myself fitly in the ringing fight,
Strive to be strong that I may aid the weak,
Dare to be true."

R. McE.



Joseph Edgar Bates

"Comb his hair down,—look, look, it stands up straight."

The public and High Schools of Toronto and St. Catherines, and Woodstock College, were responsible for Ed.'s early education. In the fall of 1912 he came with a great thirst for knowledge to the fount of McMaster. That he must have been wonderfully "dhry" is evidenced by his powers of imbibition, for, although he *has* been known to get a "third," the results of his four years work shows first class standing in all branches of "larning." In his first year Ed. won the scholarship in English Bible and in his second year tied for the Shenstone Scholarship for Special Science. Ed. Bates has played rugby and hockey, captained the year soccer team and track team, and won the First Association Medal on Field Day. Successful inter-year debater, year president, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and vice-president of the Nip and Tuck—all these he has been and more. A new joke or an old one revived can generally be traced to this same Ed. Bates. Now on active service.

Favorite Song.—"The Campbells are Coming."
Time of Arrival for 8.15's.—8.22½.
Weakness.—Puns.

Percy G. Buck

"An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

Percy G. Buck began his career at New Hamburg, Waterloo County, in the early 90's. When P. G. had digested all that the public school afforded, he sought expression for his accumulated knowledge in a retail shop in the town of his birth. Three years later, when a thirst for higher learning filled his breast, he migrated to Woodstock College. It is said plugging and scholarships at school, preaching and singing in churches, proved to be his yearly pastime. To McMaster he fled with a scouting party in the fall of 1912 to join the greater unit, Year '16. During his course here, Percy has always been known as a genial yet an energetic exponent of the art of sober industry. In his studies he was a faithful seeker for the truth; in the Evangelistic Band, he has rendered able service; and in the Volunteer Band, of which he became a member in his Sophomore year, he was an enthusiastic supporter.

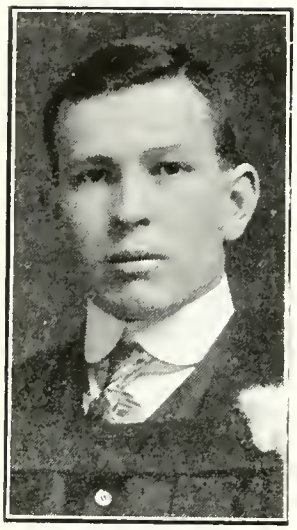
Expression.—"I am going to make a feature of the singing in my services."
Pastime.—Delivering discursive discourses on Hegel's Logic.
Ambition.—A mission field.

Melba Idelle Campbell

"Blest with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Melba graduated from Moulton in time to join the ranks of Year '15, but was much more "enthused" with the idea of becoming a member of Year '16, and then of the Frisky Three. Her propensity for winning honours did not desert her upon entering "Mac." In her first year she won the prizes in German and Latin; in her second year the Governor-General's Medal was hers, as well as the Blackadar Prize in Latin. As a grave Senior, Melba's duties have been numerous. As vice-president of the year, she wins her reward, the red banner; as editor of the Women's Department of The Monthly, the admiration of its readers. Melba's talents were not confined to scholastic attainments. Varsity Rink and the Strand received plenty of her attention. Thus throughout her four years her zeal has never abated, although her interests have extended almost from A to Z. Knowing Melba's past and present, her friends need not worry about the future.

Pet Aversion.—German Theologues.
Favorite Expression.—"Well, girls, we'll begin *next week* to study."
Favorite Tea Room.—Laura Matilda.



Albert Walley Chisholm

"I've travelled east, I've travelled west."

Early in Bert's career the whereabouts of his parental domicile shifted from Regina to Prince Albert and from the latter place have emanated his subsequent meanderings, —three into the wilds of Northern Saskatchewan to help the Government distribute treaty-money among the aborigines; one to England to lend prestige to the coronation ceremony of His Majesty; and four to Ontario in pursuit of higher enlightenment. While at McMaster, Bert has taken a loyal interest in all the university's activities—athletic, social, religious and literary. He played senior hockey, debated in the inter-year contests, held the presidency of the Social Science Club, and frequently skated the last band. At present he is away to fetch the Kaiser; and that accomplished, his fondest ambition is "a little grey home in the West," with a cheery little office just down the street from within which he will dispense justice, as legal luminary of the hamlet.

Favorite Expression.—"Rather sleepy and far away."
Favorite Queen.—Victoria, or a McMaster Freshette.
Favorite Saying.—"I'll have a Western Sandwich."

Stewart Grant Cole

"His talk o' hell whaur devils dwell
Our vera sauls does harrow."

He was born near the town of Brockville. Consecutively, he was farmer, carriage-maker, painter, and pedagogue, and on entering McMaster he was metamorphosed into a preacher. In this state he has remained ever since, and it does not seem probable that he will reappear under any new form. At McMaster he first became prominent as a member of the "Big Four," and from the number of "firsts" perpetrated on his exams. In his third year he further distinguished himself by winning the Ryrie Gold Medal for oratory. In all branches of school life,—in the work of the Y.M.C.A., in debating, in athletics, he has shown his real intellectual strength and true nobility of character.

Favorite Expressions.—"Well, you don't say!" "My, oh my!" "Dear, oh dear."
Ambition.—To convert the "haythen."

Frank Cadie Foulds

"A learned doctor he would be."

Frank holds a unique position, as he is the first graduate in the B.Sc. (Agr.) course. His career started on a farm near Mt. Pleasant, in Brant County, in '95. There he began his education and later attended Brantford Collegiate, where he obtained his matriculation. Having moved to Toronto, he entered McMaster with Year '16. His scholastic ability can best be told by saying that he took the McMaster half of the B.Sc. (Agr.) course in two years with good standing. For the last two years he has attended the O.A.C. and Macdonald Hall, where he specialized in Chemistry and "Well, you know," respectively. Last summer he was an assistant in the Biological Department at the O.A.C. Frank took an active interest in Y.M.C.A. work, in student life as a whole, and made many friends. His thorough training bespeaks a brilliant future for him.

Hobby.—To know every Freshman by his first name.
Failing.—Talking.
Pet Aversion.—Nicknames.

John Henry Fox

"Le sort fait les parents, le choix fait les amis."

John was born on a farm near Guelph in May, 1894. Up to the age of twelve his life was spent alternately following the plow and attending the country school at Marden. Here he made many friendships, one of which will probably last through life. Leaving Guelph Collegiate Institute at the age of eighteen, John came to McMaster, where he has decidedly proved his worth. In his second year he won the Shenstone Scholarship in Special Science and held office on the Executive of the Literary Society. In his third year he was an efficient vice-president of the Debating Union. In his fourth year John was elected President of his class, which office he has most worthily filled. As an inter-year debater he has proved himself a worthy representative of Year '16. John's future activities are undecided, but in whatever work he undertakes we predict for him success. Now on active service.

Ambition.—To see the Kaiser.
Pastime.—Arranging for Year '16 Parties.
Expression.—"Good-night! !"

Basil Elijah Gilbert

"A man severe he was, and stern to view."

Being naturally a growing boy, Basil soon outgrew his breeches—Shedden got too small for him. In 1907 he entered Dutton High School. As a recognition of his studious habits they gave him his Second Class, as well as honours in Matriculation. Needing still more elbow room, he went to Regina Normal School. A three-months' course was sufficient to start him off as a teacher, but, after a year, enchanted by the McMaster spirit, he became a member of '16. His activities around the school were varied. Besides attending most of the gastronomical functions—secret and otherwise—and by not prosecuting his studies too vigorously, he was able to shoulder quite a few of the official burdens of the Year and institution, ranging from Curator to President of the Bug Club. He completed his Chemistry work in three years, and was well on the way to his M.A. when he enlisted as lieutenant.

Ambition.— (after the war).—To investigate Cyclodiphenyltetrazoliumchlorid carbon saurethylester.
Aversion.—Playing Rugby.

William Howard Gill (1891—?)

"He rejoices daily in the fact that he is a recognized celebrity."

Born at Dixville, Quebec, after a few perambulations William settled down at Sherbrooke. In his elementary training several proficiency scholarships fell his way, until in 1909 he succeeded in getting his Junior Matriculation. For three years many manufacturing concerns boomed as a result of his efforts. Sherbrooke is now on the map. These efforts came to an appropriate climax in 1912, when he entered McMaster. Every society has felt the impact of his tremendous power. Rugby, hockey, soccer, track captaincy of the Junior year, all claimed his efforts. He has even condescended to give his name as honorary vice-president of the Nip and Tuck (the one mistake of his career). He has become proficient in French, having participated in the Firstbrook Prize of the first year. Good natured almost to the degree of a vice, we feel confident that whatever task he undertakes in that he will succeed.

Favorite Stunt.—Starting something (reckless).
Favorite Expression.—"Let me see."
Pastime.—He would lie down and snore like a steamboat.

Alice Etta Gregory

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct or the hand to execute."

To follow Alice's peregrinations would be a task fit for the proverbial Wandering Jew. She left her original home in Dixville, Quebec, to flit from town to town throughout Ontario, made a bold dash westward, then came back to Ontario. Finally she graduated from Lakefield High School and joined Year Sixteen as a Sophette. While at McMaster she has taken an active interest in all branches of college life. The various organizations have been enriched by her musical, oratorical, and literary powers. Alice has an irresistible attraction for firsts, and when in her Junior year the Special Latin prize met her, it yielded without a struggle. During her last year Alice has won great popularity in her capacity of Head Girl. Business-like and tactful in the more serious functions of her office, her innate sense of humor was constantly evincing itself to the great enjoyment of those about her.

Pet Aversion.—Thirds.
Failing.—Auto-riding.
Ambition.—To be a Musician.

John Aberdeen Gunton

"Oft with their arms about him thrown,
His silken locks they love to comb."

He does not always look as sedate as this. His smile is omnipresent save when the exam. results come out. Our hero was born in Simcoe, in the middle nineties, and received his early education in the knowledge factories of that town. 1913 found him enrolled as a Sophomore with the Special Science class of Year Sixteen. His second year was spent in explaining the geographical location of Simcoe, Ont.—not Simcoe County!—and in managing the then precarious finances of the Debating Union. His passing in French 2 and failing in French 1 stands as a record. From this stage on the pursuit of knowledge became easier. He has displayed an active interest in many phases of academic life. In his Senior year he served Year Sixteen as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Jack is returning next year, with the assistantship in Chemistry in tow, to pursue M.A. work.

*Failing—Calculus.
Aspiration.—A Cereal from Sawdust.
Antipathy.—Women and Money.
*An enemy hath done this.—J.A.G.

John Stevenson Hall

"Hear how he clears the points of faith
Wi' rattlin and thumpin,
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's thumpin'."

John's sunny smile first dissipated the gloom of a stern Scottish home in Glasgow. After he had obtained the public school and secondary education, he served his apprenticeship. In 1905 he was converted, and while working as a sailor on an ocean liner, heard the call to higher service. He entered Moody School, and, after graduating in 1908, settled in Indiana. Here he was ordained, but feeling the need of better preparation, he came to McMaster. The English course held him for one year, but when '16 entered he was captivated by their spirit. John has found time to play inter-year football, help win a debate, and carry off the William Craig Scholarship, and the G. W. Conners Prize in Special Greek. He also qualified for the Teetzel Prize in Special Philosophy. "Brother John" has held successful pastorates at Huntsville, London, Lorne Park, Walkerville and Swansea. He is a Student Volunteer for the Foreign Field.

Saying.—"Well, fellows, I guess I'll write a letter."
Ambition.—To wake up the Churches for Missions.
Favorite Occupation.—Looking in the back of his watch.

Clara Bernice Hellyer

"A chronicle of actions, just and bright."

Townsend Centre (near Waterford) deserves fame not only for mud of a most adhesive character, but also in view of the fact that there Clara spent her childhood. The possibilities of the nearby public school and Waterford High School were soon exhausted, and as Clara scanned the horizon for other worlds to conquer, she perceived the McMaster Tower of Learning. Hither she hastened, reaching our halls in time to become a member of Year '16. Her willing spirit and hearty optimism have always been very manifest. As President of Y.W. in her Senior year she has endeavoured—not without success—to prepare interesting programmes and to gather in all delinquents. Even when sixty-page essays and 8.15 lectures had to be encountered, her cheerfulness did not forsake her; therefore, we confidently assume that she will play a noble part in the life-work she has chosen.

Pet Expression.—"Now you get to work there!"
Aspiration.—To teach Latin to the Hindus.
Failing.—Naps

Harold Adams Innis

"Push on—Keep moving."

With this motto Harold began life on a farm near Otterville, Ontario. Public school days over at the age of eleven, he spent two years at home before entering Woodstock Collegiate, from which he graduated with a first-class certificate in 1912. Although but a youth of 17, he at once attempted to pass on some of his knowledge to the helpless victims of a country school. Being convinced that the blind cannot lead the blind, he came to McMaster in the fall of 1913 for further enlightenment. Since then his career has been a brilliant one. Last year he captured both the Special Political Economy and Special Philosophy scholarships. After spending the summer in Alberta, he has returned to us this year as President of the Debating Union and successful inter-college debater. Harold's objective is law, which profession we hope he will do much to reform. Enlisted since graduation.

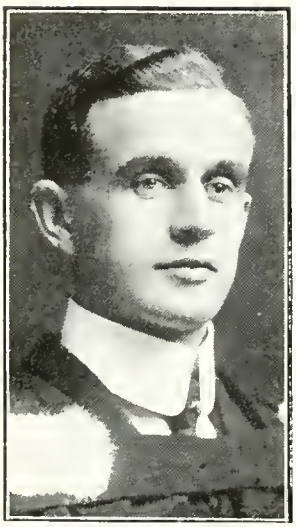
Pet Phrase.—"That'll be Jake."
Favorite Book.—Alice in Wonderland.
Ambition.—To invent a new loose-leaf system.

Frederick Wismer Kemp

"He is gentil that doth gentil dedis."

The neighbors protested in vain when Fred announced his arrival at The Thirty. He had come to stay. At six he migrated to Hamilton, where he finished his public school and collegiate work. Since coming to McMaster he has proved himself a capable leader, while at the same time maintaining a brilliant record as a student. He has held successively the offices of Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President, and President of the Lit. He won the inter-year debate for Class '16 in his Sophomore year, and the rare honor of representing the University in inter-college debate has twice been his, and on both occasions he came up smiling. In his Freshman year he also won the General Proficiency Scholarship, and the Special Mathematics prizes in all years. Space fails us to express the esteem in which he is held by his many friends, but we look forward to a brilliant future for this worthy son of McMaster.

Favorite Expression.—"Oh, gee!"
Chief Pastime.—Using logarithms.



Robert James Lang

"The less he said, the more he thought;—he never spoke."

Mathematics was Bob's earliest hobby. When quite young he corroborated by careful count the general statement that he had ten toes. He then proceeded to philosophize upon this phenomenon, decided that they would assist in walking, and accordingly walked. The public rural schools of Otonabee poured their learning into him. At the mature age of 12 years he went farming. Then, following an impulse which has since become a habit, he visited Peterborough. Here Bob served his apprenticeship in a machine shop and then went to Manitoba. In the West he taught school for a couple of summers, attended Brandon College until the conclusion of his first year, and then came on to McMaster. Since coming here he has been an unassuming but very valuable member of Year '16. He is a keen student of mathematics and philosophy, and a mighty good debater. Bob would sooner think first and talk afterwards. He is one of the real men of the year.

Chief Worry.—Teaching Physics to Freshettes.
Chief Joy.—Unscrewing the Inscrutable.
Favorite Expression.—Silence.

Ruth Annie Macklem

"She hath wit and song and sense,
Mirth and sport and eloquence."

This prominent member of the "Frisky Three" hails from Hamilton, and many a time and oft has she felt called upon valiantly to uphold the honour of her hometown against the city of her adoption. That Ruth decided to join the ranks of Year '16 has ever been a cause for gratitude. Her ready wit and tact have found ample opportunity for expression at numerous committee meetings throughout her course. As vice-president of the second year she justified the choice of her classmates, and in her fourth year the much coveted privilege of sitting beside the Chancellor in the Big Lit. group was hers by right of the position she had held as second vice-president of that society. Many interests have been contributory to Ruth's happiness during her four years, skating not the least among them. In her fourth year she upheld the honor of her Alma Mater in the inter-college debate.

"S"pecial Occupation.—Hunting Lanson.
"P"et Aversion.—Cats ! ! !
"S"ometimes Says.—"Well, I'll 'oversea' it."

Wilfrid Snow Mallory

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings."

Wilf's birthplace was near St. Thomas. When public and High School days were left behind, he applied himself to railroading; but after a couple of years he journeyed to McMaster and was promptly put on the Student Body Executive. As a Junior he was secretary of the Year, as a Senior he was vice-president of the Athletic Association, and has been at different times captain of two year teams. These were all thrust upon him, but the first year French Scholarship he worked for. Then, too, Wilf. is sociable. Often in the main hall he may be seen making himself and others happy. His hair may be ruffled, but his temper never. When we miss him he is usually in the laboratory searching for the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life. He intends to blaze the trail in science for the younger generation: Would that all fair-haired boys might be as good at it.

His Method.—"Skating is the great art of social life."

His Oath.—"Piffledorf."

Helen Young Marshall

"A nobler, truer, trustier heart
More loving or more loyal
Never beat within a human breast."

She came, she saw, she joined the Frisky Three, which famous institution would have indeed been incomplete without the ardor of her enlivening presence. Helen has ever been a loyal upholder of the motto of her society—"Let not your studies interfere with pleasure, but be ye broadly educated." First president of the Women's Athletic Association, she has given that society such a foundation as will insure its continued success, nor could Varsity Rink boast of any more ardent devotee. Her talents were not confined to this organization alone, however. W. L. S. and Big Lit. received a fair share of her time and attention. Those present at the numerous Friday sessions of the Women's Literary Society marvelled at her versatility—now they see her in cap and spectacles, calmly knitting, now as the gallant hero-lover of the fair Kalisthene. That the years to come will unfold their richest store of treasure for her is the confident hope of her classmates.

Louise MacLaurin

"'Twas kind o' kingdom come, to look
On sech a blessed cretur."

Louise was born and brought up in Vankleek Hill. Here she grew as much as possible, entertained her high school teachers with deeds of genius, and developed a propensity for hockey. She entered the University in 1912. Her sunny disposition, varied interests and quaint speeches have added piquant touches to all Year '16 events. She was always ready and willing to do her bit on every occasion, from collecting fees to promoting athletic interests on Field Days. Being determined to reap the full benefits of a college career, Louise decided not to let lectures interfere with her education. As President of the W.L.S. she proved herself efficient and tactful. Reports vary as to her future, but whether she acts as hostess or "schoolmarm" life will be brighter for her presence.

Favorite Expression.—"Oh, you mutt, get out and skate."
Failing.—Squash and Dumplings.
Ambition.—To own a Ford.

Ruth McEown

"Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and smiling kind of grace."

Since Ruth persistently denies all connection with the United States, where she appeared upon the scene, we willingly consider her as a most loyal Canadian. Her childhood days were spent in flitting from place to place in this fair Dominion, till finally she composed herself sufficiently to remain in Toronto. After two years at Varsity, she deemed it advisable to join Year '16 in her future quest for knowledge. From this time on a strange longing for perpetual "eats" crept in among Year '16 girls, and a firm belief in the veracity of the tell-tale tea leaves. It is true that Ruth's life is rich with varied experiences, and in more ways than one we can say that she has an "all-round" education. Her keen intellect, sincere sympathy, true love of nature, and happy disposition, combine to form a striking personality. It may well be said of her that she is of many "parts."

Aversion.—8.15's.
Ambition.—To have a chicken-farm.
Expression.—"Let's have a tea-party."

Rob Roy McGregor

"Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
So may he cease to write and learn to think."

Roy inflicted himself upon this long-suffering world at Ottawa, which city imparted sufficient knowledge for him to run a grocery business, a Y.M.C.A., and to work for the Government. While engaged in the latter occupation, he found time to take his first year of Arts extramurally. Since coming to "Mac" he has taken the Special Science course and appendicitis. Roy has become very popular around the University and has held many offices, among which are: Editor of Around the Hall, Secretary of the Literary Society, Secretary of the Student Body, and Inter-year Debater, and in addition he has written stories for The Monthly (the above quotation is, of course, irrelevant). Roy played a prominent part in the athletics of the University as well as in its social functions. He wishes to take a medical course, but this has had to be postponed, and we must picture him as bossing a signalling station at the front.

Pet Phrase.—"You bet I'm all right!"
Weakness.—Repartee.
Aversion.—Prunes.

Wilfred Earl McKissock

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave and I will
Wear him in my heart's soul . . . ."

"Not least but honoured of them all," among *Mac* men, is W. E. McKissock. "Mac" is a splendid athlete and has won many championships for fencing. Master of himself, he plays the game coolly and fairly, as it should be played. Above all things "Mac" is practical and energetic, and he will no doubt "hit the line hard" when he goes into the game of life. Those who have come in contact with him have always found him considerate, sympathetic, and unassuming. Now a lieutenant in the 34th Regiment, 116th Battalion, "Mac" expects to go overseas shortly to take his part in the great struggle. We all know that he will worthily represent his Alma Mater and his country.

Harold Ross McLarty

"Blessed be Agriculture! if one does not have too much of it."

Harold was born on Acadia Farm, near Ridgetown, in the latter half of the 19th Century. He soon learned to distinguish between butterflies and cows—hence the interest he has taken in Special Science. His elementary training was received at Rusthon's Corners Public School and at Ridgetown Collegiate. Harold then shaved, packed his clothes and came to McMaster. He has been particularly successful in his science subjects, yet he has not confined himself entirely to his books. The inter-year teams have all been boosted by him and he has filled such offices as Curator of the Literary Society, Year President, and Captain of the Rugby Team. Those offices were forced upon him, for he is naturally retiring—in fact he says he would sooner spend a whole summer on the farm than get into the limelight. If he does not learn too much, he intends to teach in a collegiate; if, however, he does, he will teach in a university.

Pet Phrase.—"By Jinx!"
Aversion.—Sleighing Parties.
Ambition.—To make a speech.

Joseph Alexander Parker

"'E is little, but 'e's wise,
'E's a terror for 'is size."

In Woodstock one bright April morning in the early nineties "Joe" arrived. He immediately started to argue and to learn. An insatiable ambition, coupled with an unlimited capacity for hard work, have characterized him all through his preparatory and university work. After graduating from Woodstock College, in 1912, he joined '16, and by his aggressiveness has done a great deal for the Year. He has been a member of every inter-year team and also of the Senior Rugby team. In his graduating year he sprang a surprise on those who did not know him by winning the annual oratorical contest. He was the third member of the Big Four and of Year '16 to win the coveted trophy. During the last few vacations he has been uplifting rural Ontario by selling books, and now has a responsible position with a publishing company awaiting him. We know that he will not long remain unknown.

Saying.—"Aw, what the hum, let's start something."
Weakness.—Arguing.
Ambition.—To Have(i)Land.

Vernon Stanley Stevens

"Let's do it after the high Roman fashion."

V. S. was born in Strathroy. After attending the Public Schools and Collegiate Institute there, he entered the financial world and spent some two years in a bank. Beginning in North Bay, he was stationed in Calgary and Hamilton, and in Harriston became teller-accountant. Evidently Steve has still a leaning toward a commercial life, for in his third year he sat upon the Executive of the Athletic Association, and in his Senior year was Business Manager of The Monthly. But Vern's cultural training asserted itself, and when he entered the University with Year '16, he decided to study the Humanities. Besides his studies, Steve has successfully undertaken an inter-year debate, besides many an informal debate with the stern unbending theologues. Whatever calling V. S. decides to follow, we feel sure his chief reason for doing so will not be mercenary.

Weakness.—Skipping Greek lectures.
Pastime.—Walking and skating. Not alone.

Russell Albert Stewart

Ra(lh) entered the educational speedway at Jarvis Collegiate, and, after three years wandering, obtained his Matric. Armed with this he strolled down to that great institution to the south and spent many peaceful hours in Arts, with its many attractions and distractions. Thinking a change would be as good as a rest, he entered McMaster and joined Arts '16, with Theology a close second. After considerable intimacy with the curriculum and numerous other prescribed duties, he has at last been attached to the Graduating Monthly. In his four years at McMaster, he has been actively connected with the many college organizations, and has shown a keen interest in both the academic and social phases of college life. Still too young for serious work, he will pursue further activities across the line at "Old Eli," where he will no doubt do credit to his Alma Mater.

Aspiration.—A soft job.
Failing.—Sleeping in lectures.
Hobby.—Week-end trips.

Muriel Timpany Stillwell

"How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free
As light, where friends are!"

In the far-away city of Cocanada, India, some time during the nineteenth century (to be quite explicit—during the latter part of that century) Muriel began her career. Deciding to replenish her store of knowledge, she necessarily came to Canada, where she has divided her attention between Toronto and Aylmer. Since the autumn of 1912, however, McMaster, Moderns and History have engaged her thoughts to the total exclusion of minor details. When we wished a Vice-President, a Representative to Lit., a Hallowe'en hostess, or an invincible debater, Muriel came to our assistance. When Muriel wished to evade any of those bi-annual annoyances known as exams., she could calmly contract a little typhoid fever and challenge the professors to do their worst. Nevertheless, she has managed to attend at least 75 per cent. of her lectures, and can pronounce French and German in a manner wonderful to behold. We are somewhat in doubt as regards her future, but feel assured that her winsome and noble character will ever prove a valuable asset.

Pet Phrase.—"I bet a cookie."
Ambition.— . . . ?
Failing.—Invisible hairpins.

Clarence John Thoms

"I am not bound to please thee with my answers."

Some years ago there arrived at Bonnie Doon (Ontario) a boy who even at an early age attracted considerable attention. Having survived the vicissitudes of public school, and looking for new troubles, he entered Berlin Collegiate. The next object of his depredations was the Hamilton Normal, where, among many duties, he found time to handle the Lit. Equipped with his ferrule, this new Pestalozzi for two years endeavored to instil a thirst for learning into the youth of Grey County, after which he entered McMaster. By careful work he has captured his share of Firsts and made himself proficient in English and History. His love for English is attested by occasional verse published in Canadian periodicals. The Fourth Year Elections returned him Premier of the House. Of a likeable disposition, it is with no misgivings that we predict for him a successful career.

Pastime.—Arguing theological subjects.
Aversion.—Theologues.
Favorite Expression.—"Heavens, Kate!"

Milton William Tyndal

"His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure."

Milton William Tyndal was born in Huron County. Farm duties, the public school and Goderich High School furnished his early education. His ambition was to be a lawyer, and he went to Philadelphia and studied law in the office of a Congressman. Here, too, he furthered his musical education and sang in a quartette choir. Circumstances compelled him to relinquish his studies and return home. For some time Milton was a farmer again, with little time for book study. But his desire is to be of service to men, and for this reason he has chosen the ministry as his profession. For the past four years he has been a member of Year '16, specializing in Philosophy and History. He intends studying Theology and entering the Presbyterian ministry. Perseverance and earnestness are his characteristics. We feel certain that all his work will be well done.

Pet Aversion.—The Gink with the Cane.
Favorite Mode of Expression.—Pounding his Pulpit.

Howard James Veals

"We believe that he, in common with all bashful, well-meaning men, entertains the very highest respect and admiration for ladies."

Filed away in the birth registry office at Ottawa is the name of Howard J. Veals, born 1894. Cavan township first claimed him; then, after training at public school, Omemee High School and Lindsay Collegiate, he entered McMaster at the early age of 17. The West lured him for a year and he came back with Year '16. By persistent study he has achieved distinction as a philosopher as well as taking the prize in New Testament History. In fact, we have seldom seen him without a pile of books. This sight has apparently had some effect on the Faculty, as the number of Firsts would seem to show. (But for a strict sense of duty our editorial pen would refuse to record this). In whatever society he was needed—debating, theological, or otherwise—there he was to be found. Highly conscientious and steady worker as he is, we have no fears as to the future for him. Now on active service.

Favorite Expression.—"You old mutt."
Pastime.—Reading Kant's Critique.
Aversion.—Theatricals.

John S. Veals

"And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame."

Born in undulating Durham County, John spent his early years a herdsman on the hills above, a plowman in the vales below. School inclinations followed. A few days in the lower academy at the country cross-roads and a session in the higher hall of learning in Omemee, and he had harvested the best fruits they could offer. He set foot in McMaster in the fall of 1910. For two years John was content to accept the lot of Freshman and Sophomore, at the termination of which he transferred his headquarters to Brantford, where for a twelve-month he reaped an education in the field of industry. Back to "Mac" he wheeled and enlisted under the blue banner of the 'Sixteenites. 'Twas a wise move; J. S. has been contented ever since. He has made a place on the year teams and carried off several ribbons on Field Day. John will return to his Alma Mater for Theology.

Expression.—"Oh, Good-night!"
Weakness.—Contradicting.
Ambition.—To do something worth while.

Albert Frederick Vollett

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

Alfred Frederick Vollett was born in Stratford, the "Classic City" of Ontario. He there received his early education in "Romeo" public school and the Collegiate Institute, where he tasted Latin, German and many other things that he seems to have found very palatable. The Stratford Normal School afforded further and much appreciated training. Graduating from that institution, A. F. spent two or three years in south-western Ontario. Then he came to McMaster. Here he has taken English and History, with the Classics option. Persistence and faithfulness characterize his work as a student and teacher. He is a manly man and a faithful friend. To the teaching profession he takes thorough scholarship, a willingness to work, and a passion for good work, as well as a pure life and a lofty purpose. We bespeak for him a happy and a useful career.

Favorite Pastime.—Reading English.
Pet Aversion.—Matrimony.
Antipathy.—The pietist.

Aaron Porter Wilson

A. P. Wilson was born in the seaport town of Troon, Scotland. While still a squalling infant he moved to Ayr. Fifteen years later he removed to Darvel and became a power loom weaver. Here, at 17 years of age, he became converted and preached his first sermon. Of this event, he says, "I rather liked the experience, though I am doubtful if my audience was particularly edified." In 1904 he came to Canada, but in 1906 returned to Scotland. On again coming to Canada in 1910, he was appointed missionary with the Toronto City Mission. Later he enrolled at McMaster and endeavored to assist the professors in solving some difficult theological problems. He says he was unable to straighten out the philosophical entanglement left by Kant. Having heard the call of King and country, upon mature deliberation he decided to go and do his bit at the front; so on Jan. 25th, 1916, he donned the khaki.

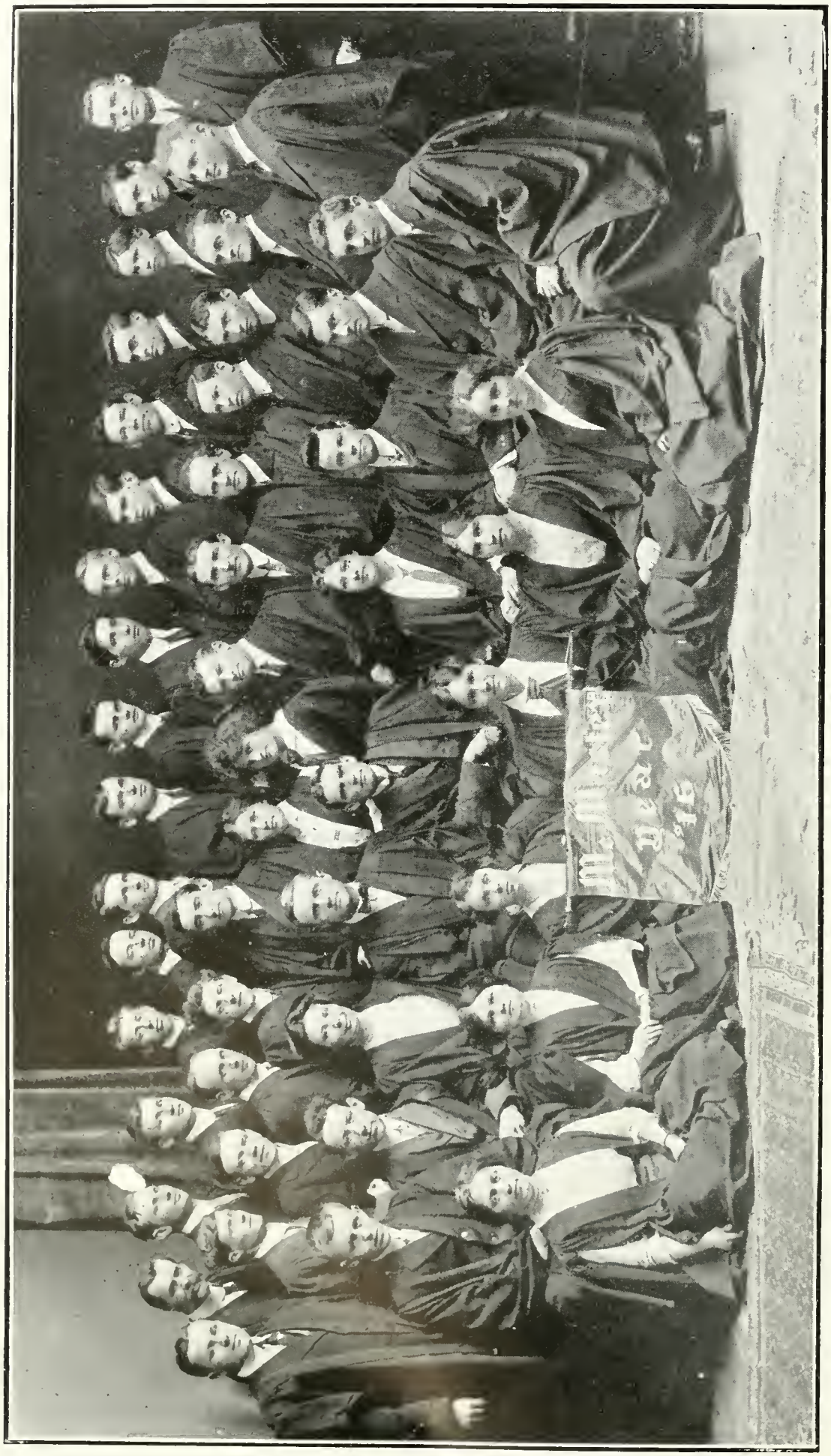
Hobby.—Argumentation.
Favorite Expression.—"Well, now, let us see."
Antipathy.—Higher Critics.

Percy Patton Ziemann

"Preachin' is his nateral gait."

Preston, Woodstock and Toronto are the cities which have claimed "Zie" so far. Preston beheld him as an infant and schoolboy. Entrance passed, he spent two years as apprentice in a tailor's shop and printer's office. Zie then went to Woodstock College, where, at the age of seventeen, he began preaching. There, too, he decided for the foreign field, and he has been Pointing People Zionward ever since. At McMaster he has held more than the average share of offices—perhaps because he was one of the "Big Four"—and has played his part worthily in athletics, debating, and more particularly in religious activities, being President of the Student Volunteer and Evangelistic Bands. "Zie's" ability as a speaker is attested by his first prize in the Varsity Inter-Faculty Oratorical Contest in his second year. Successful summer pastorates at Clarenceville, Glen Myer, Sunderland and Thamesville give promise of large usefulness in the future in his chosen vocation.

Favorite Singer.—Madame Melba.
Favorite Expression.—"Say, isn't it a corker?"
Pet Aversion.—Shaving.



Year '16 Four Years Ago.

The picture on the opposite page is the group Year '16 had taken four years ago—as Freshmen. By comparison with the graduating series, many changes will be noted. In addition, there are some who have been but temporary members at various times within the four years. Of those of the original number, not graduating from McMaster now however, we give a note of the whereabouts of each, beginning with the top row of the picture, and in each row going from left to right.

T. R. Pracy, during the autumn term of this last year attended Mac. as a member of Year '17.

The present whereabouts of E. A. Warren is unknown to the editor.

W. D. Price is "somewhere in France."

C. J. Thoms.

W. A. Werden entered Medicine at the end of his freshman year at McMaster.

F. E. Foulds, B. E. Gilbert, J. E. Bates, H. McLarty, S. G. Cole, F. W. Kemp.

W. B. Dankert has succeeded in keeping us in ignorance of his present lot.

V. S. Stevens, J. A. Parker, R. A. Stewart.

W. A. Chisholm recently went overseas with the Divisional Signallers. He left Year '17.

W. B. Clarke holds an office position with the Canadian Kodak Co., with whom he was associated before coming to Mac.

A. F. Vollett, J. S. Hall, M. Tyndall.

A. Hughes enlisted from Year '17, Brandon.

S. L. Price, Miss R. Macklem, Miss M. T. Campbell, P. G. Buck.

A. W. Whan—no information.

F. W. Smith may be addressed at 76 Walmsley Boulevard. He was in attendance during part of the year '12-'13 and the whole of year '13-'14.

A. W. Chisholm, W. S. Mallory, A. P. Wilson.

J. E. McCauley has been the successful pastor at Glamis since the spring of 1915.

E. L. Biggar graduated from the University of Toronto this year.

L. A. Meade—whereabouts unknown.

Miss M. Newton is attending McDonald College, Quebec.

P. P. Zieman.

Prof. G. H. Campbell, Honorary President in '12-'13. Succeeding Honorary Presidents have been Prof. Wm. Findlay, '13-'14; Prof. H. F. Dawes, '14-'15, and Prof. Jas. Ten Broeke, '15-'16.

Miss H. Knight has for three years been on the staff of the Winnipeg Telegram.

J. Linton graduated from Brandon with Year '16.

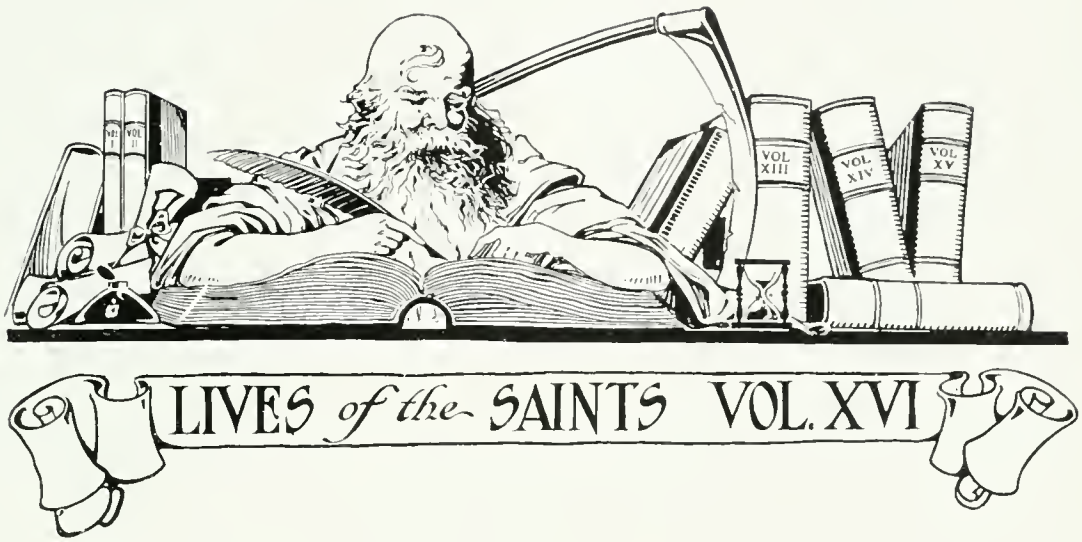
J. H. Fox, W. H. Gill, Miss L. McLaurin.

When last heard from, Miss H. L. Mighton was at the University of Saskatchewan.

Miss E. B. Chapman is a member of Year '17.

Miss H. Marshall, Miss C. B. Hellyer.

Miss N. B. Eakins has withdrawn from our seeking eyes.



Earle Granville Dale

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea."

Earle began his career in Brantford. During his early years, like the emblem of the Nip and Tuck, to which society he was once appointed the Theological representative, he was always on the move. He returned to Brantford, however, for his High School work, and in the fall of 1910 entered McMaster with Year '14. Two years of Special Mathematics and Physics, and two more of Special Economics made him a graduate with a long line of 1sts to his credit. During the last two years he has revealed his scholarship, courage and tenacity of purpose by winning a prize in Greek and growing a moustache. Throughout his course Earle has been the freshman's counsellor. Three consecutive summers at Barnston, Que., indicate his popularity as a student-pastor, and also serve to rouse our suspicions. Earle's geniality, tact, and ability as a speaker assure us of his future success in the ministry.

Diversion.—"Unclaimed Treasures."
Antipathy.—Suffragettes.
Pastime.—Phoning his "cousin."

John Wilson Davis

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

"Jawn" was born in India a quarter of a century ago, but soon travelled to Canada, where he attended various public schools, Woodstock College, and Calgary Normal. After teaching in the West he came to McMaster as a Sophomore, at once showing his ability by taking twice as many hours a week as the calendar allowed. In the end he graduated with Year Fourteen, obtaining specialist standing in Science, and the Crawford Scholarship. His two years in Theology have proved that he is adapted to the ministry, as has the pastoral work on the summer fields at Dempsey and East Templeton. In his final year he has been our efficient High Kakiak, taking time also to represent the University in two inter-college debates. His keenness in analysis and his pleasing style make him an effective speaker. At present he is training for overseas in order to do his bit. Wherever he goes we all wish him well.

Ambition.—A professor's chair.
Pet Phrase.—"Well, but she's a little too ——."
Favorite Book.—Strong's Systematic.

Edward "Clif" Ford Gosnell

"He dares to do all that becomes a man."

Born in Collingwood in the latter eighties, early education received in Toronto, business training in Brampton, where he entered into life partnership for better or for worse, then to McMaster to delve into "Systematics" and Homiletics, through all of which he has exemplified the quality of "sticktoitiveness" coupled with high ambition. During his course he has ever taken a keen interest in all the activities of the school, and finally in his last year he has ably filled the offices of Second Vice-Kakiak and President of the Theological Society. Through all the complexity of scholastic and pastoral activities he has ever maintained an intensity of purpose, which, together with his genial personality, has won for him many lasting friendships. As student pastor of Kinmount and Palmyra he has proven his aptitude for the work of the ministry, which augurs well for the Baptist Church in Ridgetown to which he has been called.

Favorite Expression.—"She's a thoroughbred."
Weakness.—Going home.

Percy Near

"Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying—Repent!"

Percy Near came near this world in Burlington, Ontario, but spent most of his boyhood days in the city under the mountain, which has sent out so many great preachers. After leaving school he came near being a farmer, but finding picking fruit too hard work, he decided to go into the ministry. With this purpose in view, he went to the Toronto Bible College, and, after graduating from there, entered McMaster University in 1913. During his years at college he spent three summers and one winter at Barwick, Ontario, and one summer at Clarenceville, Que., with gratifying results. We believe that if Percy will get down to good hard work, he will be much used in the vocation to which he has been called.

Glen Wardell

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Glen was born of devoted Christian parents during the closing years of the nineteenth century, in the city of Toronto. Early in life he put his trust in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was baptised at the age of fourteen in the Beverley Street Baptist Church, Toronto. Realizing a call for service, he entered the Toronto Bible College, graduating in the spring of 1913. During his course there he was leader of the Evangelistic Band. In the fall of 1913 he entered McMaster to further equip himself for service. He has served on the following fields: Tobermory, Monetrille, Minesing and Governor's Road. His anticipation is a life of active service on the foreign field.

COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Convocation for the conferring of degrees took place on the evening of Wednesday, May 10th. On the preceding evening the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached this year in Jarvis St. Baptist Church. The preacher was the Rev. C. A. Eaton, D.D., LL.D., who also delivered the Commencement Address. Chancellor McCrimmon presided on both occasions. On Tuesday evening Professor Matthews read the Scripture lesson and Professor Kierstead and Dr. Bates both offered appropriate prayers. The devotional exercises of Wednesday evening were conducted by Professor P. S. Campbell and Professor Trotter. Professor Farmer presented the farewell message of the Faculty to the graduating classes. Success, he said, was possible only in union with Him who had lived a life of righteousness and sacrifice. This is the heroism of Christian service.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Eaton announced as the theme of his discourse the following thesis: All great crises in human life are spiritual in essence. Some have said that all social questions are questions of bread, but men's problems do not so begin and end. The value of all great discoveries depends on their reaction upon and their use by the spirits of men and nations. Men are great only so far as their souls are great—a truth emphasized throughout the Bible.

The Bible is supernaturalism incarnate. From first to last it is a progressive revelation of God as spirit to the spirit of men. In the words of the moral law pronounced at Sinai, in the seers who foresaw God coming in Christ, in the Christ on the cross fulfilling His purpose, in the apostolic age we see sublime examples which will persist until this world shall become the Kingdom of God. Pay heed to your own spirits and believe that spiritual man is in touch with spiritual God. Haeckel has said that belief in the monism of the cosmos destroyed belief in the

spirituality of God, the immortality of the soul and the freedom of the will. But what good is God to us if he is not a person? What good is eternity if we are not immortal?

That life is spiritual is a fact of nature. Life in the realm of the natural is governed by the same sort of law as life in the realm of the supernatural. Science lays stress on the idea of nucleation. A cell with an oak nucleus will produce an oak tree. So is it with the human cell. If a family begins without a nucleus of love it will develop into a life of selfishness. Greece gathered around the idea of beauty and Rome around law. So the British nation was born in a nucleus of freedom. In the spiritual history of man, in the great crises of the world's life God issues a new nucleus around and out of which a new life is developed. This took place at Pentecost. Then God made the race take a step in advance. Darwin gathered up the gropings of science for a hundred years and gave them life in his theory of the survival of the fittest as the supreme law of life. It is the law of the jungle that the strong shall use the weak; it is the law of God that the strong shall be used by the weak.

God is to-day pouring out a pentecost on the hearts of men. In the new world that is to arise out of the strife and confusion of the present those who have suffered will be those who will have the hearts of men. Jesus still lives. He suffered to save men and because men are suffering to save the world they will understand Jesus and He will understand them.

The subject of Wednesday evening's commencement address was "Internationalism."

In Canada he felt, he said, the atmosphere of a great patriotism which has summoned men and women to do what Jesus did. In their persons and uniform the graduates in khaki represented the hope of mankind. He felt a sense of oneness with the Empire and with humanity, a sense of a great mission for North America to perform. This war is a second point of departure in the history of civilization, and when it is over North Americans must address themselves to the task of creating a new civilization. Both Canada and the United States are spiritual children of Britain. They must be near in soul because they are born out of the same womb. Each is a great experiment in democracy; each has a British nucleus with a polygot fringe; each is venturing on the sea of world politics, called to their destiny by the voice of God. Each has a happy-go-lucky indifference to moral questions. Like all democracies,

each attends to one thing at a time, but if their civilization is to grow and prosper they will have to plan wisely and broadly for the future.

On the other hand there were obvious differences between the two countries. The United States broke with her past. This was the worst misfortune that had ever befallen the Empire or the Republic. Consequently the United States had little root and therefore lacked protection against the temptation of mere riches. The destiny of Canada was within the Empire. Some day there would be a Parliament of the Empire and, in time, a Parliament of Man. The fact that the United States are two generations ahead of Canada permits Canadians to profit by American mistakes. They did so when they established the Canadian federal system, avoiding the errors that had revealed themselves in the American system. Canada's task is to prove that a democracy founded upon the federal idea is possible. The two countries are knit together by many ties and it is their task to show that two Christian and progressive democracies can live in peace and achieve their ends without the use of war as an instrument of international machinery.

What instrument shall we use in performing this mutual service to which the two countries are summoned? First of all, a national soul that is united. Progress is impossible so long as one-half of the nation lives in a cloister and the other has its face set towards the sun. Second, Canada must stop growing so fast in population. If we cannot have Canadians, let us not have anybody. A vast flotsam and jetsam thrown on our shores through immigration will make us the victims of our own generosity. We must unite as patriots, not as partisans, to conserve our resources, not waste our children's patrimony. Finally, we must make the spiritual overcome the material, and preserve our honor. What is honor? It is what Isaiah had when, hearing the voice of the Lord, he answered: "Here am I; send me." It is what Paul had when he laid his life at the feet of his Redeemer. We must take the sword that is thrust into our hand to preserve our honor, personal, national and international.

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Editorial Notes.

This number of THE MONTHLY is the work of a special committee representing the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology and THE MONTHLY Board. The personnel is as follows: From Arts—Miss McEown, Messrs. Bates, McGregor, Gunton, Fox. From Theology, Mr. Gosnell. From THE MONTHLY—Miss Campbell, Messrs. W. A. Kenyon and V. S. Stevens (convenor).

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